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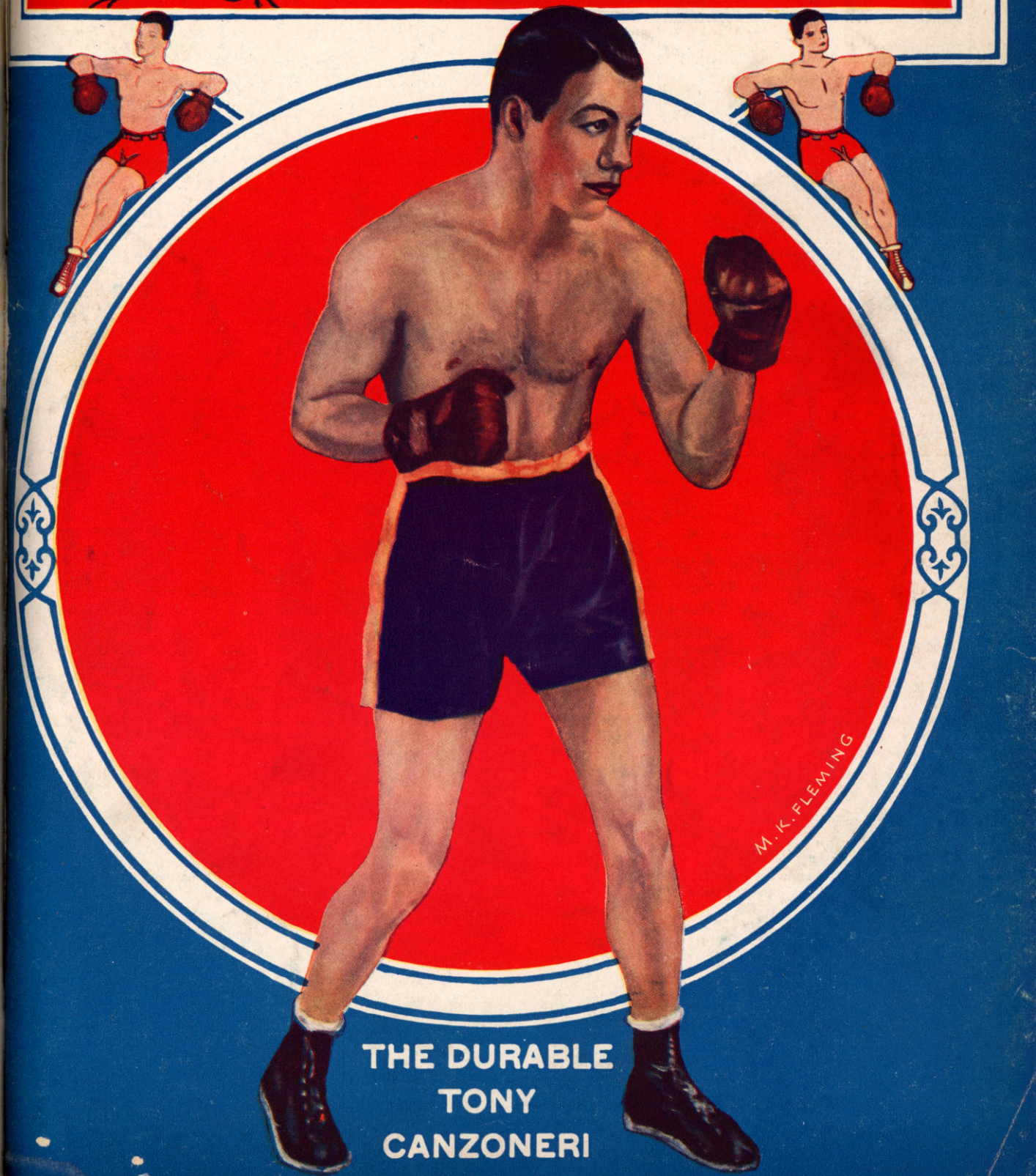
The RING

1936



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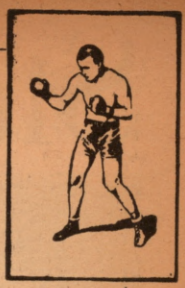

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In Our Next Issue

Joe Louis, the Brown Bomber, continues to head the popularity list in fistic circles the world over. The "Ring" Editor, in his recent travels through South and Central America, found that the interest in the Detroiter was equally as big in those countries as in the states. Joe has awakened a new spirit in boxing. His rise to fame has brought about a revival of boxing in every locality where the sport is followed.

Wherever the "Ring" Editor went, he was quizzed on Louis' style, his chances against Braddock and Schmeling, and on other items pertaining to the Bomber's rise to pugilistic fame. The influence of Joe Louis over boxing even in far off countries, is evidenced by posters advertising local contests in which ordinary talent is compared to the great Joe Louis.

In the next issue of "The Ring," Floyd Tillery, star feature writer of the "NEA SERVICE" of which Harry Grayson is Sports Editor, will give to "Ring" readers the "UNTOLD CHAPTERS of the life of JOE LOUIS."

The life of this famed ring warrior has been told and retold but here, illustrated with photographs and tintypes, is a story that remained hidden until Mr. Tillery visited the scene of Louis' birthplace and interviewed his kinfolk for the facts which he relates in the next issue.

Read this thrilling story.

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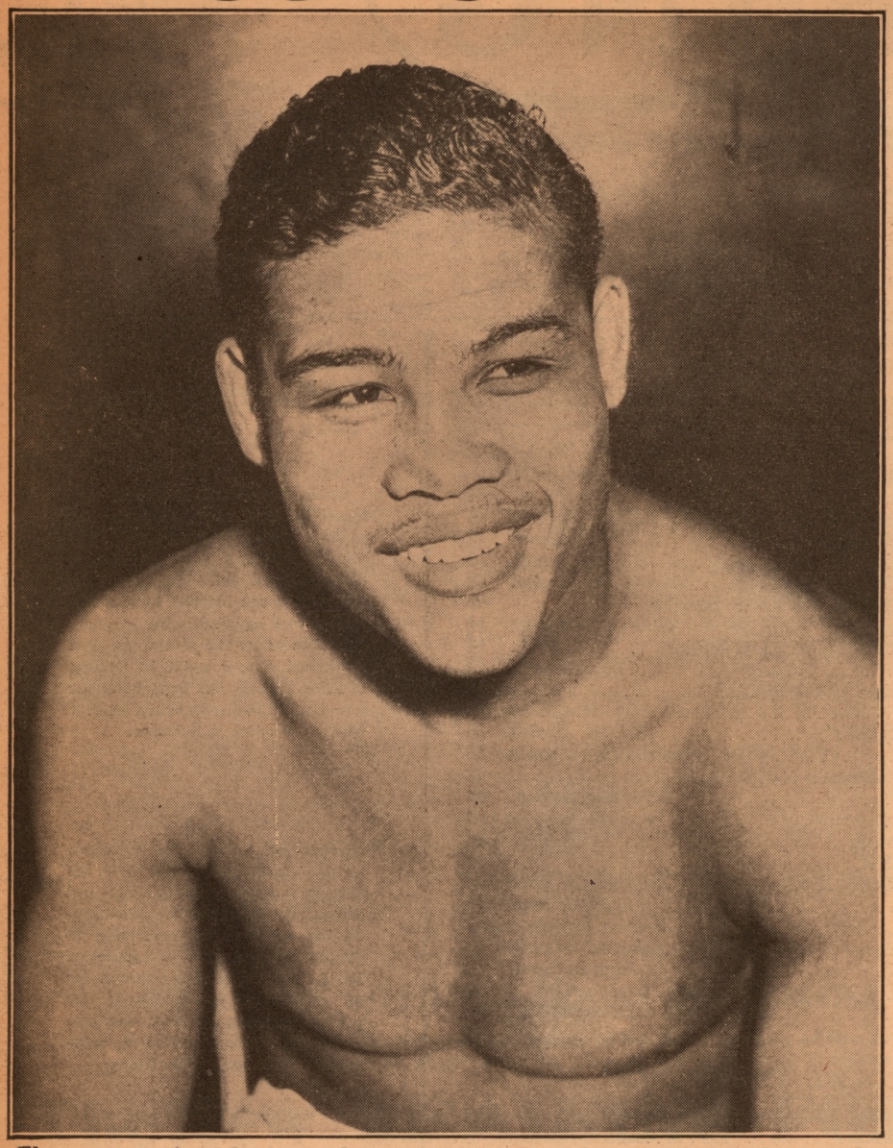
Slugging Louis Eager



The prospect of not having to do any serious training for some months brings a big smile to the usually glum and stolid face of Joe Louis.

IT has been settled definitely that Joe Louis, the reigning sensation in fisticuffs, is not to fight again until June, when he will tackle Max Schmeling, in New York. Mike Jacobs has been talking of Philadelphia and other points. But when Louis next has a major engagement, it will be in the Yankee Stadium in New York.

Work on enlarging the Stadium so that it will seat more than one hundred thousand for a fight already is under way. The big wooden bleachers are being ripped out and concrete stands will be constructed in their place, making the stadium bigger and safer—removing the fire hazard of the wooden construction, which was temporary anyway.

Louis was slated to fight Abie Feldman in Detroit. He was carded to tackle Izzy Gastanaga, the Cuban Caballero, in Chicago. These fights, so-called, would have been quick and easy media for the collection of some fifty grand.

But when Louis met Retzlaff in Chicago, he got an eyeful of something. Or perhaps his astute managers got the eyeful and decided to profit by what they glimpsed.

In the semi-final to the Louis-Retzlaff bout, Eddie Mader was an overwhelming favorite over Artie Sykes. But Mader had come to scratch just once too often. He was tired. Sykes knocked him colder than the recent Arctic spells in five heats.

The managers of Louis said unto themselves: "Gee whizz and goshamighty, suppose this is a sign? Suppose such were to happen to our grand and glorious meal ticket? Suppose this Louis boy got too much of training and got too much of fighting, and some tramp walked in and socked him on the whiskers? This is terrible. It must not come to pass."

* * *

AND so they put their heads together. Louis, who had had no real honeymoon, was eager to lay off. The managers decided to give him the rest of the winter for fun and frolic, and not to send him to the wars again until June.

This aroused a lot of discussion, and the verbal battle still is going on. There is a suspicion in the Jimmy Braddock camp that Louis is not so eager to meet the heavyweight champion. You see, Braddock needs Louis. Louis does not need Braddock.

In order to get any real dough for the defense of his world title, Braddock must tackle Louis. In this fight, Braddock, as the champion, would be entitled to the bigger end of the purse. True, Louis is the big card, but without Braddock there can be no championship fight, and Louis cannot get his chance to become the heavyweight king.

To be sure, Louis is a big draw and can go right on meeting palookas and pack them in. He can jam the Yankee Stadium even if he meets no more serious a contender than Schmeling, who may manage to last three rounds against the Sepian Socker.

Braddock, after all, does present the one and only question mark in the Louis situation. The experts say that Jimmy will fare no better than Baer—that Braddock will be lucky to be around for the fifth round.

However, Braddock is an old campaigner, a tried and tested trouper, a bird with a good left hand. Braddock is clever. He may have it in his fists, and his noodle, to expose some hitherto undiscerned rift in the Louis armor. The managers of Louis, seconded by the crafty Jacobs, are very cagy, very clever, very determined not to be caught unawares, very sure that they are not going to take any big chances, any wild gambles with their meal ticket.

* * *

THESE managers are not going to make a false move if they can help it. They are taking nothing for granted. They have gone through the fistic book and have seen many a sour result of overconfidence.

They know that time after time a heavyweight champion has gone into the ring the favorite, only to be whipped most decisively.

And so there is a suspicion abroad that Louis and his handlers are none too eager to have anything to do with Braddock until they have exhausted the crop of stumble bums and the opportunities to cash in against men who have absolutely no chance against the Negro.

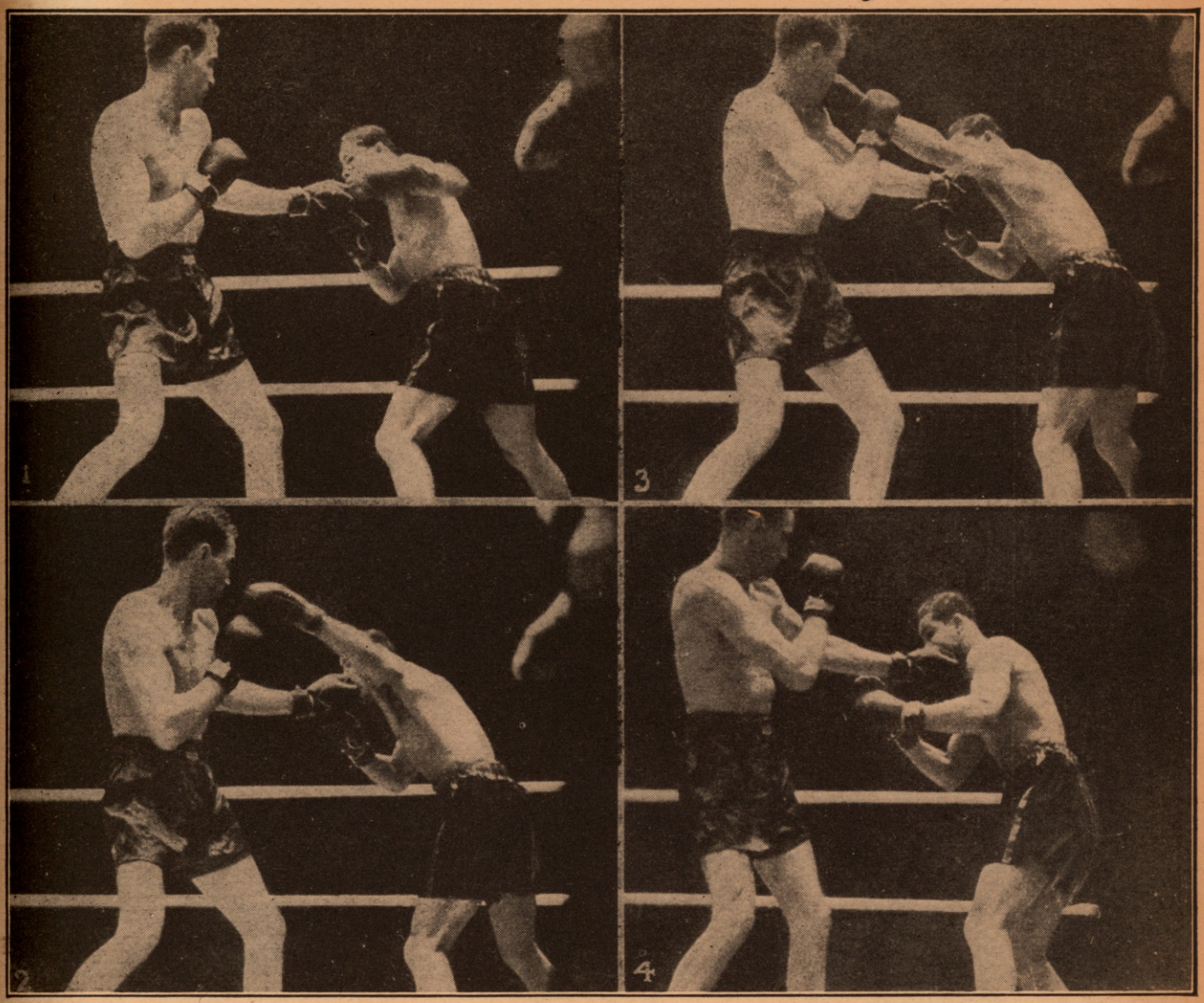
In the meantime, we find Louis vacationing, with Schmeling almost certain to be his next opponent at no earlier date than June.

While Louis rests, eulogium is heaped on his head in tremendous quantities, quantities from all sorts of sources. But in certain quarters, skepticism still is the rule. Jack Dempsey, for one, is not so sure—as yet—that Louis is the grand and matchless fighter the world insists the Negro is.

It still is Dempsey's idea that nobody has hurt Louis, and that until Louis shows that he can take it, he cannot be accepted as

for Vacation Days

By DANIEL M. DANIEL



"Magic Eye" Photographs showing Joe Louis catching a blow for a change. Charley Retzlaff is shown in the first two pictures getting ready for a shot after Louis has twice landed on him. In picture No. 3 Louis is jabbed on the mouth and Retzlaff slips his head out of range of a counter left. Photograph No. 4 shows Joe on the receiving end of another left hand jolt.
(International Photos)

being worthy of all the high praise which has been directed his way since he put Carnera down for the full count, and then hammered Baer right into retirement.

Let us be quite frank about all this. There is a certain school of white fighters which holds that, when hurt, a Negro will not carry the fight back to his opponent. This fable has been exploded time after time. Courage is not racial, lack of courage is not racial. Such things belong to, or are lacking in, the individual. Perhaps they have to do with questions of family lines and paternal and maternal blood.

* * *

BUT, as I say, the fable keeps popping up. Apparently Dempsey belongs to that school of thought, though we have no evidence to that effect. We would believe that Jack's fight with John Lester Johnson should have impressed on him the fact that the Negro is as courageous as the white, that the Negro can fight, even in the face of odds.

Perhaps Dempsey's idea is not based on this fallacy. I have no word from him in explanation of his skepticism on Louis. It may be that Dempsey has glimpsed something—that he knows more about Louis than you or I or the other fellow. It will be interesting to watch this phase of the discussion.

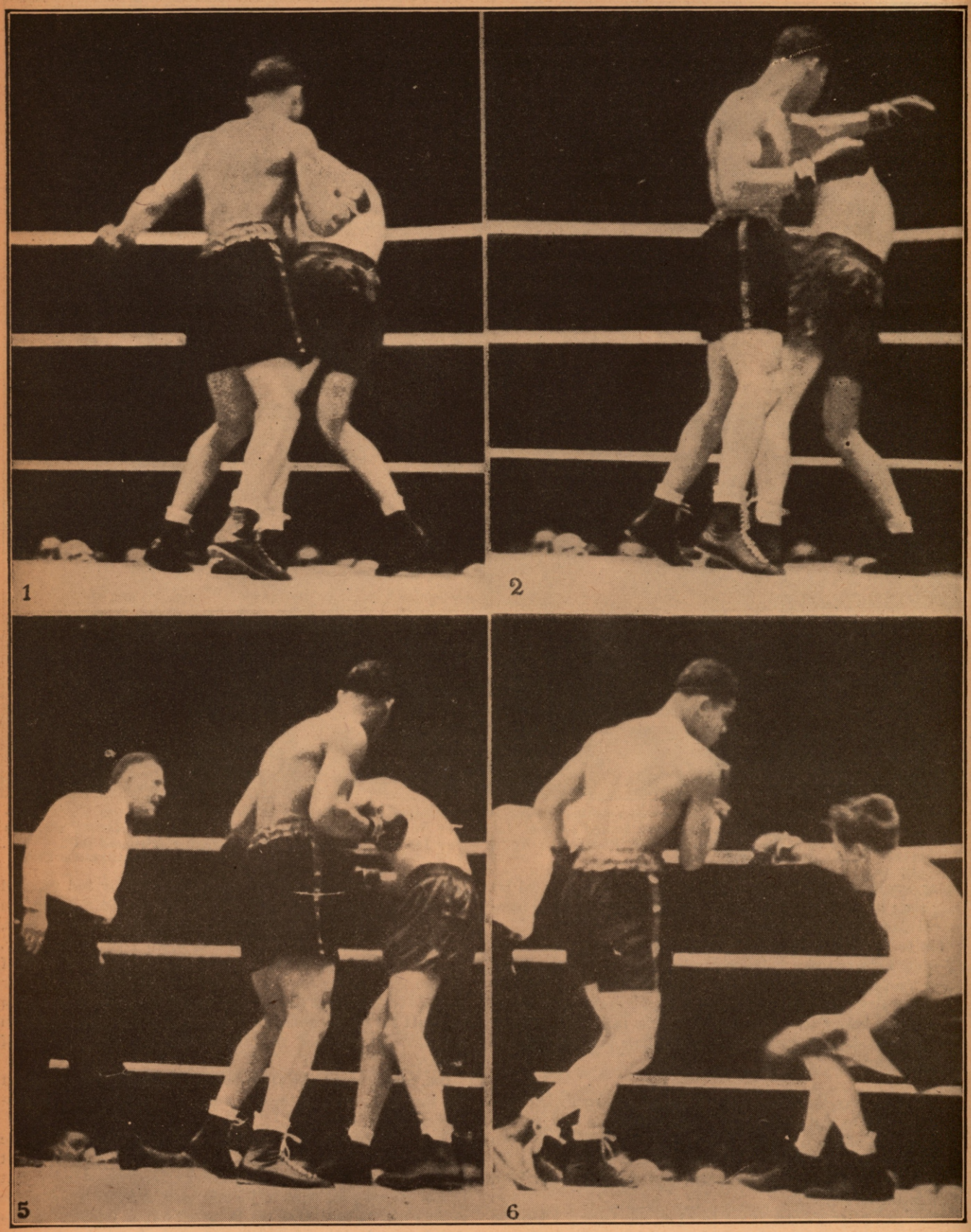
It is quite true that Louis has not been hurt in a major fight. Or was he hurt by that right backhander with which Baer caught him? Some of the ringsiders thought that if Baer had followed this advantageous wallop with a show of determined power, the contest would have taken a different turn. It all adds to the spice, to the allure of the next big fight in which Louis is to appear.

Louis himself says he has not been hurt in any of his fights of the last year. As for fear, he says he does not know what it is or means. He does admit having been scared just once. It was while he was a kid on the cotton plantation in Alabama. He came upon a rattler. He ran—and ran. He confesses he still is afraid of rattlers.

But, among those who stand out as eligible contenders against the Brown Bomber, is there a single fighter who may be pronounced a rattler?

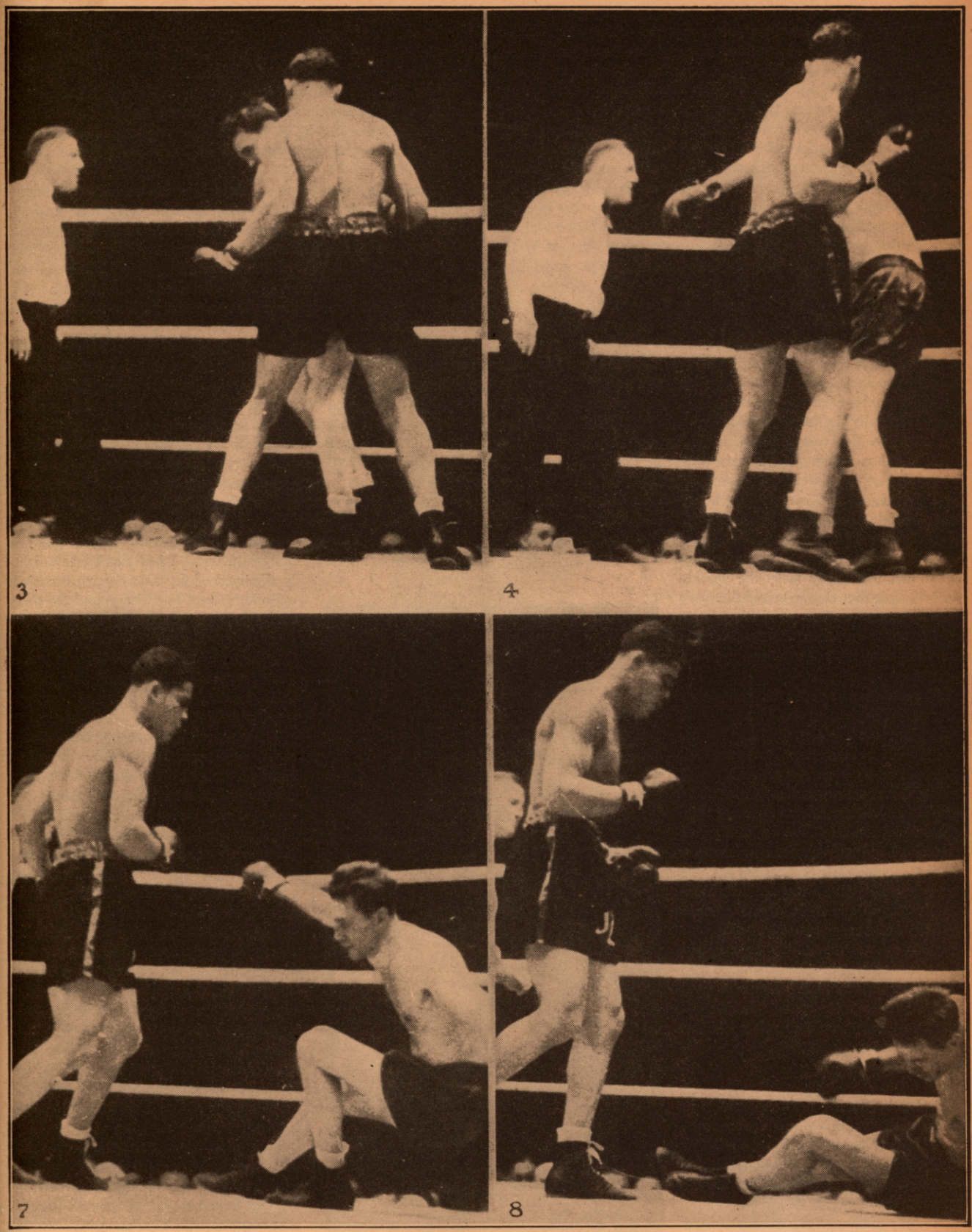
Jack Johnson, who has been signed to train Braddock for the Louis fight, is another who, like Dempsey and Jack Kearns, cannot see Louis as the greatest of the modern crop. Johnson insists that he has noticed some flaws in Joe's fighting, and that is one of the reasons why he has joined the Braddock forces. Johnson declares that Joe can be hit with a right and can be knocked out, and he is of the opinion that Braddock, with proper training, will beat Joe on points. The former heavyweight king was in THE RING office when this article was written and, doffing his coat, he began to spar and to illustrate why Louis can be hit hard. Jack may be correct, but we'll get the answer when Louis tackles Braddock.

CAMERA SHOTS SHOWING K.O. of



The story of the Louis-Retzlaff fight is best told in the photographs on this and the next page. The fight took only 1 minute and 56 seconds, but in that time the Brown Bomber's handlers and the spectators received several thrills, among them, that of Louis being clouted on the chin with a right, the hardest blow he has yet received. Reading across the two pages, we find: 1—The start of Louis' whizzing left hook, 2—Shows the finish of the

RETZLAFF by the BROWN PANTHER



same punch after it had grazed Retzlaff's skull, 3—The start of another left hook, 4—The finish of that hook as it crashed against Charley's face, 5—Shows the weakened Retzlaff going into a huddle with himself and Louis starting the short right uppercut which ended the fight, 6—The finishing punch had been applied and Retzlaff sinks majestically to the seat of his pants, 7—He drops a little lower and 8—he's down and the fight is over. (International Photos)

TONY CANZONERI—

THE fascination that allows boxers, presumably beyond their zenith, to continue actively has never been satisfactorily explained. What was the lure that kept Jack Britton in fistic combat for twenty-two years; Johnny Dundee, Ted Kid Lewis, Sam Langford, Harry Wills and other well known luminaries for a period of over eighteen years? Was it for the financial gains which accrue or the sheer love of combat which kept them steadily engaged, even though the general comment was "Oh, he's all shot" or "He can't fight any more," when they had passed the peak? The average fight fan is often unthinking and merciless in his criticism. He cares nothing about the fame that some particular athlete has enjoyed in the past. He is only concerned about the present performance. All he wants is a run for his dough, now.

Which brings us to the case of Tony Canzoneri. Canzoneri is the present lightweight champion of the world. He has held the featherweight, lightweight and junior-welterweight titles. He was relieved of the lightweight title by Barney Ross who subsequently increased his poundage and was forced to abdicate the 135 pound crown to gain honors in the welterweight ranks. Tony eventually defeated Lou Ambers in a fifteen round elimination contest which restored him to the throne which he formerly possessed, thus making him a four time title holder.

Tony is now in his eleventh year as a professional. He has enjoyed a magnificent career, studded with thrills, glamour and honors which has stamped him as one of the greatest champions of all time—one who compares favorably with Joe Gans, Benny Leonard and other lightweight champions of the past. It is an admitted fact that Tony lacks the sparkle and brilliance that characterized his work for many years and some of his friends are beginning to chant the familiar old cry, "It's time that Tony hung up the gloves."

The record books show that Tony was born in New Orleans on November 6, 1905, but record books are often inaccurate such as the case of Canzoneri. Tony was really born November 6, 1908, in Slidell, La., a town about twenty miles from New Orleans. In that space of time he has lived the traditional nine lives of a cat and has been conceded finished on many occasions. He has outlived those who relegated him to the ash heap and is truly one of the idols of the present age. He was never accused of a wrong deal throughout his entire career and his record is studded with opponents who ranked prominently in the annals of boxing. He has fought every outstanding opponent and contender and never dodged any issue that came his way.

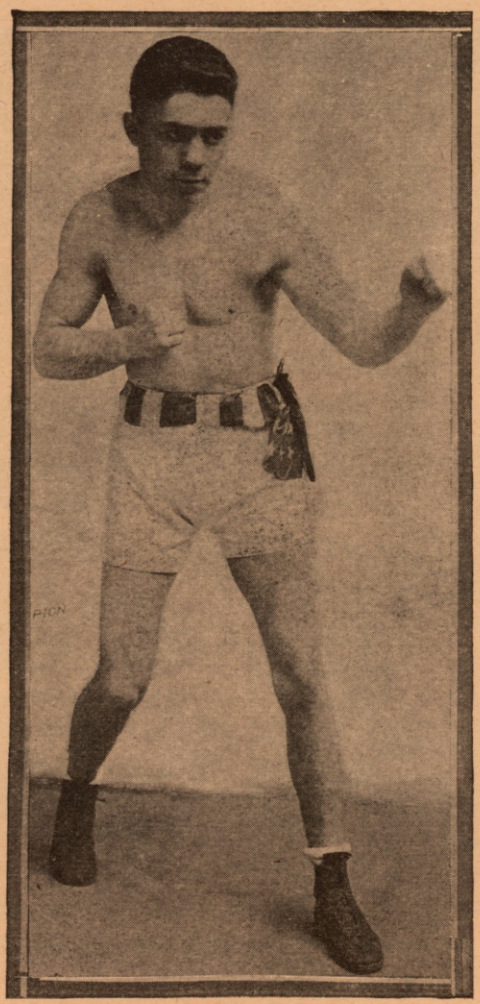
* * *

HE began his amateur career in New Orleans when he was fourteen years of age. He weighed 95 pounds at the time and fought in the junior-flyweight class. From the advent of his amateur days there was something about Tony's mannerisms that presaged future greatness. His face molded into that of a miniature Babe Ruth, Canzoneri enjoyed that spark which enjoys fistic combat for the sheer sport and thrill that it contained. He loved to fight from the days of early childhood and he carried that trait to the present day which finds him in an age of younger, more spirited rivals, but still he carries that superior, dominating spark which still flames as brightly as of yore. His physical condition is remarkable.

When Canzoneri left New Orleans and made his home in Brooklyn, Tony continued his fistic career in conjunction with his schooling. He fought in the flyweight and bantamweight divisions and finally he captured the New York State bantamweight title in 1924.

Through the intercession of Pete Herman and Basil Galiano, his ring idols of New Orleans days, Canzoneri went into the hands of Sammy Goldman, who had maneuvered Herman into winning the bantamweight title on two separate occasions. Goldman was accounted one of the shrewdest pilots extant and the wisdom of Canzoneri's move can be attested to inasmuch as they are still together, one of the most successful fighter-manager combinations that ever thrived.

Were you to get intimate with Canzoneri and ask him his reason for continuing the grind of a boxer and he'll tell you that he is far from being through. He smiles with that naive, boyish grin which has remained with him these many years and replies: "Why should I retire. I am in the prime of life, and never felt better. If I were to quit the ring tomorrow what would I do with my spare time? I like training and don't consider it tedious or a grind in any respects. Whatever success I may have attained is nothing compared to what I expect to do. Maybe you'll laugh at what I tell you but this is the one ambition of my life. I want to fight Barney Ross again for the welterweight title and if I win, want to tackle Jimmy McLarnin. I feel that I was unjustly deprived of my title on two occasions with Ross, once in Chicago and the other in New York and I will never be convinced that Ross is my superior. Now that he is the welterweight champion, were I to whip him I would be a double titleholder and then I would want to clash with McLarnin."



Pete Herman, old time bantamweight king, who was Canzoneri's idol and chiefly the inspiration for Canzoneri's success in the ring.

There is nothing out of the ordinary in his ambitions. In his slow, drawling, innocent tongue, Tony rambles on, "I always had a desire to meet McLarnin since the day I saw him flatten Sid Terris in a round at the Garden. I weighed 126 pounds at the time and Jimmy was a lightweight but I begged Sammy to get the match. I knew it would be a dangerous fight but that is why I like the game. Because of the element of danger in every bout. If everything was a sure thing in this racket, you can rest assured that I wouldn't be in it long. I sure would like to cross gloves with Jimmy before I get out of boxing. Not that I have anything personally against Jimmy, I think he is a swell kid, but just because of the danger attached to it. If Jimmy whipped me I would be the first to congratulate him."

This disarming, rambling conversation sounds belligerent coming from a tried and true warrior but Tony hardly fits that description. The general impression from anyone familiar with Tony is that he is a kid and will always remain one, despite his advancing years.

It was after my interview with Tony that the Garden arranged the bout with McLarnin.

Canzoneri has a trust fund which assures him of an income for the rest

A Gent of the Old School

Eleven Years of Arduous Competition Has Not Lessened the Fighting Spirit of This Gladiator

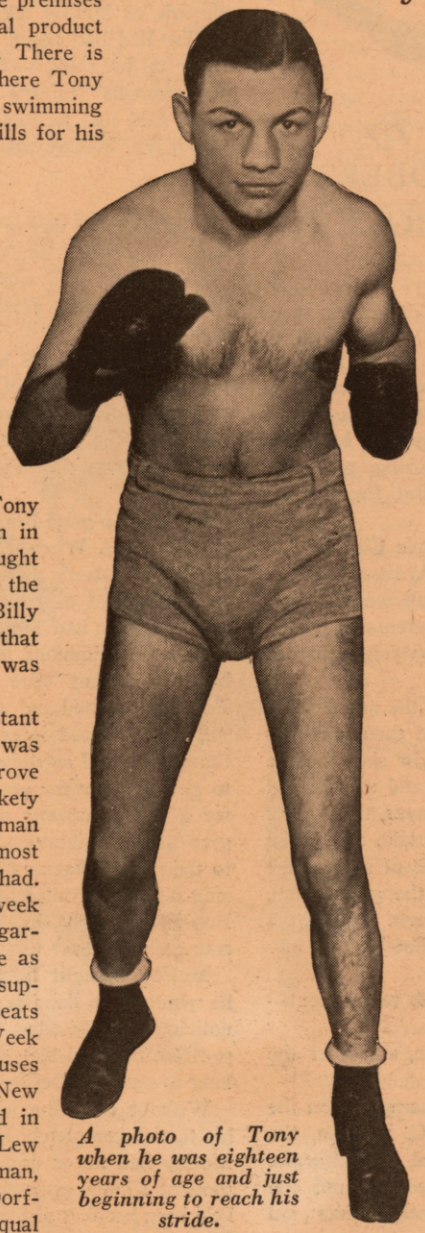
By EDDIE BORDEN

of his natural existence. In addition he has interested himself in several investments which have proved successful. He is the owner of a 144 acre farm in Marlboro, New York, which produces apples, grapes and vegetables which he disposes in wholesale quantities. He has a factory located on the premises which turns out tomato paste, an essential product for the flavoring of meats and spaghetti. There is also an indoor and outdoor gymnasium where Tony trains for his most important contests. A swimming pool and a handball court and plenty of hills for his roadwork. There is nothing more that one could desire, yet Canzoneri sets aside all thoughts of personal pleasure in order to achieve his ambition.

* * *

IT is vastly different from the year of 1925 when Tony made his first professional start at the Steeplechase A. A. in Rockaway Beach and was just one of many ambitious amateurs who were attempting to make good in the professional school. His opponent was Jack Gardner and Tony made short work of him by finishing him in the first round. In his second start he fought four rounds with Ray Cummings in one of the preliminary bouts at Bayonne, N. J. Billy Kennedy, New Orleans featherweight, at that time under the management of Goldman, was fighting the feature event.

At that time I was acting as assistant matchmaker to Clarence Gillespie, who was matchmaker for the old Ridgewood Grove Sporting Club. It was one of those rickety neighborhood clubs situated in the German section of Brooklyn and catered to the most fastidious audience that a fight club ever had. It was a steady clientele that came there week after week and the unreserved seats were garnered by the early arrivals who got there as early as 6 P. M. and brought along their supper. They wanted to be certain of getting seats and the food was eaten on the premises. Week in and week out, summer and winter, the houses were complete sellouts and some of New York's leading fistic talent was developed in that particular club. Boys like Canzoneri, Lew Perfetti, Sammy Bienfeld, Joey Kaufman, Harry Wallach, Harry Galfund, Sammy Dorfman, Andy Di Vodi and others of equal calibre were products of the old Ridgewood.



A photo of Tony when he was eighteen years of age and just beginning to reach his stride.

Tony was booked for a four round bout there and Henry Usse, a rival of the amateur ranks, was selected as his opponent. In the rear of the clubhouse where the fighters weighed in the afternoon of the fight, a small, cherub-looking youngster was sitting alone, isolating himself from the others in the element that usually flock to attend those ceremonies in the afternoon. I approached the youngster and asked him if he were waiting for someone. He looked up in that innocent fashion and said: "I'm boxing here tonight." He looked like a fourteen-year-old lad and hardly one who could answer to the "pugilistic type." He gave his name, Tony Canzoneri, and remained quiet.

Contrast that Canzoneri with the Tony of today! He is the idol of his people. When walking the streets of New York City he literally must fight his way through the flock of people who gather around him. At his weighing-in ceremonies, Tony is accompanied by Sammy Goldman, Nick Florio, his trainer, usually his father and brother, and several other friends. He is never accorded the solitude and isolation that marked the beginning of his career.

That night, Canzoneri and Usse engaged in a crackerjack bout, with Tony winning the decision. It was a corking fight, and far from popular with the crowd, and met with the decided disapproval of Jerry Pelton, now on the Pacific Coast, who was handling Usse at the time. Jerry went around frantic, claiming that he was robbed, insisting on a return match. The fight was a thriller and naturally the return match suggested plenty of inducements for the club, so they were immediately rematched for six rounds. In their next meeting, Canzoneri won so decisively that even Jerry Pelton found no fault with the official verdict.

* * *

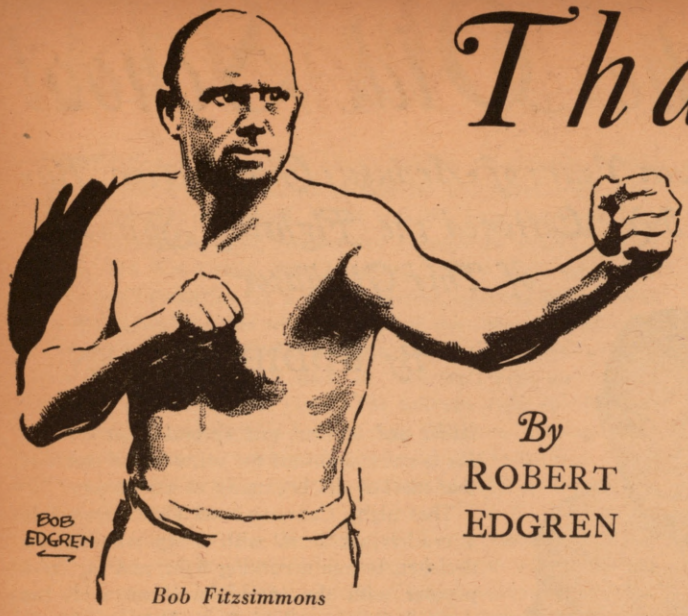
TONY'S rise was consistently progressive and he went on and on improving with each contest. His style was appealing and there was a dashing, flamboyant characteristic about his fighting that had him indelibly stamped with "greatness." The following year in a bout with Archie Bell, then a cagy, experienced bantamweight, Tony showed his true mettle. It was a bad match for Tony from various angles. Archie was much more experienced and was a good boxer and ring general. Besides the fight being the turning point of his career, it was also a fortunate break for him.

It was a scheduled six-round affair. For the first three rounds it was a nip and tuck null, with an array of brilliant exchanges and rallies that stirred the crowd into a frenzy. The fight was evenly fought and in the fourth round they renewed hostilities. During that round they both suffered serious cuts around the eye. They both were covered with blood and their faces assumed a crimson color. At the finish of the round Referee Patsy Haley went to Bell's corner and, discovering that the injuries were too serious for him to continue, stopped the fight and gave the award to Canzoneri by a T.K.O.

The fates must have been watching Tony that evening because he never went through such a precarious situation again. If the referee had gone to Tony's corner first, Tony might have suffered the same fate that befell Bell. Tony's record still remains intact—that of never being knocked out—though he visited the floor on several occasions. During his career, he has been floored by Tommy Grogan, Armando Santiago and Bobby Pacho, but came through later with victories over each.

As we go to press, Tony and the man whom he is so eager to meet, Jimmie McLarnin, have been matched by Madison Square Garden. Thus, Canzoneri's ambition will be fulfilled. If Tony should come through triumphantly as he so confidently expects, then there will be no further doubt about his position among the all-time Greats of pugilism.

That's What



Bob Fitzsimmons

By
ROBERT
EDGREN

IF it hadn't been for a rather swell-headed young amateur boxer named Dave Eisman, Jim Corbett might never have been heavyweight champion of the world. Most people picture a heavyweight champion as a man built up by heavy work, such as mining, boilermaking, or stevedoring, and who outclasses his opponents in strength and speed. But Jim Corbett was only a bank clerk.

The story begins back in 1885, when the Olympic Club of San Francisco got a new boxing instructor named Walter Watson. All the boys who had been boxing up at the club were curious about Watson's ability. One of the first of the amateurs to put on the gloves with the new instructor was a heavyweight named Dave Eisman.

Eisman thought he would have a little fun with the new boxing coach, so he coasted along for a few seconds, and then tore into Watson in a wild attempt to knock him out. He should have known better. Watson skillfully parried his blows, and then landed a knockdown punch. While Eisman was on the canvas, the boxing coach came over to him and angrily promised to take any green lad in the club and teach him to lick Eisman inside of six weeks!

Walter Watson then looked over the boys in the gymnasium, and picked out a tall, fast novice named Jim Corbett. He put the proposition up to the Irish lad, and Corbett immediately went into training under Watson's instruction.

Two months later Corbett met Eisman in a club tournament—and knocked him out.

And that was how Corbett came to be a fighter, and later the world's champion!

Corbett, Jeffries, and Baer all grew up to be champions on the Pacific Coast. Some writers also include John C. Heenan, the Benecia Boy, who was in his teens when he moved to California. But the oddest champion California ever produced was not one of these. He was a Pacific Coast amateur heavyweight champion named Jack O'Neill.

The strange part of his career was that he won his title in the Pacific Coast amateur championships without pulling on a glove! It was one of those things that only happen once in ten thousand times. The first night of the tournament, he drew a bye. On the second night, one man got a bye and that man was Jack O'Neill. He was then scheduled to box the winner of the semi-finals for the championship, but the winner broke his hand during the semi-final bout and forfeited the title to O'Neill.

* * *

SOMETIMES champions unintentionally instruct the very men who are destined later to hand them defeats. Jim Jeffries learned how to box as Corbett's sparring partner, and afterwards knocked Corbett out twice in championship bouts. In the first fight it looked for twenty-two rounds as though Corbett had asserted his old mastery, but Jeffries finally caught him with a knockout punch before the twenty-five-round fight came to an end.

Kid McCoy was only a sparring partner for welterweight champion Tommy Ryan. He learned as much as he could, and later knocked out Ryan for the title, on March 2, 1896. Kid McCoy was also a sparring partner for Bob Fitzsimmons at one time. Fitzsimmons proved to be a very different sort of instructor, though, as McCoy tells the story.

The Kid had heard of Fitzsimmons' prowess as a battler, and made up his mind to learn what Fitzsimmons knew. He went to Fitzsimmons' training camp and asked for a job. Mrs. Fitzsimmons said that he looked like a nice boy, and asked Fitz to give him a job. McCoy was taken on as a cook's assistant.

* * *

AFTER a day or two, Fitz said to him: "You're a tall, well-built kid; how'd you like to box a few rounds?"

Of course, this was exactly what McCoy wanted most, but he pretended to be very shy, and said: "Aw, I don't know anything about boxing."

Fitz said: "That's all right! I'll teach you to box." So they put on the gloves. McCoy, who was an excellent boxer, pretended to know nothing, and old Fitz showed him how to hold the gloves. Every day he taught him something new, and McCoy made such rapid progress that Fitzsimmons had every right to be proud of his pupil.

Fitz was a good-hearted fellow, but very rough in training, and full of jokes. When McCoy and Fitzsimmons were boxing, Fitz used to land some awfully hard punches. He probably didn't know just how hard they were, being one of the hardest hitters in the world, but he had McCoy all bruised up.

Mrs. Fitzsimmons thought it was a shame the way Bob was banging up that "nice boy," and gave him a good talking to, but Bob just grinned and went on hitting as hard as ever.

The Kid stood it as long as he could, and one day, when he thought he had mastered every trick old Fitz knew, he determined to get even for the punching he'd taken. He prepared his clothes for a quick getaway and entered the training ring prepared to give Bob Fitzsimmons the licking of his life. It may seem strange to the reader that any man the size of McCoy should go into the ring with the confident intention of knocking the stuffing out of Bob Fitzsimmons, but that was the kind of fellow McCoy was—courageous, clever and confident.

McCoy thought he knew everything that Fitz could do, and he planned to land a knockout. Fitz, however, had a way of noticing exactly what was going on even while he wore an expression of child-like innocence in his eye, and it didn't take him long to see that McCoy was set to give him a licking that day.

Without changing his expression in the slightest, Bob altered his tactics completely to a set of intricate shifts and punches that McCoy had never dreamed of. As the Kid put it afterwards: "I thought I knew everything Fitzsimmons could do; but I found out he'd been keeping so much under cover that I hadn't seen anything. The things he did that day I'd never seen him do before—they were all new. And what he did to me!" McCoy shook his head. "No, sir! I'll never fight that man if he lives to be eighty years old!"

* * *

THOSE fighters from New Zealand and Australia seemed to keep their skill for a long time. Fitzsimmons was twenty-nine when he won the middleweight title, thirty-five when he won the heavyweight crown, and over forty-one when he won the light-heavyweight title. That's a marvelous fighting record.

Australian Billy Murphy, who was once the world's feather-weight champ, still boxed at the age of seventy and claimed he could hit as hard as ever.

Some American fighters last a long time, too. When Jack Britton hung up his gloves in 1931, he had been fighting for twenty-six years, and had fought over four hundred fights. He was then forty-six. Jack Britton had another remarkable performance to his credit—he fought twenty-two ring battles with Kid Lewis—every

Made 'em Champs

one of them a *real* fight. Probably one reason for Jack's long career was that he never worried about his fights.

His manager, Dan Morgan, once told me of a tense moment before one of Britton's bitterest battles with Lewis. Jack looked unusually preoccupied, just before the fight. Dan, who had never seen Jack nervous before a bout, was afraid something was going wrong with his fighter, so he leaned over him consolingly, and said: "Don't worry about this fellow, Jack. You've fought him before so many times you know just what to do. You have nothing to worry about."

Jack frowned up at him. "Say, Dan, the last time I was in St. Louis I put some money in a bank."

"Well, that's all right."

"Yeah—but gee!" Britton looked up at him in a perplexed way. "For the life of me I can't remember which bank it was!"

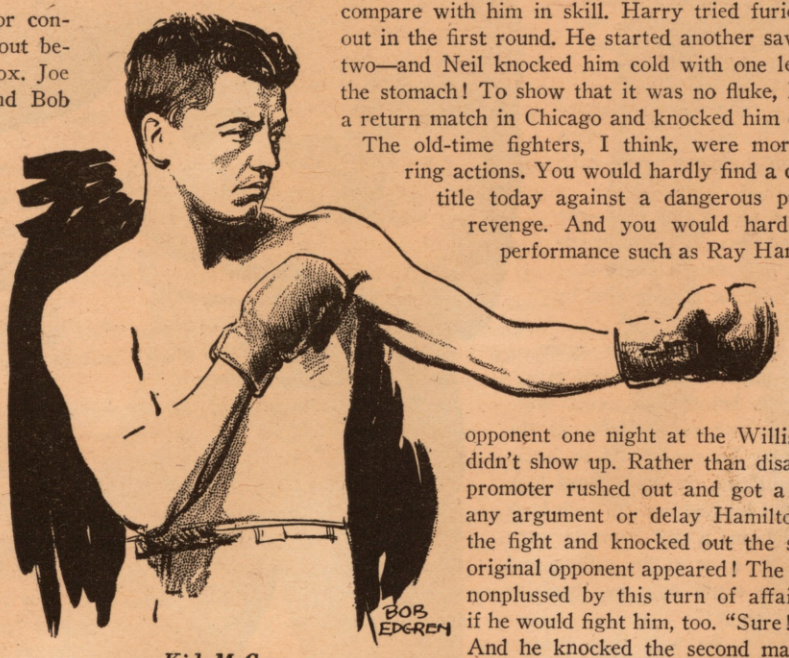
Probably Britton never found out just why Morgan burst out laughing; and Morgan never again wondered whether his fighter was nervous over a little thing like a tough fight.

* * *

ONE of the strangest fights for contrasting opponents was the bout between little Bob Moha and Joe Cox. Joe Cox was a giant heavyweight, and Bob didn't even come up to his shoulders. Moha stood 5 feet 4, and whipped Joe Cox, 6 feet 5, who had a decision over Jess Willard, 6 feet 7.

Joe Walcott was not such a bad little fighter at taking on the big ones, either. Joe stood 5 feet 1½, and fought a furious ten-round draw with a heavyweight—Sandy Ferguson—who stood 6 feet 3.

And in the wrestling arena last spring in Tokio, I saw a little 180-pound Japanese throw a wrestler weighing over four hundred pounds and standing 6 feet 8 in his bare feet. The big man, Debanotake, only lasted about ten or fifteen seconds with his smaller opponent.



Kid McCoy

* * *

IT seems strange in these days when championships are decided in fifteen-round bouts, to think that Dal Hawkins and Freddy Bogan once fought for *two days* for the featherweight title. More than that, Dal and Freddy would have regarded modern boxing gloves as regular pillows, because their two-day encounter was fought with two-ounce gloves.

The fight took place in San Francisco in 1889. After the men had fought only seventy-five rounds, darkness stopped the fight. It was continued the next day, and Hawkins won by a knockout in the sixteenth—or ninety-first—round. In spite of his endurance-record performance, Hawkins was never widely recognized as champion. Things were very unsettled in the featherweight division in those days, with several claimants for the title. Australian Billy Murphy was generally thought to be the best of the featherweights in those times.

Very often a man has a wonderful fighting record without holding a championship. Jimmy McLarnin whipped *ten* champions before he became a champion. They were: Pancho Villa, Fidel LaBarba, Sammy Mandell, Al Singer, Jackie Fields, Young Jack Thompson, Kid Kaplan, Bud Taylor, Benny Leonard and Young Corbett III. Since that time Jimmy has also beaten another champion—Barney Ross. McLarnin was one of those rare fighters to regain his crown after having lost it—a feat seldom accomplished.

* * *

THERE was once a champion who won his title through revenge. Frankie Neil, who began fighting at the age of seventeen, was a terrific left-hand hitter. Frankie didn't fight in the southpaw stance, but he was naturally left-handed. With his strong hand out in front of him he landed knockout punches in the *first round* of eleven out of his first nineteen fights.

He was matched with Clarence Forbes, the brother of the bantamweight champion, Harry Forbes. He knocked Clarence out in the sixth round.

Champion Harry was very eager to see his brother get ahead, and he was furious when Neil—who was little more than a novice—knocked Clarence out. Harry knew Neil was dangerous, but he had already won a decision over him the year before, and determined to give Neil a beating. He went into hard training for six weeks for the fight and entered the ring fully prepared to avenge his brother's defeat.

The champion was a fine boxer with a great record. Neil didn't compare with him in skill. Harry tried furiously to knock Neil out in the first round. He started another savage attack in round two—and Neil knocked him cold with one left-handed wallop to the stomach! To show that it was no fluke, Frankie gave Harry a return match in Chicago and knocked him out again.

The old-time fighters, I think, were more personal in their ring actions. You would hardly find a champion risking his title today against a dangerous puncher out of pure revenge. And you would hardly expect to see a performance such as Ray Hamilton, a well-known old-time slugger, put on at the Willis A. C. in Philadelphia.

Ray was scheduled to meet an opponent one night at the Willis club, but the man didn't show up. Rather than disappoint the fans, the promoter rushed out and got a substitute. Without any argument or delay Hamilton went ahead with the fight and knocked out the substitute. Then the original opponent appeared! The promoter, somewhat nonplussed by this turn of affairs, asked Hamilton if he would fight him, too. "Sure!" was Ray's answer. And he knocked the second man out in the fourth round!

Three or four years ago there was a small club fighter around New York named "Iron Horse" Joe Sturino, who pulled a rather unusual one. At nine o'clock he fought Andy Hunter at New Rochelle, and was knocked out. His evening was by no means complete, however, as he had to rush over to Portchester an hour later, where he kayoed Bill Brooks.

* * *

WHEN Jack Dempsey came East after hoboing it through the Middle West, little did he think at the time that within two years he would be the world heavyweight king. He had an idea that he could fight, but when he clashed with John Lester Johnson, a Negro heavyweight, in the Harlem Sporting Club of New York, he discovered that he had much to learn.

In speaking of that fight, Dempsey says: "Johnson knew the game and he taught me more about it in one night than I ever could have dreamed about fighting. I was in bad shape after that scrap. My ribs were all smashed and I was a sick boy.

"John, the Barber, who was managing me, wanted me to fight Gunboat Smith, but the Gunner had broken his hand and Johnson was substituted. It was that Johnson fight in New York that really caused me to decide on making my mark in boxing. You never can tell. Sometimes the fellow who looks like the biggest of dubs is the one who makes the grade the quickest."

FIGHTING

Every Champion Has Reached a Stage in His Career in Which He Reached His Top Form

Tommy Ryan, whose record as a welter and middleweight is unsurpassed, declares that Jim Corbett was the greatest all-around fighting man he had ever seen.

THERE is a tremendously fateful moment in the lives of all great heavyweight fighting men—HIS PEAK!

It is then that he is at his very best—the absolute quintessence of every inch of greatness. That day he is in possession of everything in a fighting way that is called for by championship specifications.

And sad to relate, that man never again is at such a state of physical and mental perfection. He never was before and never will be again. Alas! It is not recognizable at the time, although he may be considered to be in the very finest of condition. It is not until long afterwards that he and his buddies can look back to that fateful night, heave a sigh from the very depths of their bowels, gaze at the ceiling and murmur: "God, if he could only get back to the way he was that night!"

But he can't! Try as he will, that strange something has crept into his being like an unknown microbe of strange source to take possession of him from tip to tip and change him over completely.

What that microbe is or may be, has never been satisfactorily explained by any trainer I ever knew. It's a strange microbe and seems much to prefer the big fellows to any other breed or size among all the fighting gentry. Of course, it hits others—all of them, for that matter—but somehow or other it is never quite as noticeable as it is among the big fellows. Nothing is, for that matter, so outstanding among other fighters as among the behemoths of the sport.

* * *

TAKE any of the famous heavyweight champions since John L. Sullivan's day and THE PEAK stands out as prominently as a wart on the end of a rubicund nose. Most of the old trainers and others who have been equally close to fighting men for years incline to the belief that there is that something attached to possession of a championship title that induces almost immediately dry rot.

These philosophers of the game will argue that the mere adulation that is an inevitable part and parcel of a champion's daily life, the pulsating hero-worship, the fulsome fawning of the public, the subsequent laxing of living methods, the change of most all of a man's former ideas or at least a shift in the greater portion of them, are to blame for the decay that sets in.

This peak that we are speaking of does not necessarily come to a heavyweight that one great day that he wins the big title. It may come before, and such several times has been the case. Very seldom afterwards, it has been found—if indeed a man is ever better than he was the historic day or night that he annexed the world's greatest athletic honors, which undoubtedly is the winning of the heavyweight title.

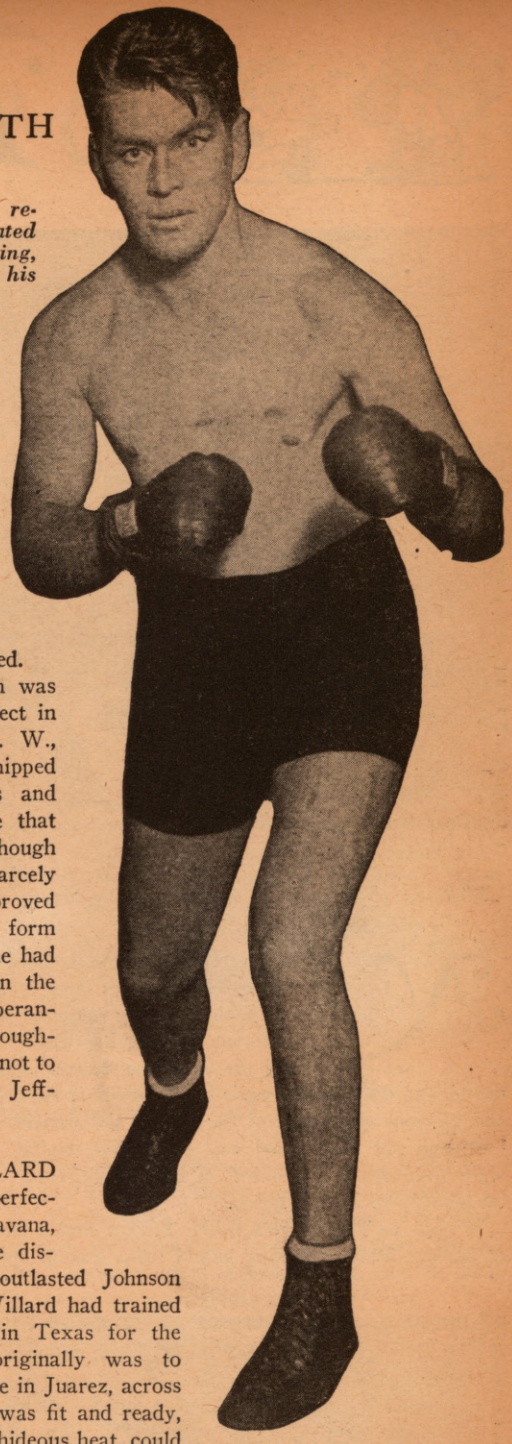
Jack Johnson, the Black Marvel, who retained his top form in both the Burns and Jeffries contests.

* * *

IT has been claimed many times that everything has improved in every way since the day of James J. Corbett. It is insisted that the tremendous art of boxing itself has been made better. Man has learned much more about training methods and facilities, they will say. We'll admit that much has been made better in the way of hygiene, but these wiseacres go farther

PEAK

By ED. W. SMITH



Gene Tunney, retired, undefeated heavyweight king, who reached his peak in the fight with Dempsey in Philadelphia.

and say that man has learned to make the human body itself much better in the last forty years.

But it will take a lot of good, solid proof and a slather of profound arguments to make me believe there ever was or will be a better fighting man in every way than was James J. Corbett that September night of 1892, a little over forty-three years of a quick backward look, when he snatched top honors from the ancient brow of a thoroughly wasted John L. Sullivan to become the first heavyweight champion under the modern code of deciding such matters.

In this contention, I am upheld by at least two men who boxed with Corbett at that time and since have had opportunity of testing the boxing merit of several champions since then. One of these is Tommy Ryan, an undefeated welter and middleweight champion with a record unsurpassed in any division. But I wish to state that I formed this opinion years ago, and long before I had definite and full opportunity of discussing the thing with Ryan.

* * *

IT wasn't what Corbett beat that night, because he didn't whip a great fighter. John L. HAD BEEN a truly wonderful man, but he was thirty-four years old at the time, a mere hulk of a once grand specimen battered with riotous life and the demon rum, and less fit to fight for the title than a green kid just out of high school.

It was the Corbett manner of doing it, the completeness of it, the utter confidence, the sheer audacity of a supposed rabbit spitting in the angry bulldog's eye that made the former bank clerk stand out. He was a master boxer and a superlative fighting man that night, no matter how bad the once mighty John L. might have proved.

And I'll make the unreserved statement right now that I doubt very much if there has been the equal of that James J. Corbett up to this present moment!

That was the Corbett PEAK, however, despite the fact that after losing his title to Bob Fitzsimmons five years later, he came within exactly two rounds of winning it back from James J. Jeffries in 1900.

You see, Corbett became more of an actor than he was a boxer after he had come into the title. He and Billy Brady thought more of the money they could get out of the show business than they did of keeping Corbett keyed up to a championship pitch. That would have been impossible, anyway, but in the Corbett case it was definitely the show business that ruined him as a fighter.

* * *

BOB FITZSIMMONS' PEAK night was reached long before he got his long-awaited chance at Corbett for the heavyweight title. I would say that the gangling Bob was a much better man, unspoiled by bibulous pals and the easy life made possible by easy money, five or six years before the Corbett fight. Then he had beaten "Nonpareil" Jack Dempsey, twice polished off Peter Maher, a terrific hitter, and was making positive fools out of such smashing good battlers as Jim Hall and Dan Creedon, fellow Australians.

Despite all that may be said to the contrary, Jim Jeffries was in perfect physical and mental shape but once in his entire career. That was the night back in 1898 that he slammed the everlasting stuffing out of the thirty-six-year-old Fitzsimmons and took the title. Tommy Ryan had shown him the crouch through the medium of which he nullified Fitz's terrific punching force and managed to wear down the ancient antipodean with his ponderous left hooks.

And Bob had held the title only a matter of fifteen months, about the shortest tenure of office of any of them. That was Jeff's PEAK and he never was the same again, narrowly escaping defeats at the hands of both Corbett and Tom Sharkey. Indeed, the latter affair always was sadly in doubt, the twenty-five-round battle being so close that the decision in favor of Jeffries was harshly criticized.

Jack Johnson was just about perfect in Sydney, N. S. W., when he whipped Tommy Burns and never was like that afterwards, although he could scarcely have been improved over his Reno form in 1910 when he had little to beat in the way of a superannuated and thoroughly discouraged, not to say disgusted, Jeffries.

* * *

JESS WILLARD was near perfection in Havana, Cuba, when he discouraged and outlasted Johnson for the title. Willard had trained several weeks in Texas for the fight, which originally was to have taken place in Juarez, across the line, so he was fit and ready, and despite the hideous heat, could have gone on for another twenty-six rounds.

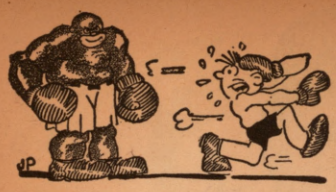
Jess got into the circus racket at five hundred dollars per diem, and that finished him as far as the ring was concerned, for at Toledo, in 1919, and twenty-seven years old, he demonstrated that he never could reach the Havana peak again. Rickard made him try it, but alas—

And was Dempsey ready that day! That Toledo day, when he sank one into Willard's innards up to the wrist and the fight was over in a hurry.

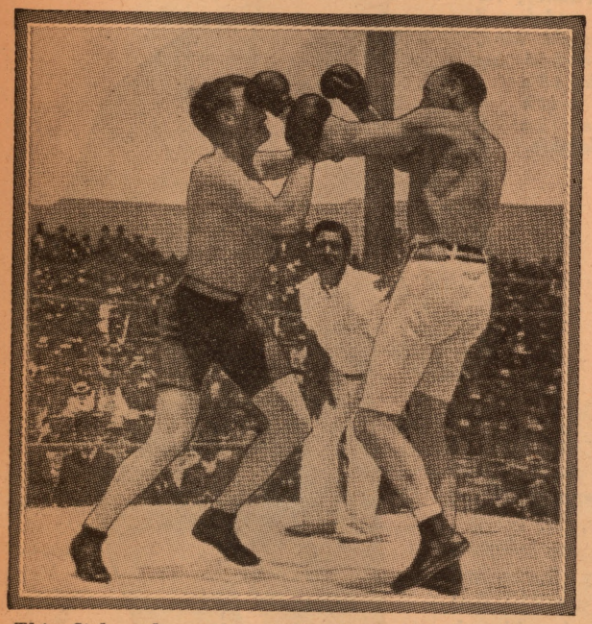
Gene Tunney was at PEAK in the first Dempsey fight perhaps, but being of that sort, was immune—probably the first champion—to the usual decay of the title-holder. He MIGHT have been just as good in the second fight, who knows? But that awful "fourteen" count!

Between Tunney and Baer let's put in a skip period that embraces Jack Sharkey, Schmeling and Carnera, whom we might classify as a sort of championship nondescripts, if you get my meaning, which should be simple.

These men, we must say, were not outstanding, judged on the basis of great ring men of a *(Continued on page 42)*



The RING'S



This flicker shows the aged and decrepit Fitzsimmons jousting with Bill Lang under the warm Australian sun, which was to melt Ruby Bob out of the boxing picture.

Some ancient films are shown, and they bring back the zest and the stirring strife of the days that used to be.

NOT so long ago, in New York, there was a showing of old classics of the silent days of the motion picture. Theda Bara, the vampiest of the old vamps, was shown "getting her man." Mary Pickford flitted all over the screen with the carefree moves and the genuine smile of her ingenue days. It was a grand and glorious exposition of the film of the ancient era when Flatbush and not Hollywood was the flicker capital, and there still were hoss cars in the streets of New York, while St. Louis clung tenaciously to its gas lights.

It came to THE RING'S Globe Trotter that a similar exposition of ancient films of boxing would make strong appeal to the follower of fisticuffs,—both the member of the Old Guard, and the youngster of the current generation.

So I have dug out of the museum of old fight flickers a collection of pictures which will bring back old scenes, old fighters, old zest and spirit, old flavor of the resin and the smoke filled arena. These flickers will make the old timers yearn after the days that used to be. And perhaps they will bring from the younger generation something other than snickering tolerance and mild interest.

So strum the zither, professor. Ask the boys to put it on extra strong this time,—"Hearts and Flowers," or some other heart jerker of the era when Tony Pastor's was a classic music hall, and Lillian Russell was the toast of Broadway. Let 'er rip, Chumley:—

New York, N. Y.:—1890;—John L. Sullivan Goes Thespian and appears in "Honest Hearts and Willing Hands"

WHAT a fight, folks, what a fight! This, of course, was 'way back in the days before anybody ever thought of the motion picture, radio, cheap automobiles, electric refrigerators and the New Deal. It was before they ever figured on Graham McNamee, too.

Here we see the one and only John L. Sullivan gone actor. Not a movie, folks, but John L., in person. His fame just had been enriched by his grand victory over Jake Kilrain at Richburg, Miss. Sullivan had won in seventy-five rounds. What is this we hear from the youngster in the back row? Joe Louis would have stopped woozy Jake in two heats! The ushers will give the youngster his dough back and throw him out on his ear.

Yes, Sullivan just had whipped Kilrain, and a young man by the name of James J. Corbett had come along impressively in San Francisco, had invaded New York with gusto, and soon was to go sixty-one rounds to a draw with Peter Jackson.

This young man by the name of Corbett was destined to knock out Sullivan in 1892. But in the picture we show, John L. had no inkling of the cruel fate that was in store for him.

John was touring the country with his tear jerking drama, and was imbibing whatever was around to be imbibed around the circuit. Yes, a most interesting picture, folks! The champ, with honest heart, (no doubt), and willing hands, (without question), socking the villain while the boys and gals of the day hollered themselves hoarse.

Here we have the grand climax scene of "Honest Hearts and Willing Hands." John L. appeared in this classic drama around the country before Corbett finally caught up with him and did the American theatre a grand turn.

GLOBE TROTTER

By DANIEL M. DANIEL

Please bring down the note which that young man in Row H seems to want me to read, usher. Ah, here is the very note. "Joe Louis would have made a bum of Sullivan." Oh, yeah! Chuck this lad out into the cold, cold atmosphere.

Sydney, N. S. W.:—1909;—Fitzsimmons is knocked out by Bill Lang in twelve heats

TURN on the tremolo, captain. Dish out them crocodile tears, for this is the inglorious windup of a great fighter. Here we see the Fitzsimmons' finish. Actually, he did not quit until after he had met a stumble bum by the name of K. O. Sweeney at Williamsport, Pa. on January 29, 1914. Ruby Bob was to survive this engagement by only four years.

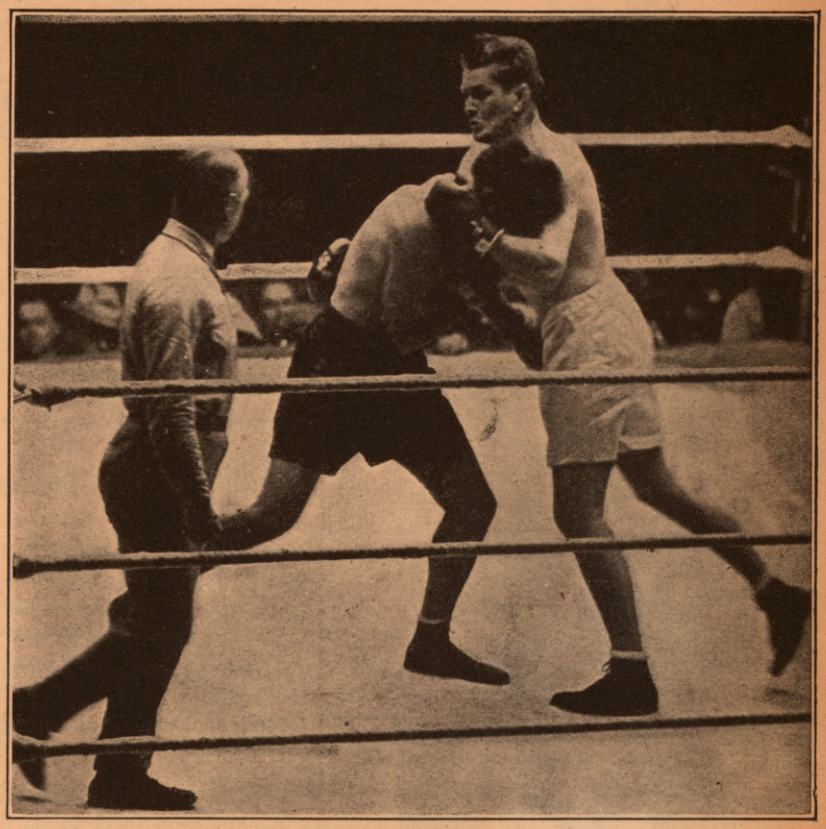
But the fight with Bill Lang, at Sydney, N. S. W., on December 27, 1909, was the real finish for Fitz. Bob was forty-seven years of age at the time, yet he went into a serious encounter with a man who was more than twenty years younger.

You see the bald Bob blocking and scrimmaging, while the fans from Down Under, jamming the arena, do not know whether to cheer for the Has Been, or holler for their own young favorite.

It was a hollow shell of a Fitz who went into the ring with Lang. True, the term "hollow shell" should not be borrowed here. It was used with greatest effect when Jim Jeffries hollow shelled himself into a hollow shell knockout when he met Jack Johnson at Reno. Now, there was a hollow shell!

However, I still say that when the aged Fitz met young Lang, Boo was a hollow shell. The fight was something of a hollow shell game. Vale, Fitzsimmons. When he had it, they did not come any better.

Usher, throw that boy out. I know exactly what he wants to tell me.



A most interesting film, this one. We have Jack Dempsey boring into Gene Tunney with both hands in their second fight, in Chicago. Note how Tunney is handling himself like a real author.

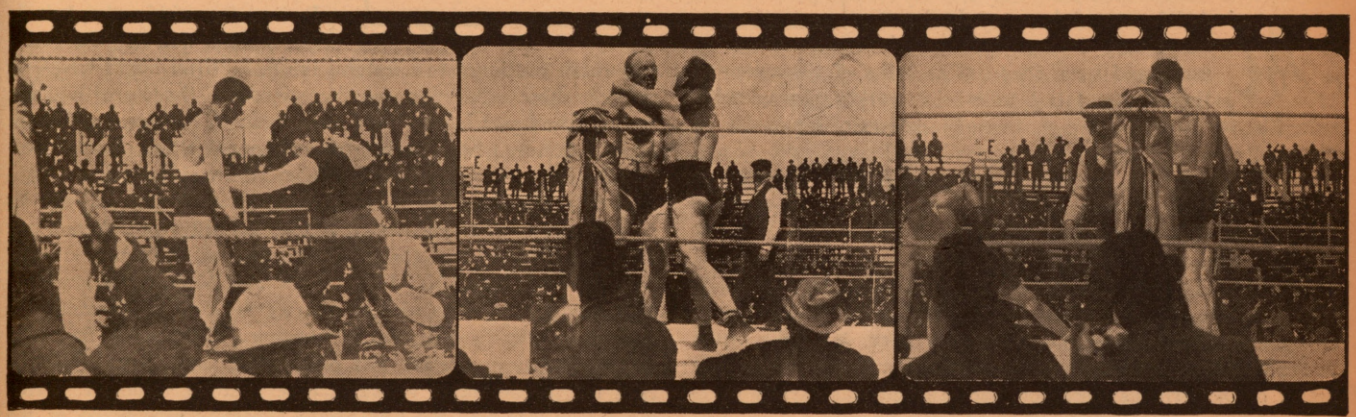
Carson City, Nev.:—1897;—Fitzsimmons knocks out Jim Corbett with solar plexus punch in the fourteenth

REALLY, this film should have been shown first. But so be it. We have shown you Bob Fitzsimmons when he wound up his career. Here is the great Cornishman when he achieved the zenith of his career.

In this film you glimpse Fitzsimmons at three different stages of his grand and glorious triumph over Jim Corbett, at Carson City, Nev., on St. Patrick's Day in 1897. It was in the fourteenth that Bob put over the haymaker. In the sixth heat Jim had Fitz down. It was a corking, exciting scrap from start to finish and the lads who saw it got their money's worth.

However, you will notice from the film that the arena was not exactly jammed to suffocation that March 17, of the long ago. Corbett went into the ring with the title he had wrested from Sullivan five years previous, in New Orleans.

But Fitz left the arena with the title, which he was destined to hold only two years. For on June 9, 1899, at Coney Island, Jim Jeffries, the Boilermaker, knocked out Ruby Bob, freckles and all, in eleven rounds. *(Continued on page 46)*



Here we see three thrilling stages of the fight in which Fitzsimmons invented the solar plexus punch to knock out Corbett. First we see Fitz down in the sixth round. The second picture shows them in a clinch in the thirteenth. The final photograph discloses Gentleman Jim being counted out of the time and the championship.

TITLES BECKONED, BUT

Peter Maher, who, with all a champ's make-up, could not quite make the grade.

Ballad of the Nearly-Greats

The World's crowns were not for them
They missed 'em by a hair!
But when it came to scrapping hard
Those "Almost Champs" were there!

And many a man had bitter luck
Who well deserved to win,
While many a victor scarcely dodged
The kayo with his chin!

Dame Fortune's an uncertain jane
Who plays a crafty game,
You'll never guess the finish right,
It may be grief or fame!

This one a champion might have been
But for an instant's wait,
That saved his stunned opponent by
The terse decree of fate!

You've seen another in his stride
Cut down for count of "Ten!"
By the grim destiny that moulds
The lives of fighting men.

And so it goes — Can you decide
What milling coves were best,
Had errant Chance not intervened
To twist the Final Test?

—George T. Pardy

MANY great fighters attained national and international prominence and were classified as being of championship timber, yet failed to win a world's championship title. Charley Mitchell, one of the early masters of glove-science, belonged in this category. Recognized as heavyweight boxing champion of England, as distinguished from Albion's bareknuckle champ, Jem Smith, it remained for Mitchell to become the sparring sensation of his generation in 1883, when he faced John L. Sullivan for a glove joust before a New York crowd.

John L.'s fame as a knocker-out with padded mitts was world-wide just then. The big fellow in his golden prime was strong as an ox and as merciless as a man-eating tiger. Mitchell's nerve in tackling him was universally admired, but few folks thought highly of the Briton's discretion, for Mitchell was greatly overmatched in height, reach, weight and hitting power.

The expected nearly came to pass, for police interference halted the bout in the third session, when John L. was furiously charging his foe to the ropes. But—the astounding thing was that Mitchell, in the early stages of the performance, outboxed Sullivan and knocked him down! It was the first time an opponent had jarred John L. off his feet. Perhaps, as John afterwards claimed, his legs were crossed at the time. But however that may have been, a knockdown was listed to the Englishman's credit.

The general opinion was that Mitchell would have been knocked out if the bout had been extended. But such a defeat was as good as a victory, in one sense, to the loser. It is difficult for the present generation to realize in what awe John L. was held by the multitude. Of course, there is always some glamour surrounding a heavyweight champ. But the mob-worship of Sullivan was fanatical to a degree never experienced by any of his successors, not even by the much-publicized Mr. Jack Dempsey of tavern renown.

Mitchell was really a light middleweight when he had the audacity to try conclusions with the ring monarch before whom ring giants had fallen. Therefore, his feat in flooring Sullivan made him the most-talked-of fighter of his time. And his confidence in himself was so sublime that he challenged Sullivan to another trial, and another match was arranged for June 30 of the following year. But John L. was ill and way off fighting color when that date drew near, and eventually the match was cancelled.

* * *

NEARLY five years elapsed before Mitchell and Sullivan again came together between the ropes. That was at Chantilly, France, March 10, 1888. They fought under London rules, with bare knuckles, and the battle was declared a draw in thirty-nine rounds. Mitchell fought a careful, cagy battle, making good use of the ring, and compelling John L. to follow him up with bull-like rushes. This was wise strategy, although Mitchell was naturally severely criticized by the Sullivanites because he didn't stand up to the gun and have his head knocked off. As a matter of fact, John L. was so badly tired that he was very glad to have the bout end the way it did.

It is quite within the bounds of possibilities that had the Chantilly battle continued to a natural finish, Sullivan might have lost through sheer exhaustion, for there is not a shadow of a doubt that Mitchell was in much the better shape of the two and quite fit to continue, when a proposition from the other side to compromise on a draw was made and accepted, for, it is said, a certain monetary consideration. These statements are vouched for by sport veterans of today who saw the Chantilly contest, and are also substantiated by newspaper articles of 1888 now in the possession of Editor Nat Fleischer of THE RING magazine.

So, had fortune favored him, Charley Mitchell might well have reigned as world's heavyweight champion, quite aside from the controversy as to whether that honor really belonged to John L. And unless one wants to waste time splitting technical straws, it's a fact that Sullivan was pretty generally recognized as the world's premier battler. Outside of Sullivan, there was nobody in the heavy ranks that classed with Mitchell. Jim Corbett was only

THEY DIDN'T MAKE IT

By GEORGE T. PARDY

beginning, having engaged in but two professional bouts, when Charley and John L. answered the Chantilly call of time. Bob Fitzsimmons was winning amateur tourneys around New Zealand, Joe Choynski was yet to experience his first pro battle, eight years were to elapse before Jeffries made a ring appearance, Tom Sharkey had never donned a glove.

In his homeland Mitchell stood head and shoulders over all the British heavies of that day, a very mediocre crowd, by the way. But when, on January 25, 1894, at Jacksonville, Florida, he crossed arms with John L.'s conqueror, James J. Corbett, he was a very different athlete from the Mitchell of Chantilly. He had wasted away below one hundred and fifty-five pounds, he was emphatically a has-been, and knew it, and his kayo defeat in three rounds was no surprise to those who knew the inside of the story, and least of all to Mitchell himself.

Peter Jackson, the great Australian colored heavyweight, came to this country and astonished American critics by the ease with which he toppled over our leading heavies. A past master of science, a terrific hitter and great ring general, Peter's name lives as an inspiration to all pugilists of his race. On May 21, 1891, he fought a sixty-one-round draw with Jim Corbett before a San Francisco club.

* * *

IN the following year Corbett was to wrest the world's heavyweight crown from the brow of John L. Sullivan. James J. was a marvel of speed, gameness and trickery. Yet in Jackson it is more than conceivable that he would have met a conqueror had not the giant black entered the ring handicapped by an injured leg, hurt in a driving accident a week prior to the battle.

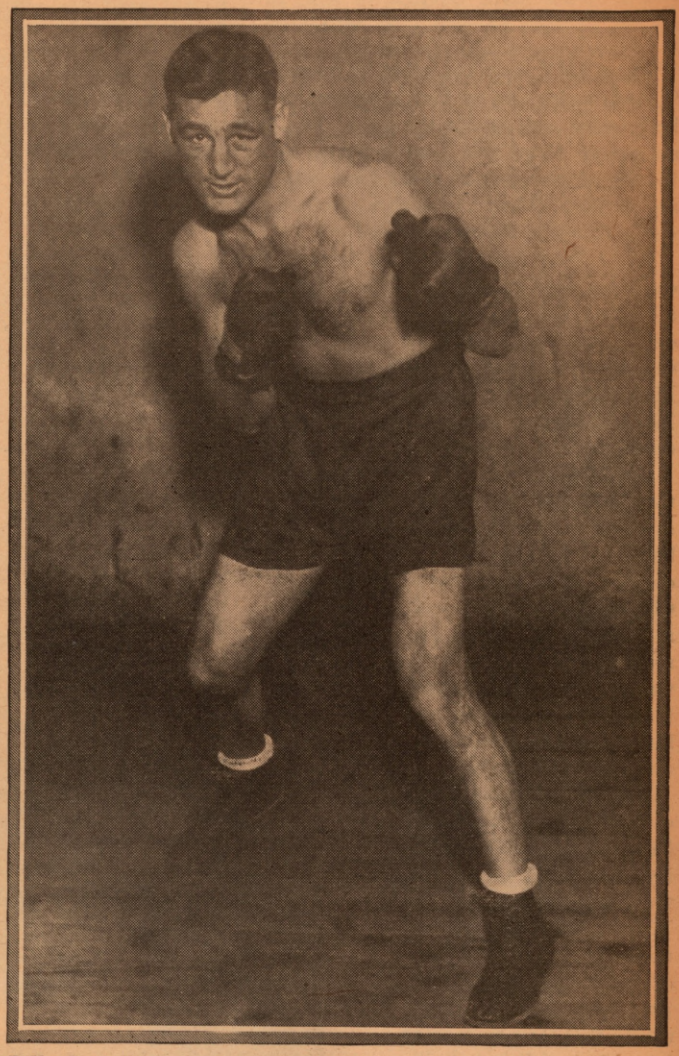
Parson Davies, manager of Jackson, wanted to pay forfeit and declare the match off. Jackson was obdurate, declaring that he could beat Corbett anyway. But Jackson could not corner the lightning-footed Corbett, and Jim was too wary to engage him at slugging tactics, with the result as already stated. Jackson had repeatedly challenged Sullivan. But John L. resolutely drew the color line. Under the circumstances, that was fortunate for John L., because the latter had definitely struck the down-grade, as his pitiable showing before Corbett proved, and Jackson was a far more dangerous scrapper than Gentleman Jim ever developed into.

Had Sullivan and Jackson met at that period in the ring, John L.'s defeat would probably have occurred in quicker time than it did with Corbett at New Orleans, for Peter was a deadly puncher, as well as superb master of defense. Had Jackson been a white man, Corbett could hardly have refused him a return match, and consequent chance at the world's title. But though Parson Davies started and maintained for many months a bitter newspaper campaign against heavyweight champion Corbett, on Jackson's behalf, it was all in vain. Corbett was too good a business man to take unnecessary chances, and Jackson, possibly the greatest fighting man of that era, was never to gain the blue ribbon of the ring.

* * *

JACKSON may be said to have had a colleague in misfortune in the person of his stable companion, Joe Choynski, who was also under the Davies management. With the possible exception of Max Baer, whose fire-rocket high flight and swift descent across the pugilistic horizon recently dazzled ring patrons, no Jewish boxer ever occupied so prominent a position in the public eye as did Choynski. An accomplished scientist, sharply accurate puncher and wily general, Choynski only lacked weight to be a real champ.

Had the light-heavyweight class existed then, Joe would have been built to order for its leader. But there was nothing between middle, then 158 pounds ringside, and the full-sized heavies. Joe could touch 162 and fight strong at that notch, but he might as well have been fourteen as four pounds over the mark in question, for no middleweight would give away an ounce to the blond-haired terror from the Coast.



Billy Petrolle, a great box office magnet, because he could sock.

So he had to throw his lot in with the big fellows, and his record is full of brilliant knockout feats accomplished at the expense of men much his superior in weight. His early battles with Jim Corbett occurred when both were growing youths, but Corbett always had something of an edge on Joe in physical advantages, just enough anyway to turn the tables in Jim's favor.

The year before Jim Jeffries took the world's heavyweight championship, Choynski held the giant boilermaker to a twenty-round draw, with Jeff scaling at 220 and Choynski, 170 pounds. It was in that battle that Jeffries afterwards said he received the hardest punch he ever got, a short left hook to the jaw that landed a bit too high for the kayo button, but left him dazed and shaky up to the bell. There were any amount of good men working in the heavyweight division at that time, and Choynski had to sacrifice weight to nearly everyone he fought.

The nearest he came to an even match was when he boxed Fitzsimmons a five-round draw in 1894 before a Boston club. Fitz, like Joe, was never more than a light-heavyweight, and there was little, if anything, to choose between them on the scales. It was even-steven up to the fourth round, when Choynski dropped over a left hook to the jaw that went straight home and dumped Fitz on his back. The freckled wonder was up at eight and rather groggy. But he bored desperately into a clinch and Choynski was arm-weary trying to shake him off.

In the next session Fitz, ever a marvel at recuperating, was strong again, and forced the pace. This time Choynski was floored,

arose at count of four, and slugged savagely, but the proceedings were halted by the police climbing into the ring. So it ended in the fifth, with both men swearing the other chap tried a double-cross, but the fact remained that Fitz had never come closer to taking a clean kayo in his life.

* * *

MANY instances could be quoted of Choynski's gameness under fire, of his cleverness, endurance, and intelligence both inside and outside the ropes. The truth is that he lived in an age of formidable heavyweights, so formidable that only a fighter of rare genius could have attained the position he did among them. What a sensation a second edition of Joe Choynski would create in modern ring circles!

When Peter Maher made his debut in this country as the Irish champion and knocked over opponents left and right like pins in a bowling alley, it looked as though a legitimate successor to the only John L. had arisen from the old sod. Here again it was demonstrated on what small things a fighter's future depends. Maher lost to Fitzsimmons in twelve rounds at New Orleans in 1892, refusing to continue, after he had repeatedly failed to land on the artful Cornishman.

But Maher did land a right to the jaw in the early stages of the battle that dropped Fitz like a sack of coal. Ask anyone who saw that scrap and you'll be told that Fitzsimmons was out cold—but saved from the full count by the bell, which was rung ahead of time, cutting the round short. That trick was turned by a Chicago saloonkeeper with a big bet on Bob, who reached over with a heavy walking cane and banged the gong. Fitz was taken to his corner and speedily revived by his seconds.

Had Fitzsimmons been counted out, as he should have been, there is no telling what effect such a victory might have had on Maher's future career. Certainly he would have been draped by the Irish-American sports in the royal mantle that some six months later was to fall from Sullivan's shoulders, when the latter lost to Corbett. Sullivan's conqueror never really captured the affections of the mob; he was not a knockout puncher, and perhaps a little too much of the gentleman. But Maher, Irish, a terrific slugger, and a hail-fellow-well-met convivial cuss, would surely have become a popular idol. Also, the psychological influence of victory and subsequent adulation should not be overlooked in considering a "might-have-been" future for the big Celt. Those things count heavily in the moulding of a champion. But it just wasn't to be! With all a champ's make-up, Peter was never to win a world's title.

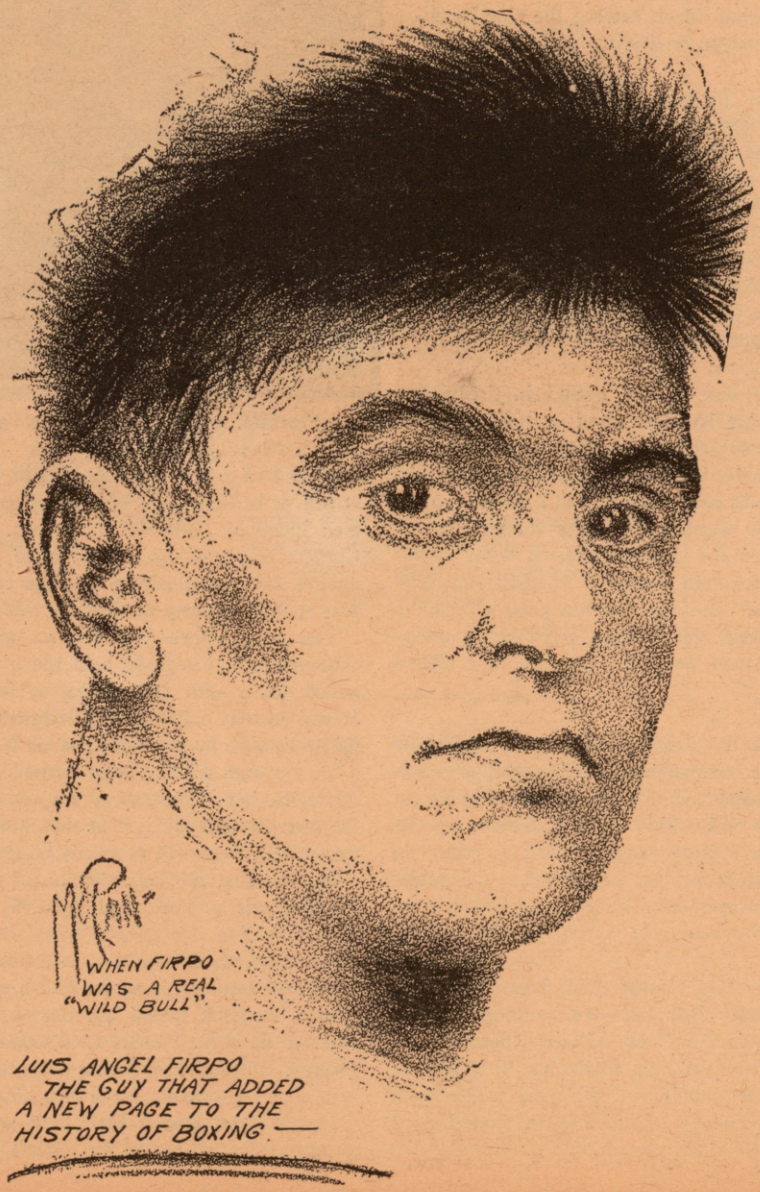
There were at least two potential heavyweight champs in view at the time Jack Johnson held the world's title. We leave Luther McCarthy out of the discussion, for McCarthy, although vouched for as a crackerjack by Billy McCarney and other wise boys, was not in the game long enough to rank as a real topnotcher. But in the sable persons of Joe Jeannette and Sam Langford the ring offered two barriers that none of the then existing white battlers could hurdle. Also, they troubled Johnson's peace of mind not a little.

* * *

THE records show that Jeannette and Johnson met seven times. They engaged in four no-decision bouts, fought one draw, Johnson won a fifteen-round decision and lost on a foul in two rounds. There was but one Johnson-Langford battle, the former being awarded a point verdict in fifteen rounds. That was the bout in which Langford floored Johnson and had him in a bad way, and the referee's decision was emphatically roasted by the newspaper critics as palpably unfair to Langford.

All of these encounters took place before Johnson claimed the world's title by virtue of his victory over Tommy Burns in 1908, and clinched it by beating Jeffries in 1910. Both Jeannette and Langford made repeated efforts to land a match with Johnson, but the latter knew very well the risk involved to his new honors in meeting either, and there was nothing doing. Quite possibly Jack might have whipped Sam or Joe, but there was no certainty about it.

What was certain was that Langford and Jeannette, in their prime, were worthy of the championship throne, had Johnson been out of the way. As to the relative merits of Johnson's two dangerous rivals, there's absolutely no telling. They fought repeatedly, there was always bad blood between them, sometimes one, sometimes the other got the duke, but it was anybody's guess on the problem of superiority.



LUIS ANGEL FIRPO
THE GUY THAT ADDED A NEW PAGE TO THE HISTORY OF BOXING

* * *

MIKE GIBBONS and Packey McFarland, two of the best box office assets of their time, never boasted a title of any kind, although Mike was probably the king-pin middleweight of his contemporaries, and Packey had no equal as a scientist among the lightweights. It was an open secret that McFarland didn't want a title. He preferred to go along, drawing down good money wherever he appeared, without any of the attendant worries on the possession of a crown.

Moreover, Packey was given considerable latitude by the powers-that-be, especially around New York City, as regarded weighing-in. He fought a lot of genuine lightweights in Gotham and whipped them, but it was shrewdly suspected that McFarland possessed a big scaling advantage on each occasion. The no-decision rule, then in vogue, suited McFarland, too, as

it did scores of pugs who appreciated the protection it gave them as regarded market values. For you couldn't lose, so long as you were able to answer the final bell, and your reputation couldn't suffer from a recorded defeat.

* * *

MIKE GIBBONS fought and licked most of the middleweight leaders under the no-decision clause, and, like Packey, never seems to have cared a hoot in Hades about winning a title. Unquestionably, Packey and Mike were superlatively clever performers with the gloves, it was a treat to watch them work between the ropes; nor could either be duplicated today. Yet when a catchweight match was arranged between them for ten rounds, and they boxed before a New York club in 1915, the result was rather disappointing.

Neither took a chance, they moved with polished precision, blocked and feinted beautifully, but so far as real scrapping went, the net result was nil. But this was not surprising. Better business men never lived than Packey and Mike; they were doing a harmless stunt under the shield of the good old no-decision baloney, and that was just that! No sympathy was ever due Gibbons or McFarland for failing to grab a title. They were quite content with their pugilistic and financial status.

Knockout Brown, the hard-hitting lightweight, who campaigned from 1908 to about 1914, was as tough a lad of his inches as New York ever contributed to the fighting fold. Like Mike Gibbons, he thrashed most of the leaders of his division under the no-decision rule. Dan Morgan, his manager, kept Brown as busy as the proverbial bee. It was nothing for him to scrap every few days or so, and he barred nobody. It was Brown who gave Ad Wolgast a hurricane ten-round trimming before a New York club in 1911, when Wolgast held the world's lightweight championship. If the bout had not been under the no-decision ruling, the chances are one hundred to one that Ad would have lost his title, for the little fighting Dutchman had a tremendous lead over the champ.

Packy McFarland, never a champion, yet one of the greatest fighters at his weight.

Young Griffo, the erratic Australian, only missed winning the world's lightweight championship through a raw deal given him by a referee. It was in 1894. Griffo, who arrived in this country the previous year, had run up a brilliant series of victories over our best feathers and lightweights. At this time he did not scale over 128, and his blinding speed and all-around cleverness was the talk of the sporting world.

Jack McAuliffe was still lightweight champion, although on the verge of retiring. He consented to a final battle, with Griffo for an opponent. It was for ten rounds, before the Seaside Athletic Club of New York. The bout went the limit, and McAuliffe fared no better than had any of Griffo's other victims in this country. The champion was clearly outpointed and baffled at all angles by Griffo's wizard skill. But the third man in the ring nevertheless declared Jack the victor. Popular though McAuliffe was, the crowd raised an awful rumpus and Referee Hurst had to bar himself in a dressing-room to escape the fury of the disgruntled customers.

There was no second meeting, for McAuliffe abdicated his throne shortly afterward, and was succeeded by Kid Lavigne, who fought a fast draw with Griffo. But the latter never won a world's title, although he beat scores of good men. In fact, he never cared about laurel wreaths of any kind. To train as little as possible, drink freely and follow the easy way all through life, was enough for the utterly irresponsible Griff. Yet his equal as an amazing boxer, and singularly acute ring general probably never existed. So said his contemporaries, and we certainly haven't anyone to compare with him in modern times.

* * *

LUIS ANGEL FIRPO, the Buenos Aires buffer with the god-awful smashing right mawley, is enormously fat, and peaceful of mood these days, as he watches his peons labor diligently on his South American ranch. But his thoughts must sometimes wander to the scene of that momentous battle with Jack Dempsey, when he only escaped being heavyweight champ of the universe by the thickness of a finger-nail.

The belt that knocked Dempsey out of the ring and nearly cuckoo would have finished off a less endurable gladiator than the Manassa Mauler. Everybody knows how he stuck it out, and finally won through, with considerable help from a referee, who loftily ignored the committing of several rank fouls by the champion. It would have changed the fistic map a whole lot had Firpo been declared winner on that occasion, but it was not to be, and the South American merely goes down in pugilistic history as a red-hot scrapping guy who drew customers like honey draws flies—because he always gave them the worth of their money.

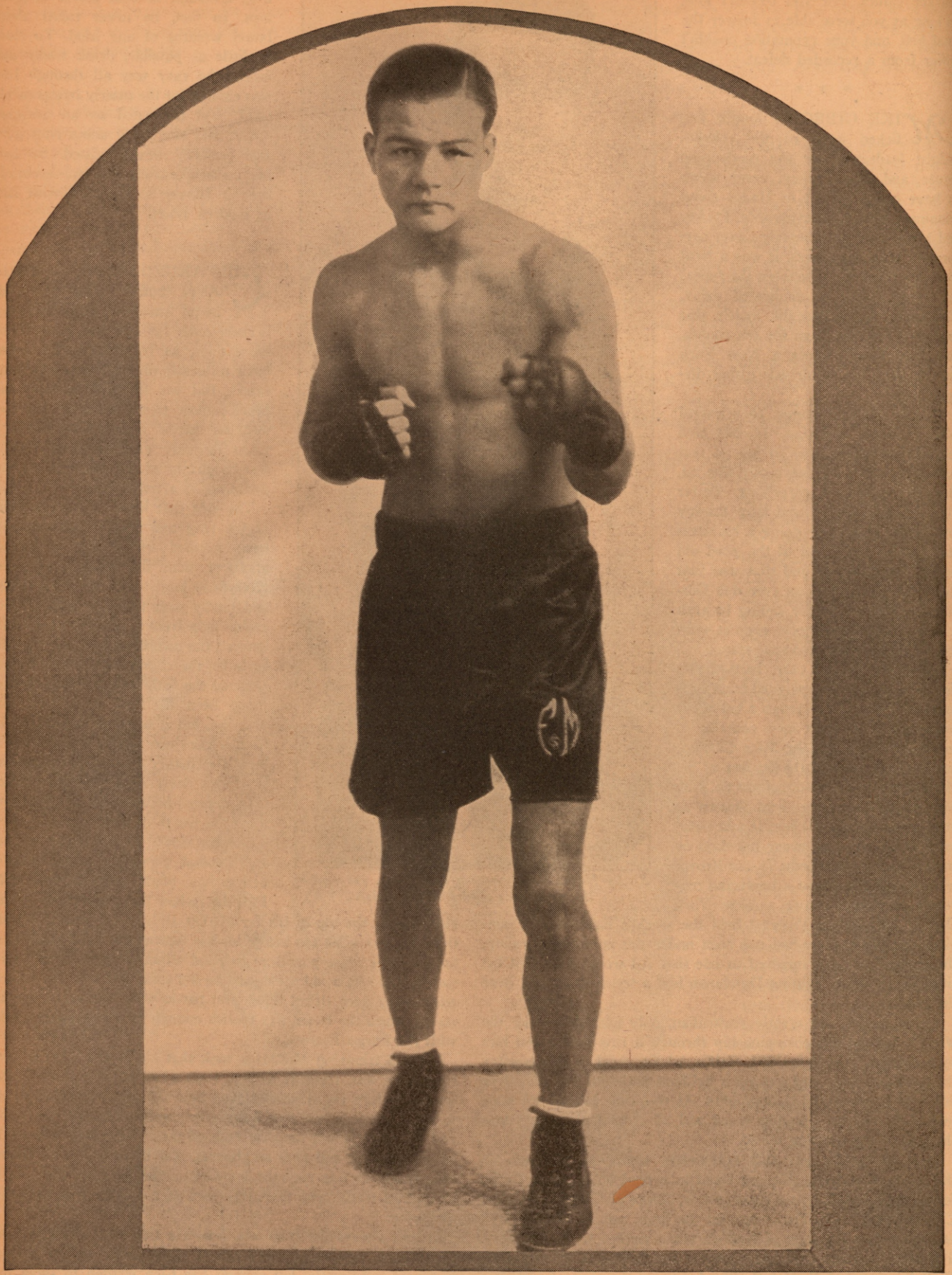
Coming down to still more modern times, what promoter would want a better box office magnet than Billy Petrolle, when that aggressive young gent was at the top of his form? Yet Billy never won a world's title. He was a bit too heavy for the lightweights and could have used a trifle more poundage to good effect when he fought as a welter. But—he could sock—and he did sock, and how the crowds went crazy over Billy! That first tussle with McLarnin, for instance, when the latter was foolish enough to try slugging tactics with the Fargo Express.

What a trimming McLarnin took that night, and what a game rooster he was, refusing to quit, even when Referee Patsy Haley wanted to halt the slaughter. And how the patrons rallied to the scene of action in the two successive matches between McLarnin and Petrolle. Jimmy won on each of those occasions, because he boxed carefully and took no chances. Yet Petrolle lost no friends as a result. It was common knowledge that he gave the best he had at all times, and that's the sort of a fighter that holds his following.

It isn't always the chap who boasts a title who can also boast of being a first-rate drawing-card. One could go on quoting instances indefinitely, but enough has been written to show that the super-men of the ring are not necessarily all numbered among the list of champions! There are so many who never reach the top though they belong there, that a listing would fill a page. Supermen they were so far as fighting ability was concerned, but they never held a title.

The RING's Album of Famous Fighters

No. 14



Freddie Miller, world featherweight champion. Won N. B. A. title from Tommy Paul in Chicago, January 13, 1933, and clinched world laurels by defeating every champion in Europe. Rolled up a remarkable record abroad in 1934 with thirty victories out of thirty-three bouts. He lost only two contests, both overweight matches, and drew in one. Fought his way to top by meeting all comers. Whipped Nel Tarleton in Liverpool on September 20, 1934, Tarleton then being the British featherweight champion. He followed up with victories over every other title-holder in Europe, except Maurice Holtzer, French champion, who beat him in an overweight match. Defended his title fifteen times in one year, Vernon Cormier being latest victim in Boston. Kayoed Jose Girones, Spanish champion, in one minute and seventeen seconds of the first round in Barcelona in 1934. Was born in Cincinnati twenty-four years ago.

WHO IS MAGANA?

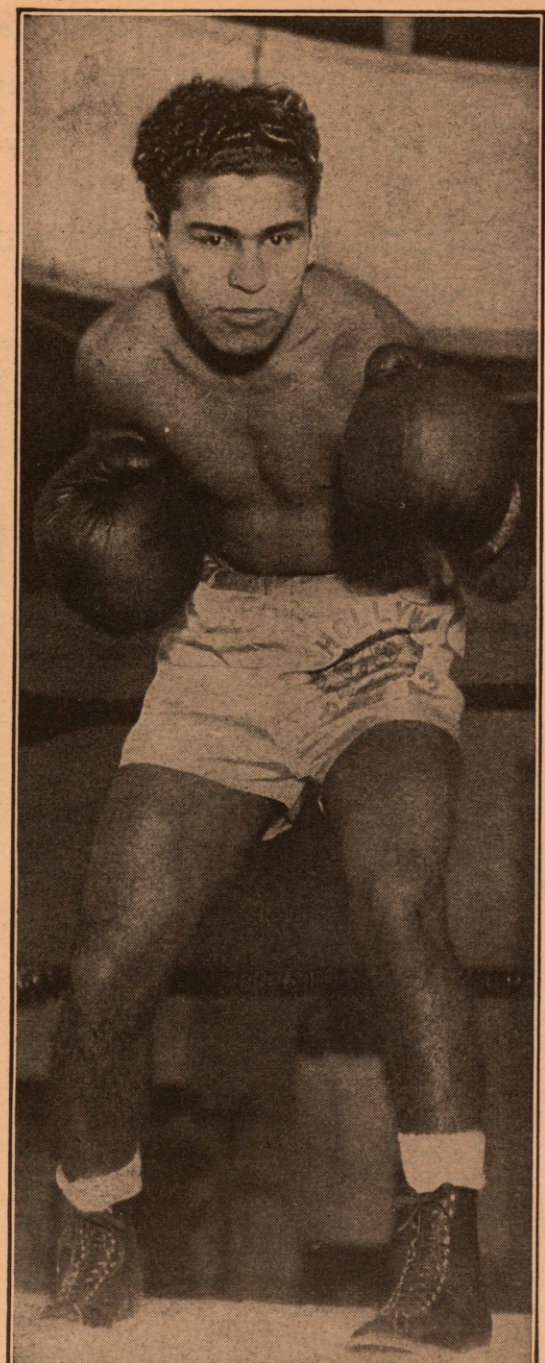
By THE COAST REFEREE

HE'S what might be nicely classified as the promoters' answer to a fervent prayer out in Southern California—a splendid Mexican fighter. And that's the way almost everybody who has seen him tabulates him.

His name is Emilio Magana and he's exactly 100 per cent Castilian—just one of an ordinary Mex family. Dad is a hard working man of fair intelligence, the mother is ambitious for her brood of which there are four boys and one girl. The parents cannot understand this funny boxing game although they live in a scrappy neighborhood of a myriad of mixed nationalities—and such a situation always makes for many desperate physical encounters at the drop of the hat, and with plenty of folks ready and willing to drop it.

Theirs is the hardest little community in the vast and far flung confines of Los Angeles, "the City of Angels," and the beautifully named city, one would imagine, never should contain such a district. But it does and strangely enough it is called Happy Valley. The chap who hung that one on the neighborhood had a keen sense of the ridiculous or didn't at the time have a very clear idea of battles that were being waged there day and night.

It's out to the north of the city, not so far from the business section of the wonderful town and one doesn't hear much of it in the public prints. It is tolerated on the basis and general idea that all cities of any size or importance must necessarily have such a dumping ground for exactly that class of citizenry. Still, in the main, the folks there are steady workers and pay their bills. All they ask is to be let alone and this sentiment appears to be just about unanimous, police and all others touching on and appertaining to the district.



Emilio Magana, Catholic Youth Organization's 126-pound Pacific Coast champion who is making great strides in pro ranks.

Emilio does not appear to have had all of the family's fighting instincts concentrated in his precious young carcass of 126 pounds. Indeed, there is generally a "hard" offspring in the group and a brother named Ernie is that character in the Magana family. But he isn't a ring fighter and cares nothing of any code resembling the late Queensberry.

Undoubtedly, there has been more chatter and discussion over this green kid than anything that has bobbed up in recent years out on the coast. He turned his eighteenth birthday on November 21 and on that afternoon, his manager, Jerry Pelton, signed him up for six semi-windups at the Hollywood Legion Stadium, this event marking his first leap into the ranks of the out-and-out pros. We use that "out-and-out" expression because up to this time, the line between the amateur and the pro boxers wasn't so sharply drawn as to be discernible to the naked eye. At least that was the situation in the beautiful Southland where they take their sports in large gobs and at all times of the year, knowing scarcely a season for this or a season for that.

Don't get the notion that this little Emilio, who threatens to be one of the country's best small boxers, is a cheater in any way. He isn't anything of the sort. He's a good student at the Lincoln High School out on North Broadway and while an amateur boxer, became champion in his class last year in the competition of the Catholic Youth Organization and in the tournament of the Pacific A. A. U.

Emilio, it may be pointed out, is a great natural fighting man or boy. In his second amateur fight, he got the decision over Frankie Castillo, just now another Mexican sensation in Los Angeles under the management of Al Lang.

But his greatest test was in his third battle as an amateur. That was in the Intersectional Catholic Youths Club competition in San Francisco between Bishop Bernard Sheil's great Chicago team and the best boys of the Catholic order that could be found in Los Angeles and the Bay District. Emilio had won in the 126-pound class in the Southland and was pitted against the mighty Jimmy Christie, considered to be one of the best amateurs ever to come out of the Chicago sector.

This battle stole the entire show and was voted one of the most desperate amateur fights ever seen on the coast. Christie was awarded the decision on a split vote of the judges and referee and it was considered so close that the ovation was evenly divided between victor and loser as they left the ring.

* * *

THAT really was the battle that made the little Mex with the euphonic monicker and the expansive smile that is said to be a Mexican mask for a hard fighting complex. As to that latter crack I couldn't say. I've known some Mex gals and their smile didn't seem to mask anything but the gladsome call for dinner or an invitation to partake of the joys of the fiesta.

Now, here's the nub of the tale as it is being unfolded. Emilio likes his new profession. He likes combat. He lives on strife and contention. Hence his presence in the gymnasiums in all of the hours possible while out of school. It was his only sport. Too small for football and with no particular fondness for baseball, he found an outlet for his natural bent in the way of boxing.

So he was thrown into the company of a lot of champions and near such. They like the little swarthy *(Continued on page 43)*

Nat FLEISCHER says:

Ring Editor Organizes Pan-American Boxing Body
Organization Offers Protection to U. S. Fighters
Europe Should Adopt New York's No Foul Rule

LONG before this issue went to press, I was on my way to Central and South America to obtain a bird's eye view of boxing as it is conducted in the Latin-American countries. With the search for white hopes on in earnest, now that it seems a certainty that Joe Louis will be the next world heavyweight champion, I have decided to join the search in the hopes that I might discover someone in those countries who might be another Firpo or a Schmeling. Perhaps the average reader of this publication is not aware of the fact that it was I who discovered Schmeling in Germany and Paulino in Spain, and that through my efforts, these fighters were brought to this country by Tex Rickard at a time when heavyweights of ability were scarce and new talent was needed to bolster the ranks.

Well, the history of Schmeling and Paulino is too well known to need any rehearsing here, but suffice it to say that my tip to Rickard enriched the Garden by many thousands of dollars and helped to revive the interest in boxing. I have my doubts that any such finds are possible at this stage, but there is nothing like trying. If I succeed in finding any heavyweights whom I consider worth while, I'll turn them over to some reputable manager, but if I fail in my quest, at least I'll have the satisfaction of knowing that there isn't a man in the game today who stands a chance to halt the progress of Louis.

* * *

THE hunt for a heavyweight wasn't my only mission in the Latin-American countries. THE RING office, as American managers know, has been used as an international exchange for the promoters of the world. From Cuba, Jamaica, South Africa, Australia, France and England, cablegrams are constantly received by Eddie Borden and myself, asking us to send American talent abroad. To date, nineteen American fighters, including Wesley Ramey, Jack Portney, Phil Zwick, Claude Varner and Vernon Cormier, have been sent to Australia through our recommendation, and eleven boys have been recommended for Central and South American services during the past nine months. In almost all cases the boys have been exceptionally well treated and with only a few exceptions they have lived up to our estimate of them.

In Australia and South Africa in particular, their exhibitions have been of such high calibre that THE RING is now recognized as the promoters' Bible in those territories. In fact, I have received many letters from those countries telling me that unless a fighter is rated in THE RING, his services are not wanted, and that is one of the reasons why the boxers of the world are so eager to appear in print in this publication.

However, here and there, boys who have been sent to South America have complained about the poor treatment they have received. Sometimes they have been forced to meet boys far beyond their weight and on other occasions, the promoters have cut the purse when the attendance was below expectations or when the American lad scored an unusually quick victory, to the chagrin of the promoter and fight fans who favored the home boy.

With this in view, I have been communicating for almost half a year with the men in charge of boxing in Central and South American countries and as a result of my contact, a Pan-American Boxing Association is in the making and will be consummated on this trip of mine. The United States has its National Boxing Association for the protection of boxers in this country; England has its Board of Boxing Control, and Europe has its International Federation of Boxing.

What those organizations do in their territory, I hope to bring about in the Pan-American Association which I am going to organize. In Trinidad, in Venezuela, Jamaica, Porto Rico, Cuba and Panama, I have made arrangements to confer with the boxing authorities and if my plans materialize, no American boxer who hereafter goes to any of the Latin-American fight centers need have any fear of not getting a proper deal.

The Pan-American Union was launched by THE RING, and so much headway has already been made that I have no fear about its final organization and success. I mention this, just to illustrate to what extent THE RING goes to aid the boxing fraternity. Any foreign promoter who seeks American talent can be assured of protection to himself by seeking our recommendation and THE RING in turn asks only the protection of those who, in good faith, make the voyage on our guarantee. With the Pan-American Union as an addition to those now in existence, such protection will be forthcoming.

When I return from my trip, I'll give my impressions of the boxing situation in Central and South America. It might be news to RING readers to know that twenty-four years ago I refereed the first professional fight staged in the Canal Zone at which an admission was charged. It was at a benefit show staged by the *Panama Herald* in the vicinity of Fort Clayton.

* * *

CLETO LOCATELLI, despite his recent defeat at the hands of Bobby Pacho, who cut Cleto's eye to such extent that Referee Arthur Donovan was forced to call a halt to the bout, continues to loom as a strong contender for the welterweight championship. Cleto fought a heady battle against Pacho and, had he not been injured, I think he would have gained the victory.

In-re the halting of the bout, I take exception to those who booed and hissed the decision. If every referee in this state were as competent as is Arthur, we would have less reason to boo verdicts. Donovan, like all of us, may make an occasional error, but on the whole he has no equal in New York. He stands out as the leading referee in the Empire State.

When one is acquainted with the situation, he can readily understand the whys and wherefores of the booing. It can be traced directly to the gambling element. It is a situation that is difficult to control, I'll admit, and when one sits at the ringside and hears a spectator shout throughout the evening "burglar" and "crook" at a competent, fearless official, such as Arthur Donovan is, then it is time that the boxing clubs cooperate with the boxing commissions to weed out gambling. It can be done.

When the New York Boxing Commission recently tried to pass the buck onto me and make me its police officer, I refused to accept its kind offer. At that time, Commissioner Brown informed the newspapermen that the boxing board was aware of the situation and that every effort, even to the extent of enlisting the police, was being made to eliminate this objectionable group, but that until such time as the clubs cooperate one hundred per cent, the commission's efforts could not meet with success. I appreciate the correctness of that statement, and for the good of boxing, I hope the day will not be far off when the clubs will offer that support.

ONE of the biggest surprises of the new year took place in Chicago on the Louis-Retzlaff card, when Art Sykes, rated far below Eddie Mader, one of the best prospects among the younger heavyweights, stopped Eddie in the fourth round. Sykes, who hails from Elmira, thus jumps into the spotlight while Mader must start all over again. It is one of those things in boxing that come when least expected.

It was the knockout of Mader that influenced Mike Jacobs and Messrs. Roxborough and Black, mentors of Joe Louis, to cancel further engagements for the Detroit Bomber and to give him an extended rest prior to clashing with such a dangerous hitter as Max Schmeling.

"There's no telling," said Jack Blackburn, trainer of Louis, "what continued action in Joe's case may lead to. He's tired and needs a long rest. He has been in training too long to continue in his present form."

* * *

IT is gratifying to see so many good lads in the lightweight division. Not since Benny Leonard retired as king of the class has the division boasted of such sterling youngsters as now. In New York in particular there are many lightweights whose fine performances have put them in the spotlight. Since the passing of Leonard, there have been only two boys who can lay claim to real greatness — Tony Canzoneri and Barney Ross—and of the two, Canzoneri is the nearest approach to the calibre of the old-timers.

He is the type of fighter whose brain and skill carry him along at a time when he is beyond his prime and under ordinary conditions would be in retirement. His greatness at a time when there are at least ten other good lightweights in the field was exemplified recently when Klick and Lou Ambers met in the Garden on an all-star lightweight card, in which, among others, Leonard Del Genio, Bobby Pacho, Aldo Spoldi and Eddie Zivic appeared.

Of the lot, there wasn't one who compared to Canzoneri. Ambers, Klick, Spoldi, Roth, Del Genio—all are good fighters, but when class is concerned, there seems to be only one Canzoneri right now. The only fighter who I think would stand a good chance to dethrone Tony is Pedro Montanez of Porto Rico, a good, two-fisted, fighting demon, who will probably be outpointed by Canzoneri, but at least would stand a chance to tag him. Montanez is deserving of a chance, since he has taken into camp every boy he has met to date in this country, and I hope he will be given the opportunity to test Canzoneri.

The lightweight class can make use of talent such as is possessed by Montanez and I trust that Jimmy Johnston will bury the hatchet with those in charge of Pedro, and give the fans what they are eager to see. Pedro deserves a shot in the Garden, and Jimmy Bronson, his able American manager, certainly should be given the consideration he deserves. Bronson, a keen student of boxing, an intellectual fight manager without a blemish on his character, is the type the Garden should cater to, not ignore. That's one of the many things that is wrong with boxing.

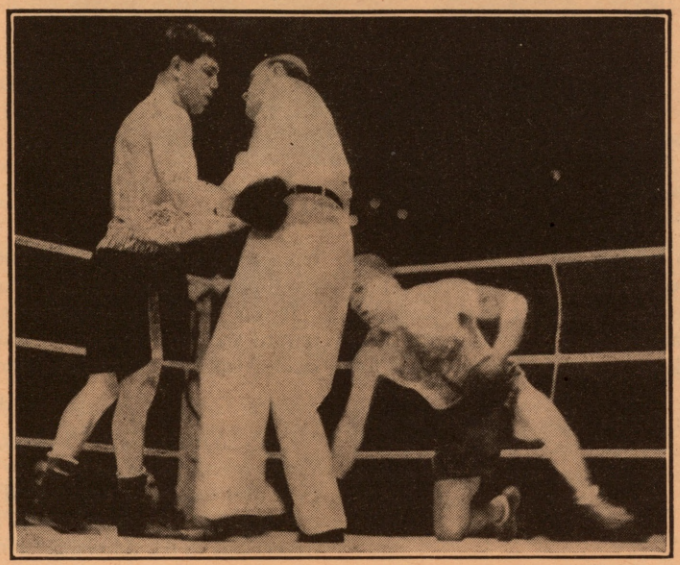
* * *

WHEN Art Lasky came East two years ago, he looked like the find of the year. From an ordinary preliminary fighter he rose to the heights in fifteen months and then, when within the shadow of a championship fight, he met his master in Jimmy Braddock, and from that time on, his star was dimmed. Defeat after defeat was meted out to him until, at this writing, he is entirely out of the heavyweight picture. When Lasky was stopped by Ford Smith and Charley Retzlaff last fall, illness was given as an excuse and after a rest, Art announced his comeback in an attempt to reach the high spot he had occupied only a few months previously.

On January 17, the same night that Joe Louis bombed out Charley Retzlaff, Lasky eliminated himself from possible consideration as a heavyweight of the first order by taking the fatal count in the first round. Jack Roper, a seasoned veteran who was unrated by THE RING, turned the trick, and with his victory, he sounded the retirement of the third best heavyweight of 1934.

* * *

PARIS fight fans learned recently why we in America are happy over the adoption of the "no foul" rule. In almost every state in this Union where boxing is legalized, the rule that was sponsored by James A. Farley, now Postmaster General of the United States, but at that time chairman of the New York State Athletic Commission, has been adopted. It has worked out so well in this country that it should be accepted wherever the sport is followed.



Thil and Brouillard as they appeared in their first fight in Paris. Marcel, the world champion middleweight, is down from a blow delivered in the twelfth round, but in their return engagement, Thil hit the canvas again, this time from a foul punch, and his American opponent was disqualified.

Scenes such as were on exhibition in Paris when Marcel Thil, the recognized middleweight champion of the world, clashed in a return engagement with Lou Brouillard of this country, were reminiscent of the days when fouls were committed almost at random to the detriment of the sport and the chagrin of the spectators.

Bottle throwing, fist fighting and such riotous acts as followed the fouling of Marcel Thil by his American opponent, could not possibly have occurred under the existing rules of New York and elsewhere. The "no foul" rule is here to stay, and if ever there were any idea of repealing it, the Thil-Brouillard affair most assuredly proved the wisdom of its retention.

There is talk in Paris now of having the American "no foul" rule adopted but there is considerable agitation against its passage by Jeff Dickson, who not only is the owner of the leading sports arenas in France and in other parts of Europe, but also has quite an interest in Europe's topnotch fighters. With Dickson controlling the champions of France, Spain, Italy and other countries, there is ample reason for him taking such action because, from past experiences, it is obvious that Mr. Dickson would find it quite hazardous were his leading fighters not able to obtain the protection which Dickson can give them if the "no foul" rule is not put into effect.

* * *

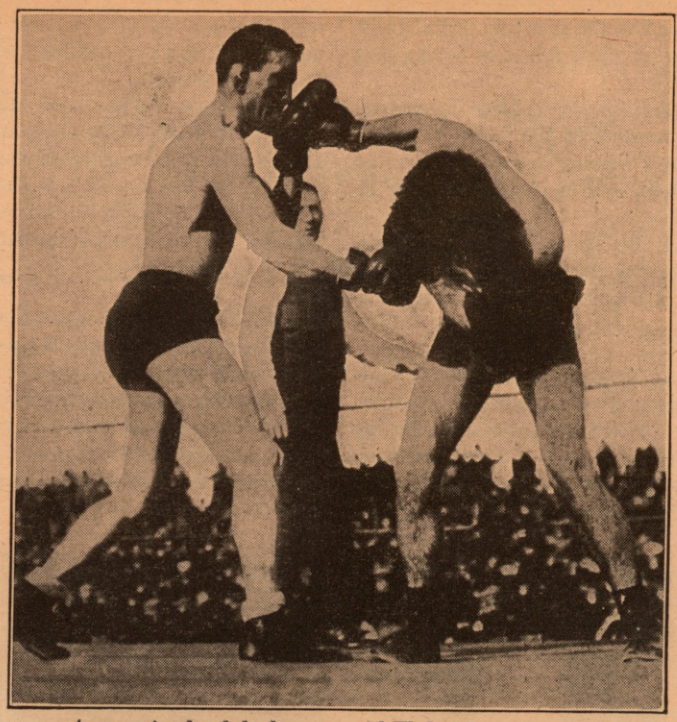
THOSE who know Brouillard's style as we do in this country are aware of the fact that it is conducive to foul hitting. He is a rough, two-fisted brawler who is enormously strong for his poundage and sometimes does not abide by the rules of boxing in his anxiety to follow up an advantage. Brouillard is not a foul fighter by any means, but he has been guilty at times of butting and hitting below the belt line when forcing the issue at close range. His short arms are a handicap at long range, as he is forced to rely upon close fighting to execute his damage, naturally some of his blows have a tendency to strike below the belt line.

From the reports which I received from Paris, it seems that Thil, following his usual aggressive *(Continued on page 47)*

HARLEM TOMMY MURPHY

EVERY once in a while there emerges from the ruck of Fistiana a fighter apparently of championship calibre, but who, through some trick of Fate, never actually attains the status of a title-holder. Three outstanding cases of the kind were Mike Gibbons, a middleweight, and Packey McFarland and Tommy Murphy, lightweights. When Gibbons, known for his extreme and elusive cleverness as the St. Paul Phantom, was in his prime, many competent judges considered him the best man of his class. And, as a matter of fact, Gibbons whipped most of the middleweight leaders of his day in no-decision bouts, but as luck had it, he never became king of the division.

McFarland, at his best, had an edge on every lightweight he fought, but, like Gibbons, did not win the division crown. It may be confidently said, however, that Packey, although he may have had championship ambitions when he started, cared nothing about gaining a title after he became famous. His services were ever in demand. He made money fast and saved it and, being a great drawing card, was allowed considerable latitude as regarded making weight for the lightweight class.



A scene in the fight between Ad Wolgast (ducking) and Harlem Tommy Murphy.

Many of the lightweights he fought were compelled to give weight to McFarland, after Packey had really blossomed into a full-fledged welter. They grumbled, but that was all, for even a loser's end with Packey meant good money, as purses went in those days.

* * *

TOMMY MURPHY'S case was altogether different from that of either Gibbons or McFarland. From the day he first donned the mitts, this little fighting Celt fought with the one notion of some day being a champ. He began as a bantam, passed into the feather and lightweight ranks, and fought the title-holders of each grade.

These battles included bouts with bantam champion Frankie O'Neil, featherweight champion Abe Attell, and lightweight champion Willy Ritchie. He kayoed the great George Dixon, Matty Baldwin, Benny Yanger and California Frankie Burns. He whipped Young Corbett, Rudy Unholz, Owen Moran and Ad Wolgast. Also he battled over the no-decision route with Leach Cross, Packey McFarland, Pal Moore, Bert Keyes and practically every 133-pound man of his time.

Harlem Tommy Murphy, as he came to be known to the ring patrons, was born at the upper end of New York on April 13, 1885. Of good Irish-American stock, he possessed much of the natural pugnacity commonly attributed to his race, even as a slender kid of fifteen. He had a soft, timid voice and a rather shrinking manner.

His home was in Greenpoint then, and as the youth of that neighborhood were a decidedly scrappy lot, it is not surprising that many of the street-warriors selected this pale, unimpressive lad as a fitting target for the exercise of their punching powers. However, it didn't take the aggressors long to learn that Murphy's aesthetic appearance was horribly deceptive. For Tommy liked to fight; one might go further in that assertion and say that he actually loved a fistic brawl.

A SOCIETY of the "Men Who Were Mauled by Murphy" would have a large membership if the victims could be gathered together today. For those he socked were never content until they had lured some scrappy acquaintance into trying his luck with Tommy. The challengers had luck, all right, but it was always of the bad variety, yet there was generally some optimistic youngster ready to take a chance, so that the Murphy fists were seldom idle for lack of material to practice upon.

It was excellent practice at that, for there was no pulling of punches in those street matinees, and as boxing was the favorite sport of most of his playmates, Tommy never missed a chance of putting on the gloves, when he wasn't engaged in bare-fist bashing. He always had to give away weight, but that made no difference to the Fighting Harp. The bigger his opponent, the tougher the tussle, and tough milling was exactly what he craved.

It was one of his numerous street affrays that helped largely toward starting him upon a professional career. This particular incident appears to have been the fateful turning point in his life.

* * *

ACCORDING to Tommy, he scaled barely one hundred pounds when he began to box, but he managed to hold his own with lads who outweighed him by twenty pounds. It was one of these large foemen who sailed into him one afternoon in Greenpoint on the sidewalk, for no good reason, except it was the usual Greenpoint liking for a rough-and-tumble melee. The pace was hot while it lasted, but that wasn't for long, as a Murphy uppercut flashed under the big fellow's chin ere thirty seconds had elapsed, and down went the recipient head-first into the gutter, completely vanquished.

A sporty-looking gent who was standing by witnessing the performance, approached the victor and said:

"Look here, kid, do you know you're giving away good stuff that you can sell? You're far too slippy with your hands to be wasting punches that don't bring you back any dough. You might as well be getting a piece of change, as not. Any chap who fights just for glory or the love of it is just a plain chump. Get into the game, and become a champ instead. Go up and see my friend, Johnny Oliver, at the New Polo Athletic Club, and say I sent you!"

Now, Tommy had never even heard of Johnny Oliver, but the idea of boxing for real money in a real club and ring awoke bright dreams of wealth and glory in his boyish mind, and he jumped at the chance with as much avidity as a duck takes to water. The Polo Club was his destined goal, and thither he would go.

As Tommy's parents were not in affluent circumstances, it can be easily understood that the would-be pro pug was short of funds. Indeed, that is hardly explaining the situation clearly, for there was no fund at all!

When you haven't got a nickel to take the Greenpoint ferry to Twenty-third Street, then One Hundred and Twenty-ninth Street and Park Avenue seems an alarmingly long distance from Greenpoint. Nevertheless, as Tommy had decided that he must look into this Polo Club proposition, he started out to hike it.

He Never Attained the Status of a Title-Holder, But Ranked Among World's Greatest Lightweights

(Another in the series on famous Sons of Erin who reached the fistic spotlight.)

By
NAT FLEISCHER

As he had no intention of attempting to swim the East River at Twenty-third Street, he proceeded to walk all the way back to Brooklyn Bridge. Over the bridge he trudged and hoofed along for hours up through Manhattan, until in the course of the afternoon, he presented himself at the Harlem club and enquired for Johnny Oliver.

In those days, Oliver was used to having kids with queer ambitions and of all weights and sizes interview him. But he afterwards admitted that none of the numerous applicants was as impossible a physical specimen from the athletic viewpoint as he who was later to be famous as Harlem Tommy Murphy.

"What do you want?" asked Oliver.

The hangers-on around the club guffawed in chorus, as the youth timidly answered:

"I want a chance to get on with somebody. I can fight!"

Oliver didn't laugh. He was rather consumed with pity for this thin, sickly looking youngster.

"How did you ever come to think you could scrap?" asked the club executive.

"I don't think—I know I can," responded Tommy quietly, but with a certain grim finality and tightening of his square jaw that made Oliver glance at him curiously. After all, what was the use of arguing? The best thing to do was let the kid have a tryout and convince him he wasn't cut out for the business.

* * *

SO Oliver picked out a tough boy who had frequently been utilized as a wet blanket for the fires of misplaced ambitions. Tommy stripped, and when the gang got a flash of his slender legs and body, a subdued snicker went round the room. He was about the frailest looking novice that had ever entered the Polo Club.

The chap who faced him was a muscular, well-built slugger, who grinned profusely as he put up his hands. Every time he eyed Tommy he chuckled and the chuckle grew into a hearty laugh. The last thing he recollected was laughing. When he came to, his pals were ministering to him in the corner whither he had been dragged, after the Murphy right torpedoed his chin.

The victor was talking to Oliver in the same diffident, nervous manner that had distinguished his first approach to the promoter. And Oliver was vainly trying to persuade some other lad to take on the astonishing visitor.

Thus did Tommy Murphy come into his own. During succeeding weeks, Oliver pitted him against two opponents in one night, and with faithful regularity Tommy knocked both of his antagonists cold. The thing seemed unbelievable—but there it was! Inside of a month they were calling him "the pride of Harlem," a sobriquet that stuck to him all through his fighting career, and which nobody will deny was richly earned.

Johnny Oliver was his first and last manager. As soon as he had exhibited his courage and punch, the master of the New Polo Club asked the youngster if he would like to have him handle his affairs and make matches for him. Tommy gratefully assented, and then began a friendship and business association that stood the test of the passing years without ever breaking.

* * *

IT was in 1903 that Murphy's pro career began. Campaigning as a bantam, he piled up five straight knockouts in as many starts, and within a year and a half was matched with Frankie Neil of San Francisco, then holder of the bantam title, for a six-round joust at Philadelphia.

Neil came East with a great reputation as a knocker-out. During 1903 and 1904 he had disposed of Harry Forbes, former bantam king; Clarence Forbes, Billy De Coursey and Tommy Moore, each via the kayo route. Frankie's best punch, and the one that had won him the title, was a short, left-hand drive to the body that had deadly effect when it landed.

He was really a one-punch fighter, but always dangerous to opponents who failed to work out a defense for that left body-rip. Just a few weeks prior to his match with Murphy, he made his Eastern debut with Hughey McGovern, brother of the renowned Terry, in a Philadelphia no-decision six-rounder which went the limit. Neil won, but not in as spectacular fashion as his Western victories had led many to suppose he would, for Hughey gave him a tough argument and was fighting back at the final bell.

The left-hand body-rip didn't work when Neil tried it on Murphy. The latter, always a keen student of the game, knew all about that lethal wallop, and doped out a defense for it that succeeded admirably. Time and again during the contest, the Neil left darted up and in on its paralyzing mission, but either fell short as the Harlem crack skipped nimbly out of range, or was caught and effectually blocked by Murphy's protecting elbow or glove.

Murphy's straight, stinging left sent Neil's head bobbing back with almost monotonous regularity and at intervals a right cross or uppercut shook the Coast boy to his heels. So confident was Tommy that he had his man's measure, that all through the battle he kidded Neil incessantly.

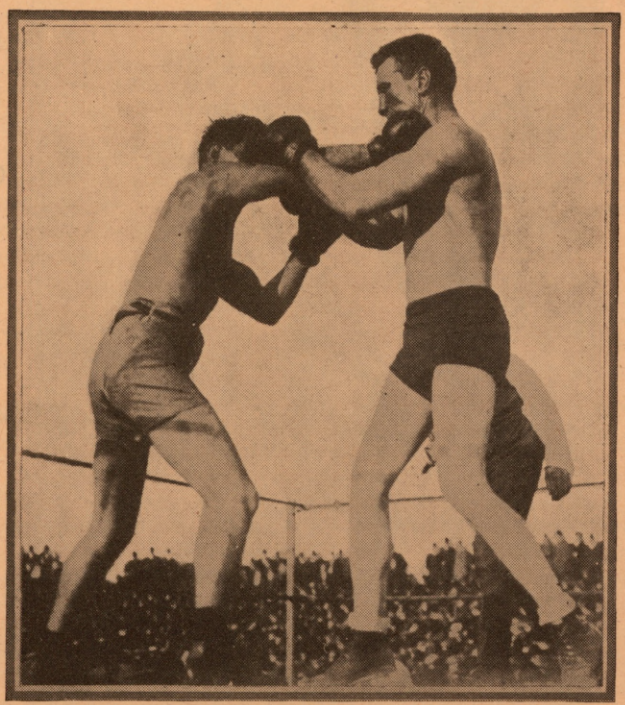
"That's a poor left you have there, Frankie," he'd say. "I heard it was a killer, but I don't think much of it."

"Well, how's this?" would be Neil's response, as he unleashed his favorite punch again, only to have it stopped, with the ironical retort: "Never touched me. You'll have to do better than that to win, Frankie boy!"

* * *

IT was as lucky for Neil as it was unlucky for Tommy Murphy that the no-decision clause governed that Philly engagement, for if ever a champ was licked to a fare-you-well, Frankie was on that eventful occasion. Had the fight been over the long route, the Californian would have been knocked out to a dead certainty. Such was the opinion unanimously expressed by the boxing scribes present, on the day following the battle.

And be it remembered that this opinion was not alone that of Eastern critics. Many far and mid-Western boxing writers were in



An exchange of blows in the bout between Wolgast (left) and Murphy.

the press stand, for this battle, although limited in its scope, was covered by representatives of Chicago and San Francisco newspapers. The West had exalted Neil to a heroic pedestal, and his admirers had firmly believed that no bantam living could even get an even break with him.

Fate robbed Tommy Murphy of a title which would surely have been his, had the Philadelphia ordinance governing boxing contests permitted the rendering of decisions.

It may be imagined that ring patrons in general demanded a return match over a longer distance between Murphy and Neil, and such was the case. Oliver and Tommy were naturally anxious to pin the champ down to another trial, for both were absolutely sure that the Harlem Pride would whip the Californian decisively in a twenty-round contest.

But Neil's father, who managed his son, stated bluntly that Frankie would never fight Murphy again. He gave as a reason for this astounding assertion his opinion that the press representatives were unfair to his boy in their summing up of the Philadelphia affair. But the plain fact was that he knew Tommy was altogether too tough a nut for Frankie to crack.

So instead of accepting Oliver's insistent challenge, Pa Neil closed negotiations for a twenty-round match in London, England, with Joe Bowker, the British bantam champ. The National Sporting Club put up a purse of twenty-five hundred dollars for the bout, which was big money for those days. But the result wasn't "so hot," as the saying is, so far as the Neils were concerned, for Bowker gave Frankie an artistic trimming on points, and took his crown away from him.

* * *

MURPHY, no longer the skinny little chap whose feeble appearance had so flabbergasted Johnny Oliver in their initial meeting, was now a trim-looking athlete and putting on weight so fast that he was compelled to step out of the bantam ranks and into the feather grade, shortly after the Neil engagement.

Both Terry McGovern and his conqueror, Young Corbett, were boxing as lightweights then, and Abe Attell had taken over the feather throne. A match was arranged between the little Jewish champion and the Harlem Irishman, and they met in a six-rounder at Philadelphia on January 28, 1905. Attell was then in his prime, a veritable boxing wizard in skill, and though Murphy forced the pace throughout, Abe's dazzling, flashy left piled up points enough to win him the newspaper verdict.

While Murphy was disappointed over the result, it is a question if he was much surprised, because he was fully aware that, with Attell at the top of his superb form, outpointing tricky Abe was a wellnigh impossible feat for any featherweight then in active service. What he might have done with Attell in twenty rounds is another question. Later on, he was to hold Abe to a twenty-round draw, and came within an ace of knocking him out, but that was after Attell had relinquished the feather crown.

* * *

THE same year of the six-round whirl with Attell saw Murphy very much under the spotlight again, when he kayoed the once great George Dixon in two rounds in the same arena where he had battled Abe. George, a bit jaded and war-worn, showed a flash of his old form in the opening session when he mixed with a will from the first tap of the bell. But Murphy was more than the colored lad's master at that game and Dixon had to back out of the rally and resort to the straight left in an attempt to stall off the fierce little Celt.

In the second frame, Murphy stormed in at close quarters, punishing the body severely. Dixon, knocked down, as Tommy shifted a right to his jaw, took no count and fought back gamely. But Murphy hammered him to the ropes, dropped him again, and as George staggered up, ended the bout with a right to the chin that practically wrote finis to Dixon's marvelous ring career.

A month later, Tommy was to experience the first kayo in his record, when Terry McGovern hung a wild haymaker on his jaw. He was still a feather and gave away weight to Terry, but the weight question had little to do with the spectacular result of the bout. The battle had just got under way when Murphy rushed McGovern to the ropes. Terry was hit from all sides by an avalanche of punches, and bending at the knees, when a desperately-flung right, thrown with all the remaining strength in his rapidly failing body, connected with Murphy's chin—and the lights went out for the Harlem boy.

* * *

NOT long after his fight with Murphy in Philadelphia, Terry McGovern was carried to a sanitarium for wrecked intellects for the second time. After this collapse of the former bantam and feather monarch, the fight fans began to understand that Tommy had been the victim of a lucky swing from the fist of his conqueror, and his reputation suffered little in consequence.

At any rate, Tommy was not long idle. He was a serious-minded, sober and extremely ambitious young man, not to be hampered or disheartened by one disaster. The list of his battles in the year following is a sort of directory of most of the heavy featherweights and lightweights of the country at that time.

Harlem Tommy Murphy, as he looked in his prime.

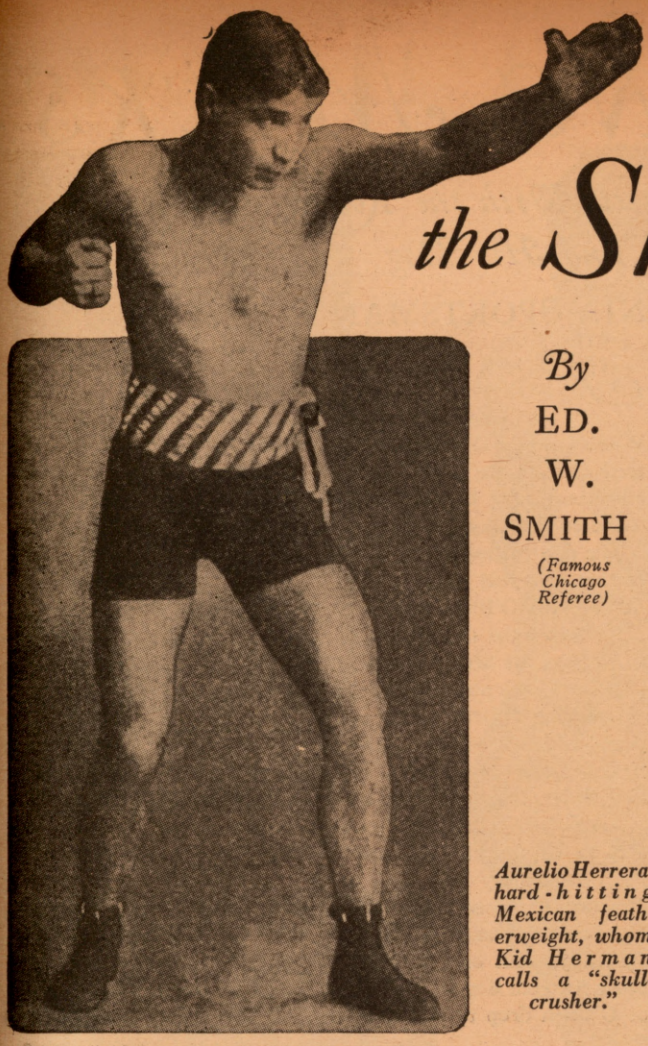
He knocked out Jimmy Dunn, Tommy Mowatt, Benny Yanger, Chick Tucker and beat a dozen other good ones. But there was at this time a young man with small, well-formed legs and a somewhat pudgy body frequenting the sporting Broadway cafes. His name was Young Corbett. He witnessed McGovern's battle with Murphy, and began nursing the notion that he could do a comeback at Tommy's expense.

* * *

ACCORDING to Corbett's reasoning, McGovern, having stowed away Murphy, it was more than likely that Corbett could duplicate the feat. For Corbett, who had twice outed Terry, didn't believe he had gone back very far, nothing more, anyhow, than a few weeks of solid training would make up for.

Corbett, who was always a good press agent for himself, speedily informed the New York sport editors of his intention of hitting Murphy so hard, provided he could get him into a ring, that it would be utterly superfluous for a referee to count out Harlem's Pride. He admitted he was fat and had not boxed for some time, but pointed out what Terry had accomplished, and opined that the said Terry should not be classed as a scrapper with himself. *(Cont. on page 44)*

HERRERA, *the Skull-Crusher*



Aurelio Herrera, hard-hitting Mexican featherweight, whom Kid Herman calls a "skull-crusher."

By ED. W. SMITH

(Famous Chicago Referee)

ABOUT a year ago in the *Los Angeles Examiner*, Mark Kelly, dynamic sports editor of that excellent daily, presented a breezy interview with William S. Hart, veteran two-gun man of the old days of the silent pictures.

In that talk, the veteran actor decried the fact that two of his most cherished friends among the fighters of the day—and he has many upon many in all walks of life—had appeared before him not so long back in lamentable physical condition.

"It is a shame, and the fault probably lies with the managers, that a majority of the young boxers of the day do not know when to quit. They stick at the game until they are befuddled mentally and beyond repair physically," was the burden of the Hart talk, pessimistic in the extreme.

The fighters he mentioned were Sammy Mandell and Bud Taylor, both well known on the Coast.

Mr. Kelly was kind enough, a few days later, to print a reply from me, in which I agreed with Mr. Hart in a certain way, but thought that he took in too much territory, arguing that there were dozens upon dozens of fighters of all classes who had gone through strenuous careers of many years, some of them champions and great old contenders, who today, at ripe old ages, possess every one of their faculties and, if they are not independently rich, are able to earn handsome livings.

Among those I mentioned as topliners were Jim Jeffries, Jess Willard, Tommy Ryan, Al McCoy, Joe Rivers, Jack Dempsey, Billy Papke, *et al*—all of whom met the best in all sorts of battles and today are as sensible and normal as anybody could be.

* * *

JUST as Hart went a little too far, I didn't go far enough, because I forgot completely one of the greatest of the old-timers of the lightweight class, Kid Herman Landfield, now living in Los Angeles, doing well and highly respected by a host of friends. Of course, I made no attempt to present a full list for that might have taken days to compile and certainly would have filled an entire column of newspaper space, especially if I had taken in every motion picture studio in the Southland.

All of this aside, let us look for the moment into the really remarkable record of this same Kid Herman, the Jewish boy who completely refutes the Hart statements. He was born in Montreal in September, 1883, which makes him this side of fifty-one today. But he began a long and mighty tough career at the age of fifteen, his folks having moved to the Ghetto district of Chicago when the Kid was a mere baby.

Incidentally, he was reared in the same neighborhood that has produced a world of great fighters, including the latter day Kingfish Levinsky and Barney Ross, present lightweight champion.

Just glance over a brief list of the stars of the 122- to 140-pound divisions that Herman has taken on and you will see that he never picked any chumps or set-ups. This list shows Joe Gans, Packey McFarland, Aurelia Herrera, Abe Attell, Benny Yanger, Eddie Hanlon, Tommy Mowatt, Charley Neary, Harry Lewis, Austin Rice and Tommy Sullivan.

Yet this boy, in the very height of his power and goodness as a fighting man, QUIT IN 1907 AT THE AGE OF LESS THAN TWENTY-FOUR!

* * *

WHEN the Kid was only fifteen and a mere runt, he drifted into street fighting just naturally, and the next step was engagements in nearby beer saloons, unknown to his parents, and he related with great unction of some of the early battles that netted him the munificent sum of TWENTY-FIVE CENTS!

And one of these West Side promoters in Chicago was none other than Teddy Murphy, who later gained a lot of notoriety as Battling Nelson's manager.

Then he got a job as bellhop in the old Sherman House in the Windy City and it was Mike Denehy, then chief clerk and later manager of the Dearborn Hotel in Chicago, who called Nate Lewis' attention to the smart young kid, who hopped bells with the alacrity of a flea and collected coins with the nimble fingers of a great magician.

So Nate was putting on a stag party at the Sherman one night and chucked Kid Herman into the windup with a man fifteen pounds his superior, our hero then scaling around 118 pounds. Herman won in a tough battle and was almost swept off his feet to find that he was the owner of the long end of a thirty-five-dollar purse—the first twenty-five dollars he had ever seen in his life!

Quite a jump from the West Side payments of A QUARTER OF A DOLLAR!

"I'll never stop until I'M champion!" the enthusiastic kid confided to Nate Lewis. And this so impressed Nate that they formed a partnership and never separated.

* * *

HERMAN didn't become champion, for he lived in an unfortunate period—the days of Joe Gans. But he did see the day he was fighting for the title, this same Gans being the hideous barrier that stood in the way. They met New Year's Day in Goldfield, Nev., and Gans won in the eighth round. And that was for a purse of thirty-five thousand dollars, of which twenty-five thousand dollars went to the winner.

Mike Riley, noted gambler, promoted the fight in those boom days of Nevada. He paid off but lost a lot of money because a heavy snowstorm started the day before and prevented much attendance from the neighboring bonanza camps.

Of that fight, incidentally, *(Continued on page 42)*

The Fighting "Micks"

The Story of Mike Cantwell's Battle With the Rough-and-Tumble Shamus O'Brien and His Dog

By THE CALIFORNIA SPORTSMAN

IT wasn't because there were not some men in Elgin that couldn't have put up a sterling and perhaps a winning battle against the town bully. But you know how it is in a town like that—they had the bully there, tolerated him because in the main he kept pretty much to himself in his own part of the place and the citizens just let it go at that.

His name was Shamus O'Brien, a bit formidable to the ear, it might be said, and it was admitted by all who had seen him in action, that he was a pretty tough sort of a bird with a pretty fair sort of an idea of the fundamentals of the science and trickery of that terrible thing known as rough-and-tumble.

Shamus was a sizeable chap, too, well qualified in physique at least to be a prominent entry in the white hope division of fisticuffing at that time. Strangely enough, he was by profession a telegraph operator and had charge of an office in the watch factory town. Rather strange profession for a man of such pronounced pugilistic tendencies to take up, it is true, but there he was.

What few companions he had, were those who couldn't help themselves, a friendship begotten of a certain fear or a fearsome respect for the man and his sudden flurries of temper and frequent displays of meanness, the fulfillment of which never ceased until some foe, real or fancied, was stretched out in complete defeat. But Shamus had one pal always within hail—a brindle bulldog of considerable size.

* * *

IT had got to be one of the traditions of the town that when Shamus was engaged in hand-to-hand conflict, the dog would sit or stand or move around idly awaiting developments. And it was said that only when Shamus sensed defeat nearing, he would sound a shrill whistle of peculiar note. Instantly the dog would tear into action and assist his master. Hence it was, that few if any defeats had been registered against the O'Brien man and his dog.

That is to say, he had an astonishing record until this fateful day when Mike Cantwell crossed the somewhat repellant O'Brien path, a path that few of Elgin's citizens sought at any time, in fact studiously avoided.

Just what started the row will never be known. The few bystanders present at the inception of hostilities heard no harsh words or even saw the first blow flash on its way. All they knew was that in one blinding instant, the men were at it—O'Brien and Cantwell, a pair of scrappy micks that were bred to such vicious activities and never declined the issue. Each would fight at the drop of the hat and take the greatest pleasure in dropping it themselves.

It started in Frank Lasher's saloon right in front of the bar where the men had been having a bit of a gargle but not together. That was the strange part of it. They were drinking several feet apart but that tiny gap meant nothing to either of them. Evidently it was merely a mean look, one to the other, that started them on their way. The mirror back of the bar might have been the medium of transcript of that look.

From the front of the bar out into the street, they rolled and fought and tussled and punched. It didn't take long before, in common with such cases, folks were flying from all directions to possess themselves of ringside seats to see what they might, hoping against hope of course that the bully finally would come into the stonewall so inevitable in the lives of all such.

Have you ever seen a dock brawl? Well, here was one, but far better than most of such fistic encounters. Yes, it was a scrap worth while.

IT was broad daylight, hence every movement of the battlers was plain to be seen and tremendous was the excitement. The thing had waged a matter of some ten minutes, when O'Brien, from between bloody lips and gnashing teeth, let out the S O S to the brindle bull, already circling the contestants and barking menacingly as he watched the tide of battle go this way and that.

The dog dashed in and got Mike by an arm just as the owner of that arm had swung the other fist full on the O'Brien chin. Down went O'Brien flat on his back apparently completely out. Mike seized the dog by the scruff of its ample neck, shook him loose from his arm. Then he reached down and seized the fallen O'Brien with a powerful hand full of red hair.

Dragging O'Brien to his unsteady legs, and with a wild yell of good old Irish victory, Mike swung the dog in one hand and with the other swinging O'Brien's head forward, he crashed the two skulls, man and dog, together with sickening impact.

Again and again this process was repeated amid the wild acclaim of the villagers and without the slightest interference, the constabulary meantime having reason to look in another direction if indeed there was a single member within anything like hailing distance of the battle.

Finally, with one sweep of his oak-like arms, he threw the badly battered dog in one direction and let the unconscious form of O'Brien drop to the pavement. He had nearly killed both of them!

* * *

SUFFICE to say Mike was hurried in the saloon whence the combatants had plunged in crazy headlong richochet but a few minutes before. And what a gladsome ovation the assembled villagers gave him! And the saloon keeper, knowing finally that he had lost the bully for all time, placed numerous bottles and glasses on the bar and bade all hands help themselves!

Loving hands swabbed Mike's numerous wounds and everybody crowded around to acclaim him the town's greatest benefactor and to suggest numerous rewards for the blessing he had conferred on the town.

Mike Cantwell was popular before that but when Shamus O'Brien was transferred by his employers to another place, he was little short of a great hero. Mike could fight. He had demonstrated that time and again in regulation boxing rings but never had he put his talents to better use than then and there.

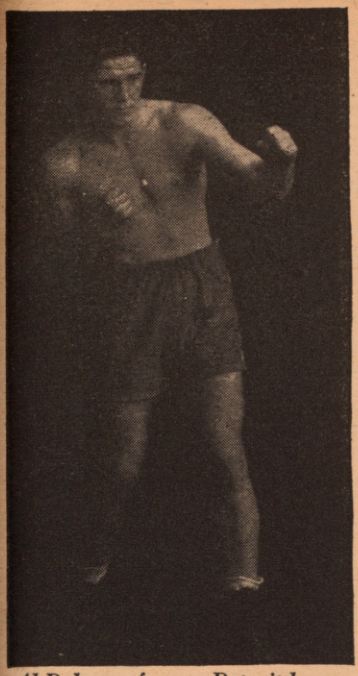
This is the same Mike Cantwell who years later became trainer of Max Baer and got that eccentric individual into such perfect shape for a complete defeat of Max Schmeling and his march on to a successful champion test against the super Primo Carnera, only to see his sterling efforts nullified by the willfulness of the greatest playboy and lover of athletic history.

* * *

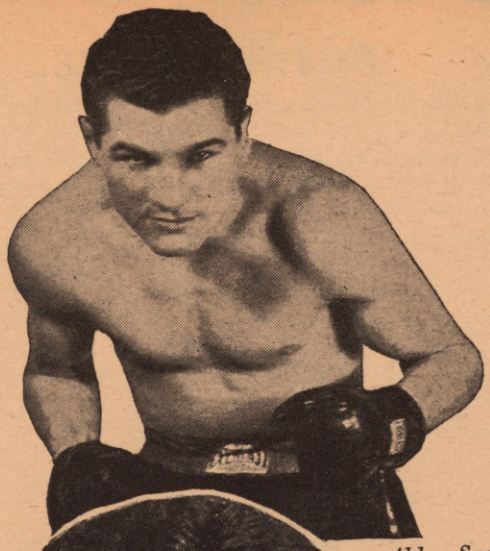
AFTER that Elgin affair Mike transferred his home to Wheaton, Ill., made famous by Harold "Red" Grange, most widely publicized iceman and football player of any time. He became conductor on the Elgin-Aurora road, then known always as the "third rail" and became a warm personal friend of Edwin C. Faber, then superintendent of the line and now an extremely rich, retired resident of Cleveland. In his off moment, Mike had kept himself in good condition and had registered something like 40 straight knockouts in the ring.

Faber, who used to like to ride Mike's trains to chat with him and hear his witty retorts, was in a car one day when three tough birds got on, evidently with the *(Continued on page 43)*

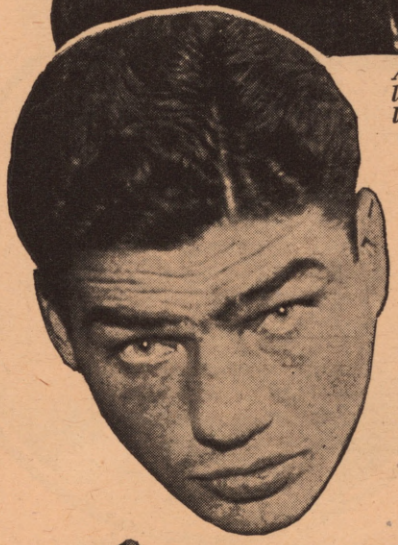
WATCH THESE HOMBRES!

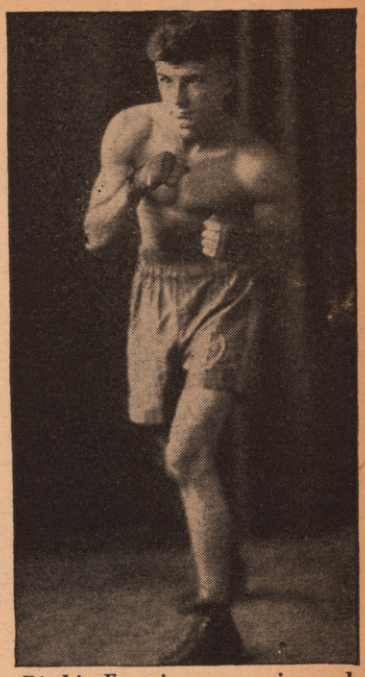


Al Delaney, former Detroit heavyweight, now doing good work in the East.

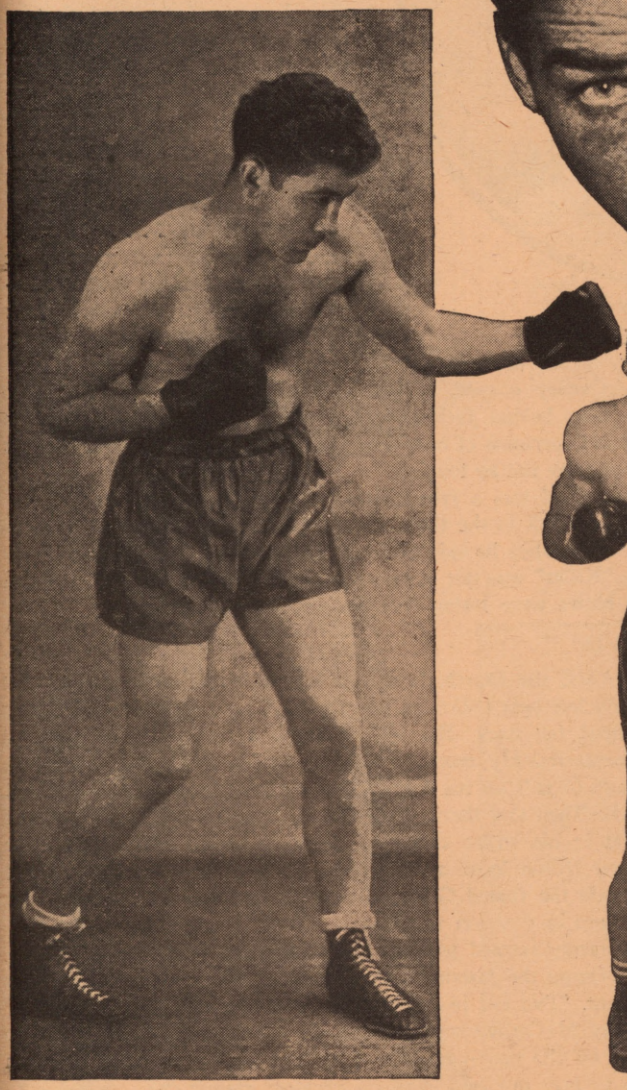


Aldo Spoldi, latest Italian lightweight importation.



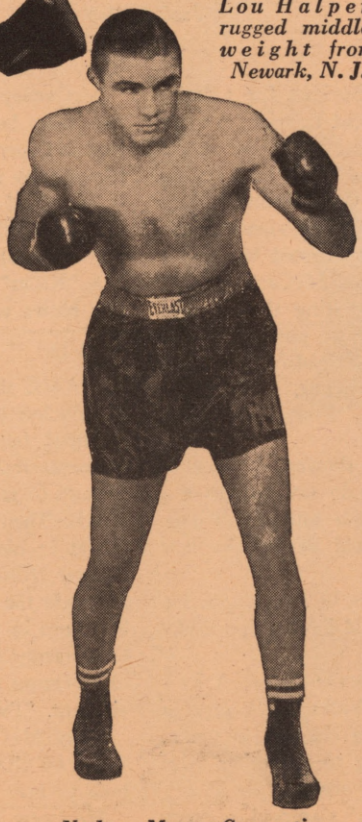


Ritchie Fontaine, aggressive and fast rising Montana featherweight, now on the Pacific Coast.

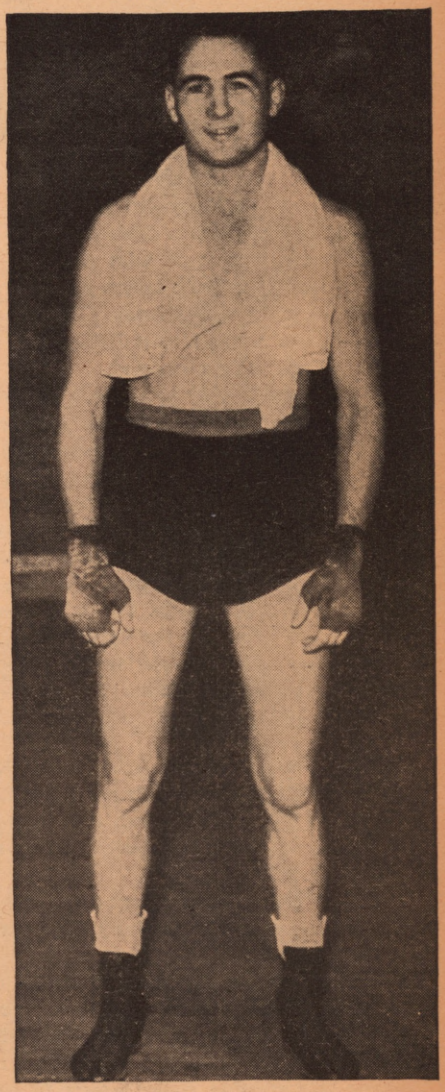


Billy Treest, one of Chicago's best light-heavyweight prospects.

Lou Halper, rugged middleweight from Newark, N. J.



Nathan Mann, Connecticut light-heavy star.



Gordon Wallace, crack welterweight from Vancouver, British Columbia.

JACK DILLON'S SURPRISE

By T. W. MCNIEL

EPISODES of inside stuff, in pugilistic annals, are steeped in colorful lore. There is nothing more interesting than some of these little told "inside" stories of the mitt game.

All of which brings back to memory an incident that happened to Jack Dillon, when the Indianapolis light-heavyweight was cutting a wide swath in fistic circles. It was back in the autumn of 1917 . . . . wartime days. At that time the famed "Giant-Killer" was in the full prime of his fighting career. He was rollicking along supremely confident that his terrific punch could lay low most any man of his weight, and he didn't hesitate to take on such thumping opponents as Tom Cowler, Jim Flynn, Frank Moran, Andre Anderson and Porky Flynn. Men who outweighed him plenty of pounds. Yes, indeed! Jack Dillon was a definite "threat" to any man in those halcyon days of '17.

The fall of the same year, Bill McCarney, who had handled the reins of Luther McCarthy, had taken over a green inexperienced youngster answering to the name of Hugh Walker. The kid, a Kansas City boy, was quite a sensation in and around Little Rock, Arkansas. Though barely out of the prelim class, Walker was well thought of. So much so that McCarney became interested.

Finally, when Walker bowled over a couple of Hot Springs favorites, nearly bankrupting the gambling fraternity of the Arkansas resort, the gambling clique demanded Walker's scalp. McCarney was dubious of Walker's ability to cope with top-notchers, and when Jack Dillon was selected to meet the Kansas City youngster, McCarney almost balked. However, he finally consented.

Jack Dillon

Dillon, at the time, was training in Hot Springs for a series of important battles. He took the Walker bout figuring it to be more or less a "workout." It seemed like tossing Walker to the wolves to toss him in against such a relentless foe as Jack Dillon.

The Hot Springs gamblers were betting their bankrolls that Walker would not last two rounds against the Indianapolis star.

McCarney met Dillon at the station and requested him to be lenient with the green youngster. At least, said McCarney, don't batter him to a gory pulp. Dillon refused, stating that he had been brought down for the express purpose of putting over a knockout . . . . and the quicker the better. Friendship for McCarney or feeling for Walker was another matter. A fight was a fight for Jack Dillon.

* * *

CAME the day of the fight and Dillon showed up in only fair condition. He thought all he had to do was to throw a flurry of gloves at the kid, then step inside and smash over one of his famed right-handers and it would be curtains for McCarney's protege.

The first blow Dillon struck set Walker's head back on his spine. What a sock! An ordinary fighter would have dropped like a pole-axed steer.

Dillon paused for a moment to see his opponent drop. A look of surprise crossed his features as he saw Walker stick out his left as though nothing had happened. Dillon charged in again, smashing Walker from one side of the ring to the other with dynamic punches that couldn't seem to ever miss.

For the full three minutes, the "Giant Killer" slammed in every punch in his catalog . . . . and there were plenty. Walker reeled and staggered, but he stayed in an upright position. In this first round, Walker failed to land a single punch.

Back in his corner at the end of the first round, McCarney sponged off his bruised and gory features. Unruffled and seemingly, unconcerned. Just another one of the few hardy souls who rightfully can be termed an "iron man." Walker did not slump on his stool. He sat erect and glared across the ring at his famed opponent.

"How do you feel?" McCarney asked.

"Okay . . . . we're doin' fine," came the reply.

McCarney gazed in amazement at a lad who could muster a smile after three minutes of hell with Jack Dillon.

* * *

IF the first round was a tornado, then a typhoon would describe the second. The rafters of the old arena had looked down on many a gruesome battle, but this was the king-pin of 'em all. That second round rightfully belongs as one of the cruelest pieces of ring warfare ever staged. All due to the fact that Dillon knew that his backers had gambled a small fortune that Walker would not last two rounds. It was butchery pure and simple. In spite of Dillon's terrific wallops, which landed time after time with unerring accuracy, Walker weathered the round. So far he hadn't landed a solitary punch, but he had caught 'em . . . . and how! Back in his corner at the end of the second round, Walker told McCarney between split and battered lips:

"His punches are slowing up. They're not as tough as they was!"

McCarney gasped. Who was this green palooka to question the steam behind Jack Dillon's Sunday wallops? Who was this battered specimen of humanity with the nerve to say that Dillon's blows were not so tough?

The third was a repetition of the two preceding rounds. But once in a lull in the third round, it became evident that Walker was right when he said Dillon's punches were losing their steam. The "Killer" was not in very good condition, was slowing down. His blows were losing their snap and vim.

* * *

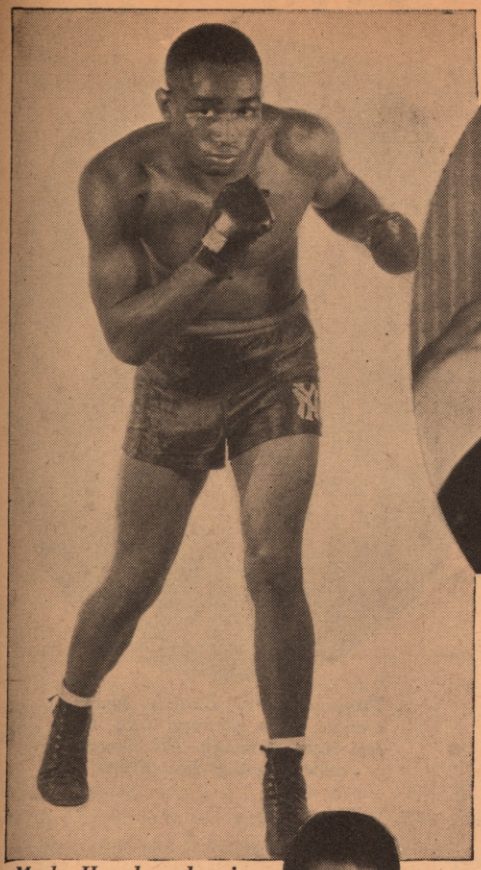
CAME the fourth. It was in one of those split seconds that Walker beat Dillon to the punch. A hard right cross. Dillon's head fell back. His mouth dropped open. His eyes glazed momentarily. He started to slump to his knees, but recovered enough to call on his lore of boxing knowledge and fall into a clinch. Then and there, Jack Dillon came closest to a knockout defeat in his entire career. A moment before the bell, Walker shoved Dillon loose and slammed in two more terrific punches that left the famed Giant Killer in a bad way . . . . ripe for a knockout in the next round.

It hardly seemed possible that this green youngster was actually beating the famous Dillon. Back in his corner, Walker was jubilant. "I've got his number, I'll get him this next round."

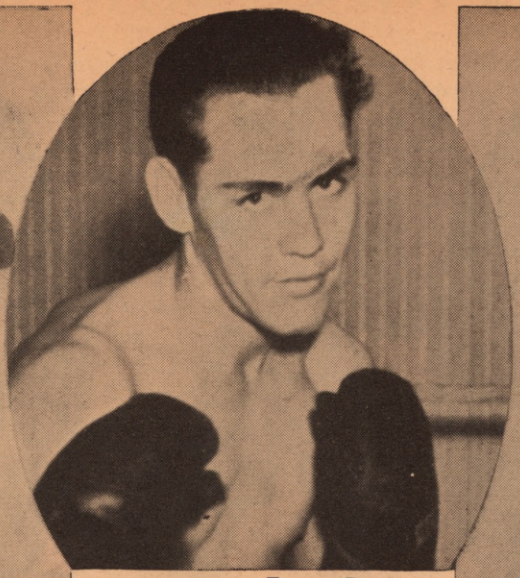
Here McCarney was puzzled. Should he send Walker out to finish off the poor-conditioned Dillon? Should he allow a green hick to beat one of the ring's greatest gladiators?

He knew that Dillon in shape was a different man than the one over in the opposite corner, trying *(Continued on page 42)*

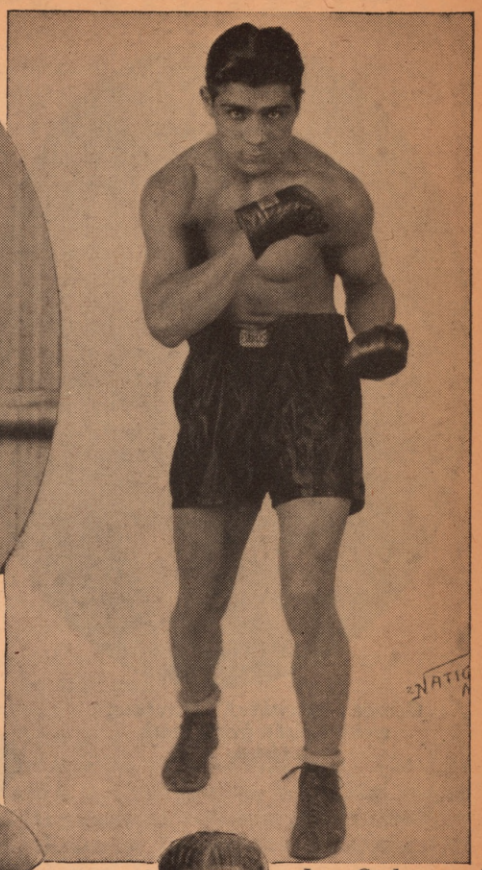
TOPNOTCH FIGHTERS



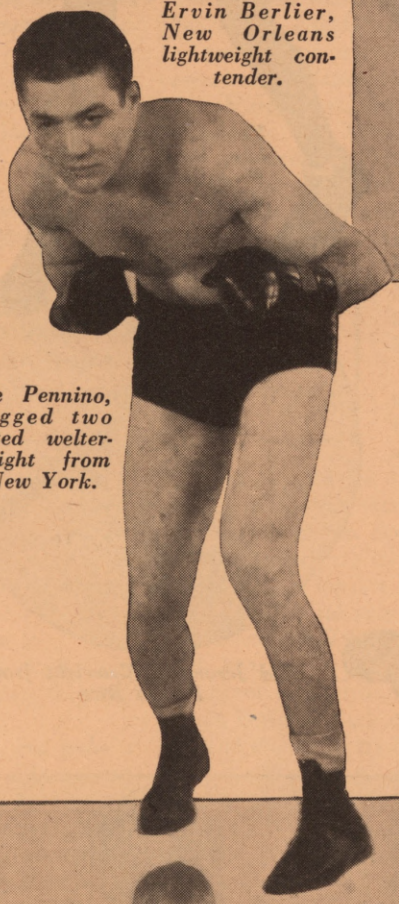
Mark Hough, who is back from Australia.



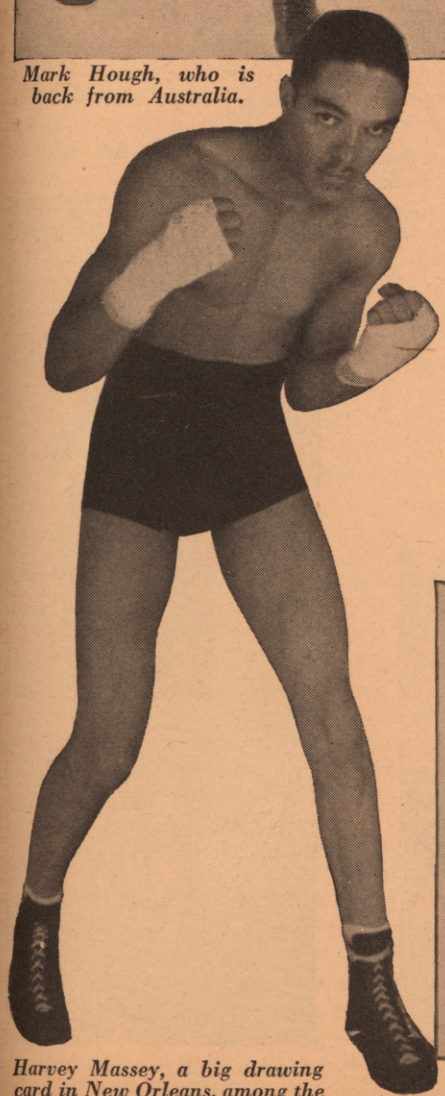
Ervin Berlier, New Orleans lightweight contender.



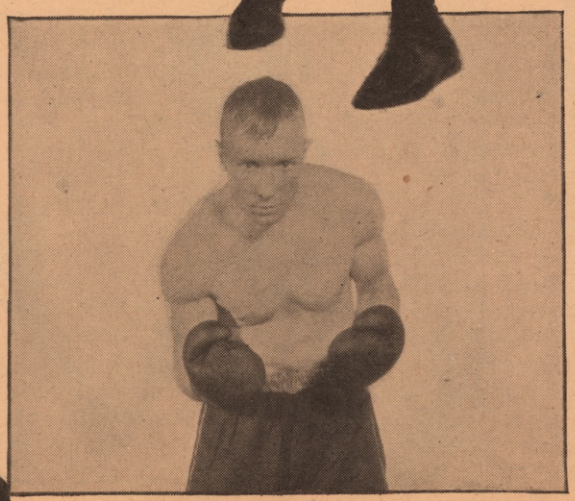
Joey Greb, rugged lightweight from New York City.



Joe Pennino, rugged two fisted welterweight from New York.



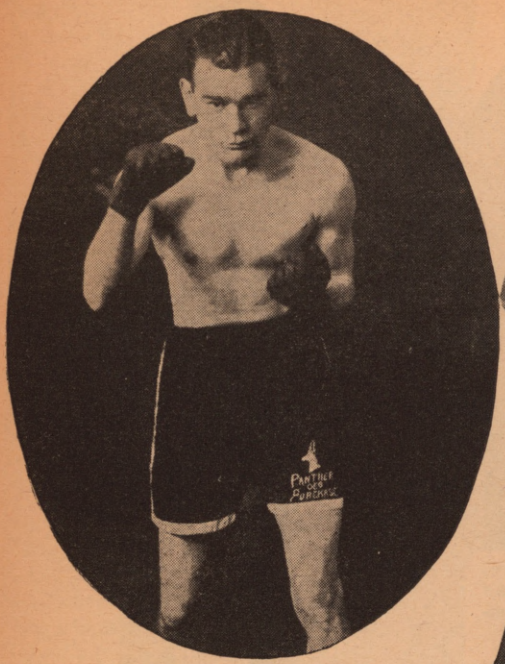
Harvey Massey, a big drawing card in New Orleans, among the colored battlers.



Joe Santos, Portuguese featherweight, doing good work around New York.

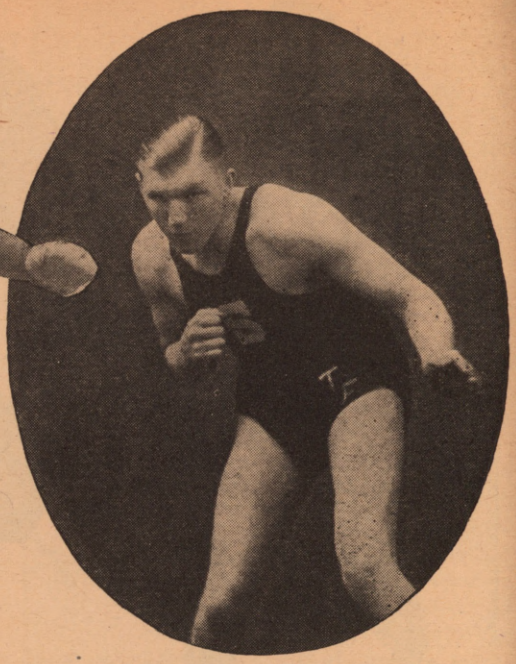
Sonny Jones, Vancouver, B. C. welterweight pride.

From Foreign Shores

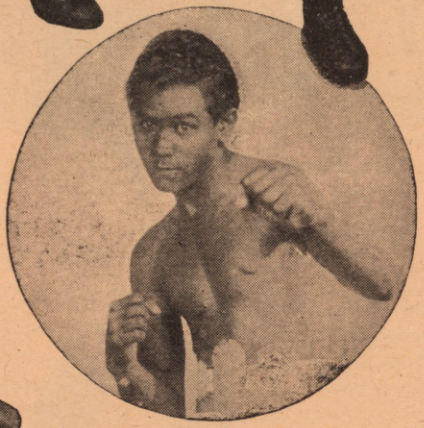


George (Panther) Purchase, welterweight from South Africa.

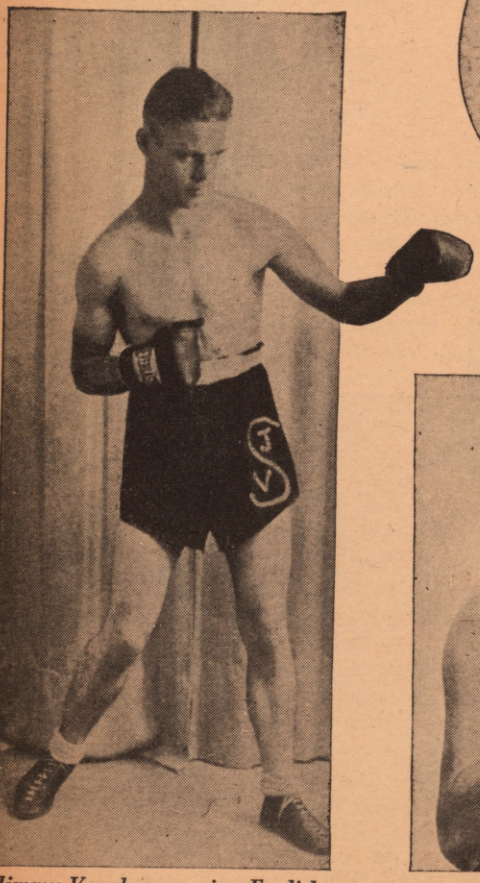
Young Chocolate, British West Indies flyweight aspirant.



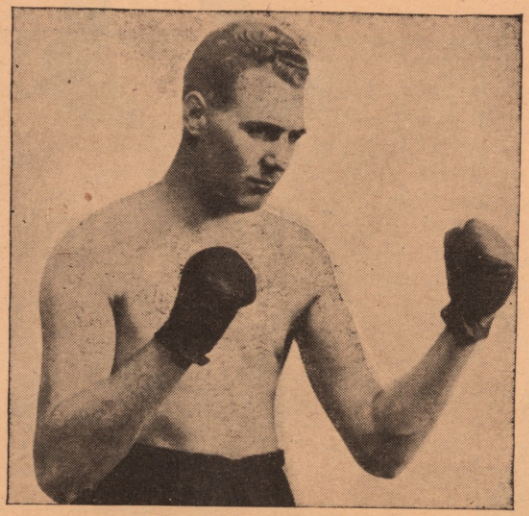
Tommy Farr, British heavyweight, who stepped into the limelight through his victory over Tommy Loughran.



Kid Jaramillo, flyweight from Puerto Rico



Jimmy Vaughan, coming English lightweight.



Bert Ikin, another heavyweight from Great Britain.

Marino Facchin, crack Italian featherweight.

LETTERS *from Our* READERS

FOR many years now, I have been a regular reader of THE RING and a particularly avid one. I read it from cover to cover within a few hours after receiving it.

I must compliment you upon your fine impartial treatment to any boxer, no matter what nationality, but upon reading the January edition of THE RING, I notice that except in the fly-weight class, there is not a single British boxer in Eddie Borden's ratings for the month.

Perhaps British boxing is "not so hot" but surely we have at least a few boxers worthy of recognition. If you can give me some of your time, I will give you a few examples.

How about Jock McAvoy?—Having outpointed Al McCoy and disposed of Babe Risko in one round, don't you think that he should be rated, either in the middleweights or light-heavies?

Jimmy Walsh of Liverpool twice gave Freddie Miller a great fight and has beaten among others, Maurice Holtzer, twice, Wesley Ramey (rated No. 2), Nel Tarleton and many others. How about him Mr. Fleischer?

We have a very fine lightweight in Joe Connolly who has recently twice defeated the elongated Phil Zwick on the second occasion "making him look like an old woman" to quote an English Boxing Weekly.

I firmly believe that the British bantamweight, Johnny King can whip any bantam in the world and that goes for Lou Salica and Sixto Escobar. If you do not believe this, ask Jock McAvoy or Dave Lumiansky.

The flyweight sensation of Ireland, Jim Warnock, who recently kayoed Tommy Pardoe in quick time, and who is matched with Benny Lynch, is rated above Jacky Brown, Joe Mendiola, Jim Campbell, etc., and is being tipped to defeat Lynch.

Moreover, Vernon Cormier appeared in two or three fights in this country a short time ago and appeared in a very poor light, being decisively defeated on each occasion by British boxers below championship class.

Finally, let me end on a note of praise —praise of Freddy Miller—a fine, fighting champion and a credit to his profession and his country. I saw him on many occasions and he always pleased the crowd and made many friends in this country.

Now, Mr. Fleischer, I am no carping critic and am an admirer of you and THE RING but how about those ratings? I should be pleased if you could publish this letter and a reply to it.

R. R. LEES,
Trench, Wallington, Salop, England.

[*You are well versed in your subject, Mr. Lees, and write a sensible letter. I am glad you are giving us a chance to answer. In reference to McAvoy, he was rated second in the light-heavyweight division, following the McCoy and Risko victories. King is rated fourth in the February issue. Walsh has been inconsistent and although he scored victories over Ramey and Holtzer, he was beaten on several other occasions. If Walsh can whip Berg for the lightweight, then he will deserve a rating among the first ten. Jim Warnock, I agree with you, is a youngster coming on rapidly and he will be advanced accordingly.*]—*Editor's Note.*

* * *

AS a constant reader of your admirable journal, I hope you will excuse the object of this letter. Your paper is without a doubt the best of its kind I have ever read, but find you repeatedly confuse Australian and New Zealand boxers.

In the case of Robt. Fitzsimmons, "Fitz" was born in Cornwall, England, and at an early age came to New Zealand with his parents, settling in Timaru in the South Island. He made his debut as a fighter in Jim Mace's fight factory in that town. Do not know the exact date, but should you be interested, will be happy to supply his full record. He was known as the "Kid from Timaru" (pronounced *Tim*-a-roo) before he ever left for the States. In the light of these facts I think "Fitz" should be considered a New Zealand fighter rather than an Australian.

Danny Creedon was also a New Zealander.

He was born in Invercargill, South Island, and fought in N. Z. prior to going to Australia. My old Dad taught and trained Dan and took him to Melbourne. The Dad said Dan was a wonderful boy, easy going, and generous to a fault. Always ready for a song or dance, he had been known many a time to give a song and patter in the street. The Dad sent him to the States after Fitzsimmons' scalp, but Dan was knocked out in four rounds.

Billy Murphy was another N. Z. boy, born I believe in New Plymouth, North Island. You are no doubt conversant with Billy's record. The fine old chap passed away some three weeks ago in Auckland, N. I. after a gallant fight against the effects of a motor accident. The fighting heart that made him world famous in his prime was in evidence right up to the last.

We in New Zealand are proud of our fighters who made their mark abroad and hope you will correct the error of calling New Zealanders, Australians.

Ours is only a small country of some 100,000 square miles area, and population 1¾ millions, but with "Fitz," Heeney, Creedon, Murphy, etc., we have made a mark in the history of the prize ring. Ted Morgan, another N. Z. boy won the world's amateur welterweight title at Amsterdam.

The fight game here is feeling the depression keenly. The effect of no fights is reflected in the showing of the various boys making a crust at the game. At present there are none with the ability of Leckie or Donovan, who both beat Pete Sarron. Leckie in turn was knocked by the likable Pete, but Donovan won all three bouts over the Alabama Syian.

Would be pleased to keep you in touch with doings down this way if you are interested. A note to the above address will always find me.

No letters will be answered by mail unless a self-addressed, stamped envelope is enclosed.

While on the job I might mention Maurice Strickland and Val Luttrell, both heavyweights and both in the opinion of good judges, will go far. Strickland is in England at present and won his first fight there by a three round K.O. over Jack Foord of South Africa. He is a big chap and packs a terrific wallop in his right hand. So far only three men, Ambrose Palmer of Australia, Ray Nicol and Val Luttrell of N. Z. have gone the full distance with him.

Luttrell is a great fighter, with a sleeping draught in both hands. Owing to lack of opponents, he also will be leaving New Zealand shortly to try his luck in Australia and U. S. A.

Well will have to close now, wishing you continued success in your endeavour to satisfy a critical public. No easy task, as I know. However you, by your very fairness, are doing the sport of boxing a tremendous amount of good.

Trusting you will bear with me and treat this script in the spirit in which it is written, viz.—as a helping hand and not a knock. I have the pleasure to remain JOHN S. DUNN,
Waingaro, New Zealand.

* * *

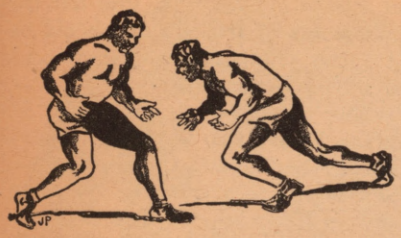
YOUR book, Scientific Blocking and Hitting and Other Methods of Defense, is great. This book should be in the hands of all fighters, trainers and managers. "Ten and—Out" is very good, and I have enjoyed reading it.

I saw the Louis-Baer fight pictures and I want to say that Baer put up a much better fight than people gave him credit. Louis was too good for him. Louis was in a superb physical condition, his judgment of distance was perfect and his hitting was terrific.

There is no "messing around" with Louis; he is a killer if there ever was one. I am not throwing off on him, for that is what it takes to reach the top—the survival of the fittest.

PAUL R. E. SHEPPARD, Major, M.C., U. S. A.

HALF A CENTURY



By GEORGE BOTHNER

(Physical culture instructor and New York State referee)

IN my last article in this series, I told the story of the great Yousouf and his matches with Ernest Roeber and Ivan Lewis, the Original Strangler and the fall of Heraclides, the gigantic Greek peddler. In this, my third installment, I'm going to tell something about myself. You will recollect how I won the world lightweight championship by defeating England's best wrestler, Tom Riley, owner of the Lord Lonsdale belt, in straight falls. That thrilling match won for me the Richard K. Fox belt, a picture of which appeared in the last issue of THE RING, and gained for me international recognition as world title holder.

There was one man, however, Jack Harvey, who disputed my claim and challenged me to a match. Harvey, a lightweight, was known as the Brooklyn Strong Boy and at the time, he was the wrestling instructor at Yale University. I accepted his challenge and were were matched to grapple at the Polo Rink at New Haven.

Before the match I was being interviewed by newspapermen when Harvey came over to me and offered his hand. I extended mine and Harvey tried to crush my knuckles. That made me very angry and I was on the verge of hauling off on him but one look from Bill Brown, and I stepped back.

"What are you trying to do?" I asked.

Harvey replied, "Do you remember the last time we met?"

"Yes," I answered.

"Well I was easy then, George," continued Harvey, "but tonight you'll get an eyeful. Just keep your peepers on me."

I turned to Bill Brown, my pal, and I said, "Bill, he's pretty cocky, isn't he? I wonder if he's trying to scare me or has he improved so much since I last tackled him."

"Just trying to get your goat," replied Brown.

* * *

WE entered the ring that night and after the usual instructions, the gong sounded and off we went. We were out for blood that night, Harvey eager to avenge the previous defeat and I just as eager to show him up because of what he had just done.

It didn't take but a few minutes before I leaped in and obtained a front chancery, gripping Harvey around the neck with my arm. The Brooklyn Strong Boy straightened up quickly and snapped me over his head. I went down with a bang and injured my head.

I was dazed but I wasn't down. Harvey, realizing my position, leaped on me to get the fall. I was in a semi-conscious state when Harvey pressed against my body and suddenly I heard a voice shouting, "bridge, George, bridge."

Instinctively I pushed up on the flat of my feet and the top of my head and there I was bridged with Harvey trying his utmost to force me down.

Within two minutes I had regained my equilibrium, but Harvey, still the aggressor, got a crotch hold and a hammerlock on me and one of my shoulders was touching the canvas. I had not regained full control of my senses and I pushed until I broke away and then I set sail in earnest after Harvey. I obtained a body hold and lifting him high, I slammed him with terrific force against the mat and in a jiffy, I had applied a scissors hold.

"You can't do a thing with me with that hold," said Harvey as he tried to get my nanny and then he started to kid me. Of course he succeeded in getting me quite angry. Bill Brown noticed it all and he kept shouting to me, "give it to him, George," and give it to him, I did. I applied full pressure and soon I had Harvey into a fall. Only seven minutes had elapsed before I got the fall and considering Harvey's ability, I considered that a great stunt.

I gained the second fall and the third was also mine. When we came out for the final fall, Harvey had settled down to real action. I lost no time going after him. I got a body hold on him again and it took me only a short time to win the match. Thereafter Harvey and I became the best of friends. He was and still is a fine wrestler and I'm happy to know that Harvey has just opened a gym of his own. We often josh each other about our tussle.

Just to show how versatile I was, I'll mention my match with the great Tom Jenkins, a heavyweight. Tom at the time when I clashed with him, was the recognized heavyweight king and I, the lightweight champion. As Jenkins weighed 201 pounds, our match was a handicap affair in which Tom, now wrestling instructor at West Point, had agreed to toss me four times in an hour. Tom was a star of the mat world, a wrestler who knew every hold and also knew how to apply the holds scientifically. Despite his weight and knowledge of the game, however, he found it difficult to do much with me. He got many dangerous holds on me, but each time I squirmed out of the tight spot.

After thirty-two minutes of wrestling, he got a half-nelson and leg hold on me and crushed me so that I was pinned. Tom Sharkey, the referee, an ardent wrestling follower, gave the fall to Jenkins, whereupon Billy Elmer, my associate, jumped into the ring and had nerve enough to make a swing for the famed sailor fighter.

"Bothner was not thrown," shouted Elmer at Sharkey.

"He was," replied Tom.

The argument became so hot that the police got into the ring, escorted Elmer out and to the police station, and the match continued. Towards the end of the hour, Jenkins downed me for the second and third time with a wrist lock and a body hold, but he couldn't get the fourth down on me. Tom Sharkey held up my hand at the end of the hour, declaring me the winner as Jenkins had failed to toss me four times.

* * *

THE next morning Elmer was brought before a magistrate who had been at the bout.

"What's the charge," asked the judge, while smiling.

"Disorderly conduct," replied the arresting officer.

"What have you got to say for yourself," asked the judge who had witnessed the match.

"I lost my head, Your Honor," replied Billy.

"No you didn't, returned the judge, but you might have, had Mr. Sharkey unloosened on you when you threatened him. Case dismissed."

Billy admitted after the dismissal, that he was a very lucky chap to have escaped so easily. There is no telling what might have happened, had Sharkey sailed into Elmer.

* * *

FOLLOWING a long barnstorming tout, I decided to accept an offer from Princeton to act as coach. Later I was offered the post at Yale, but didn't care to quit Princeton. I told them that Ed O'Connell, a good New England wrestler, would be an ideal coach and he was hired. Later he brought his wrestling team to Princeton to tackle my boys, and Kohlter Huyler, son of the chocolate king, eager to test the relative merits of the two coaches decided on a novel idea.

"Can you beat O'Connell?" he asked me.

Then he went to O'Connell and asked Ed if he could beat me. Neither of us was sure, but of course we decided to be as neutral as was possible.

That didn't suit Huyler so he decided to put it differently to me. He came to my office and said, Mr. Bothner, do you know that O'Connell says he can lick you. You're not going to let him get away with that, are you?"

WITH WRESTLERS

George Bothner, Gray-Haired Marvel of the Mat Sport, Relates His Ring Experiences and Discusses Grapplers, Past and Present

Of course I was trapped and I went to O'Connell and said:

"Ed, I understand that you say you can beat me. Say the word and we'll have a match."

* * *

THE match was arranged to take place in New Britain, with Dick Howell of the Bridgeport Herald as the referee. That was back in 1903.

Now in those days my Nemesis was Harvey Parker, a welterweight who was pretty good and thought he was my master. He was a slim-legged, broad-shouldered fellow with a thick set neck and how he could talk! When you talk about the rough 'uns of to-day, I assure you that they don't have much on what Harvey Parker used to show. He was extremely aggressive and I knew that I'd have to go some to prove his master.

Our first two matches were draw affairs and a third had been arranged for June 9. Thus you see I was billed to meet O'Connell only one week before this important match which I knew would draw a huge gate. I therefore decided that I would be careful in my bout with O'Connell as I valued the Parker match more and furthermore was most eager to win the deciding match with Parker to settle the matter of supremacy.

On the night of the bout with O'Connell, many college boys from both Yale and Princeton came to see us. We took the referee's hold and each tried for a grip. I feinted for an arm hold and then we both went to the mat. O'Connell got a scissors hold on me and crushed me between his legs. He hurt my ribs, but I kept on wrestling. I twisted his toe and broke the hold, and at the end of eight minutes I had the first fall.

* * *

WE had agreed upon fifteen minutes rest between falls and I went to my dressing-room, and while sitting, for the first time I felt the pain. I looked down and there was one rib sticking out, bulging from the skin.

Naturally I was frightened, not because of the danger, but because I was afraid that my match with Parker would be called off.

I called over Bill Brown, my chief-of-staff, and I said:

"Bill, look at my rib. I've busted it and can't go on. What do you say?"

Brown walked out to find the referee to tell him that I had forfeited the match to O'Connell, when a knock at my door was heard. The door was opened and in walked the referee.

"Just came in to tell you that O'Connell says he's had enough," remarked Howell, and when he finished his sentence, you could have knocked me over by looking at me, so surprised was I. I had won the match after all.

My rib was painful and I was upset because I realized that if I could not go on with Parker, I'd be called a quitter by him and would also lose my side bet of one thousand dollars which I had posted. I couldn't train because of the pain, but I simply had to go through with the bout.

George Bothner as he looks today.

About six o'clock on the eve of the battle, Tommy Shortell, my boxing instructor, offered to test me.

"Get down on the mat, George," he said, "and let's see how you can stand it."

I went down and he applied a quarter-nelson, a hold with which there was not much strain on my rib, and pressed on Shortell's neck. It hurt me terribly and pushed the rib still further out.

Billy Elmer, who had been looking on, and who was my partner, said:

"Let Parker collect the forfeit, George. Wait until that rib is healed and then you'll toss him through the roof."

"Listen, Billy," I replied, "that bird is not going to collect my forfeit, nor is he going to get the chance to ridicule me."

Came the time for us to get to the dressing-room. The preliminary bouts were going on. The affair was at Sulzer's Harlem River Casino, and as I sat there, thinking of what was in store for me, there was a knock on the door and in walked Elmer. He had brought with him Clarence Mackey and a Dr. Martin, a friend.

"I brought Dr. Martin with me," said Mr. Mackey, "and I want you to let him look over that rib."

"You can't wrestle tonight," said the medico after the examination.

"Sorry, Dr. Martin," I replied, "I have no intentions of letting Harvey get my thousand dollars forfeit. I'm going on."

"Don't worry, George," said Clarence Mackey, "I'll take care of that for you."

But I was determined. It wasn't the money, it was Harvey Parker that was stirring me up to action.

* * *

AT last Joe Humphreys, the announcer, called for our bout.

I stepped out to the mat to meet my enemy. I purposely did not bandage my rib so that Parker wouldn't become wise, and as the bell put us on our way, we got the referee's hold and the match was on.

It was a gripping match, one in which we were both tested to the utmost. The pain I suffered that night I never want to experience again. If ever a man's courage was tested, I must say, without bragging, that mine was put to the test that night.

At the end of three hours, neither of us had gained a fall. Referee John O'Brien stopped us for a few moments to make an announcement. It was after one o'clock in the morning and many of the fans, tired, had gone home. "If no fall is obtained by either," he said, "I'll declare this bout a draw."

Harvey, upon the resump- *(Continued on page 47)*

SZABO,

The BUTCHER BOY

By MATMAN

CLASS will tell in wrestling or any other sport. When Sandor Szabo, claimant of the Hungarian championship, first came to this country over four years ago—not being able to speak a word of English at the time—he looked the part of a grappler when he stepped through the ropes for his first professional bout in the United States.

Since his arrival, he has participated in over six hundred bouts and of this great number, comparatively few have been defeats—and only these at the hands of champions, ex-champions or near champions. It was only recently that he returned to New York after a long stay on the Pacific Coast where he duplicated his Metropolitan success and he looks better and wrestles better than ever before.

Although he thought it would only be a question of a very short time when he first came here before he would be crowned world's champion, he is still confident that one of these days he will earn those honors. It took Jimmy Londos, the Greek, many years after he had started grappling, to land the coveted honors—and Szabo isn't in the least discouraged—in fact he is more confident than ever that he'll be sooner or later enthroned.

Szabo has made great progress not only in the catch-as-catch-can style of which he knew nothing when he first landed—but in talking—and he now speaks English fluently, with little accent. As a matter of fact, he speaks our native tongue so well now that it was only last year when he had a star's part in a movie. While on the Coast, he did considerable picture work—and next to wrestling he likes that best.

* * *

THE "Great Szabo" as many call him, and which title he is not averse to himself, acquired a fine tan on the Pacific Coast. He has always been keen for outdoor training—and while in New York in the warm weather he invariably spends most of his time at the beaches. Szabo liked the California climate so much that he purchased a home in Santa Monica and his wife stays there when he is wrestling out of town. It is whispered that before long Szabo anticipates a blessed event and he is rooting for a boy.

Szabo has made a comfortable fortune since he came to this side of the great pond. He owns a big butcher shop in New York and has plenty of what it takes put away in the bank. When he was fourteen, back in Budapest, Hungary, Szabo worked for a butcher, and it is due to the fact that he used to handle big beeves that he has such fine back and shoulder muscles.

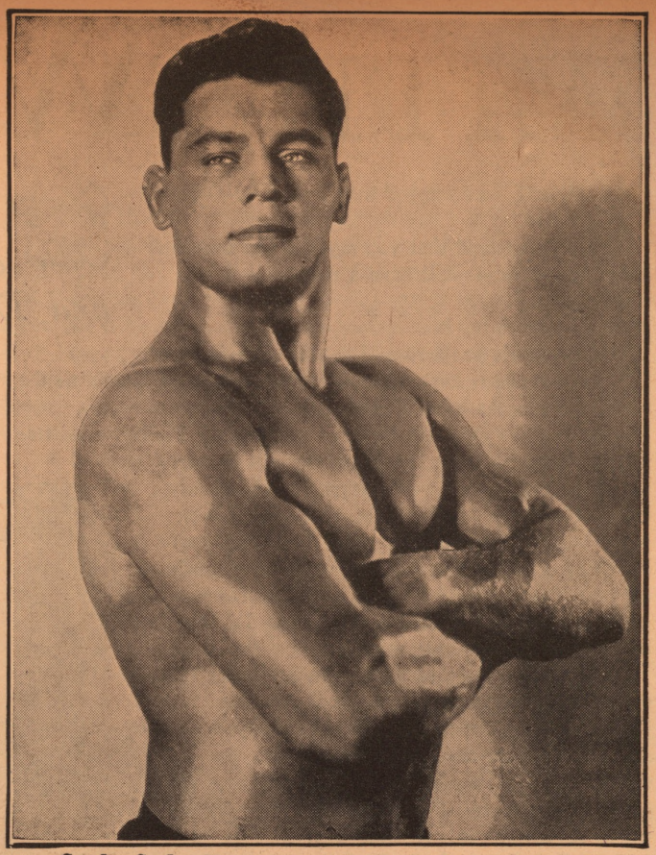
Szabo was forced to go to work at a tender age as he was left an orphan. He went to night school while working during the day and he earned sufficient money to secure a college education.

Because of the credit he gives his old trade for giving him an education and the fine muscles that helped him along in his wrestling career, as soon as he secured sufficient money, he purchased the butcher shop in New York and it is paying him handsomely as he learned from the ground up how to conduct one.

Szabo finished fifth in the Olympics at Paris in 1924 and second at Amsterdam in 1928. All his matches previous to his coming here were of the Graeco-Roman style and this mode of wrestling gave him his deadly front-back double armlock.

* * *

SANDOR, which is Alexander in English, won something like nine hundred bouts in the amateur and pro ranks abroad and his fame spread to this country and he received many offers to show his wares here before he finally decided to do so.



Sandor Szabo, Hungarian Adonis, who has gone into the butcher business.

It is the contention of Sandor that speed is more essential in wrestling than brute strength and also a knowledge of anatomy, especially the nerve centers. Consequently he keeps in good shape all the time, never letting any superfluous flesh gather as he claims that condition is more than half of the battle on the mat and many bouts that otherwise might be lost are won because of superior physical form.

Sandor has a bag full of wrestling tricks. He is as agile as a cat and has a brain that functions all the time. Further, he is calm and self-controlled, even under the roughest going. However, when angered, which is seldom, he is a veritable volcano, spouting hatred and holds that spell defeat—in fact a thrashing defeat—for he hurls his antagonist to the mat under these circumstances with such fury as if he meant to crash his bones.

Whenever Sandor wrestles, the Magyars turn out en masse. He is their ideal grappler and none of them has yet given up hope that one day he will be undisputed world's champion. Experience in other lines of sport such as soccer football playing, putting the shot and hurling the discus and in running events, have helped him greatly on the mat, especially in the matter of speed and grace.

If you should ask the average fan whom he considers the finest looking and best all-around grappler in the world today, he is likely to name Sandor Szabo.

He has a splendid physique, has a knowledge of every trick of the game, is a thorough master of the wrestling holds, has grit, gameness and is as agile as a cat. He has the art of tumbling to perfection, has a knack of getting out of the most intricate holds of his opponent.

Szabo started wrestling when he was a boy of fourteen. Although an orphan who had to work to earn his daily bread, he found sufficient time to gain an elementary school education. Being an all-around athlete, a jumper, soccer player and wrestler, he became extremely popular and with this to aid him, he received a position in a butcher shop where he worked behind the counter, his share helping out in the deliveries.

It was after he had made a delivery to a circus tent where he watched a troupe of wrestlers, that he determined to study the sport. He obtained a tutor, joined an amateur club and became so proficient that he was selected to represent Hungary in the 1924 Paris Olympics.

The German Adonis

By Bernice Sandboe

GERMANY has contributed to the American wrestling game many skilled and talented figures, with perhaps the most outstanding of these in recent years being Dick Shikat, the one-time title-holder. These Germanic matmen have long been known for their capable and scientific wrestling. They are stoical, level-headed and precise, and possess extraordinary fortitude and perseverance.

A symbolic figure of the typical German wrestler can be found in studying young Rudy Strongberg, a Teuton boy who has come to this country to make his way in the grappling game. And if his past performances are a precedent of his future success, then I admonish one Danno O'Mahoney to clutch tightly to his crown when he meets this young fellow in a mat engagement.

Rudy possesses all the racial characteristics of the Germans. He is untiring in his endurance, has exceptional strength, an unusually large repertoire of holds and never seems to lose his head. With these assets, added to the eagerness of his youth, and his unswerving ambition to become the champion, I really believe this boy is destined to go far.

Strongberg has been in our country just about two and a half years. He made the trip to America primarily to visit his relatives here, but when he discovered what a land of opportunity America was, he decided to stay and win the wrestling title, and he hopes soon to become an American citizen.

* * *

RUDY brought with him an impressive wrestling record. He held the amateur wrestling title of both east and west Prussia and was considered one of the best matmen in his country. Toots Mondt and Jack Pfeffer, the latter then working with the Curley troupe, from which he has since severed connections, were quick to see the potential possibilities in this young man as a drawing card and wasted no time in giving him a start in the game.

Everywhere he has gone to wrestle in the past two years, Rudy has proven the confidence these two men placed in him. He is a big drawing card in several Southern cities and has been called by many "the most scientific wrestler in the South." He has done practically all of his wrestling below the Mason-Dixon line and has been on a barnstorming tour with a troupe of wrestlers to Cuba, where he scored a big hit. For a long while he reigned as the mat favorite in Florida and now Texas mat fans are giving him a big hand.

In his initial showing here in Houston, Rudy met wild and unruly Chief Chewchki and amazed the fans by not only handling the big Gypsy but by giving him a wrestling lesson as well. However, with some underhanded trick the Chief managed to win, but when the two were rematched, fans saw one of the most furious and hard fought battles of brawn and trickery pitted against science and skill ever waged in the local town hall. And Rudy came out the winner!

Another time, Rudy and skilled Doc Karl Sarpolis, the wrestling medico, met in a thirty-minute draw that made wrestling history in Houston. The two scientists adhered strictly to the rules of wrestling and both fought a fast, cagy battle, exchanging almost every hold in the book. Too, Rudy has held clever Ray Steele to a draw, weathering everything the skilled Steele had to offer and dishing out plenty of punishment himself.

* * *

RUDY in unanimously the ladies' favorite down here. And if you take a look at his picture, you won't find that hard to believe. He's just twenty-four, is good-looking in a boyish blond way, and is a thoroughly likable boy. He hasn't as yet lost his German accent and everyone enjoys listening to him talk.

When he was a youngster, Rudy always had to work hard. His father is a hauling contractor in Germany and Rudy often helped him, moving furniture, pianos and so forth. Then he worked as a blacksmith, and to these hard-laboring tasks, along with exercise and training, he accredits his fine physique.

Rudy is really exceptionally well built. He is six feet one inch tall and weighs in at 218 and because of his fine physique he is frequently called the German Adonis.

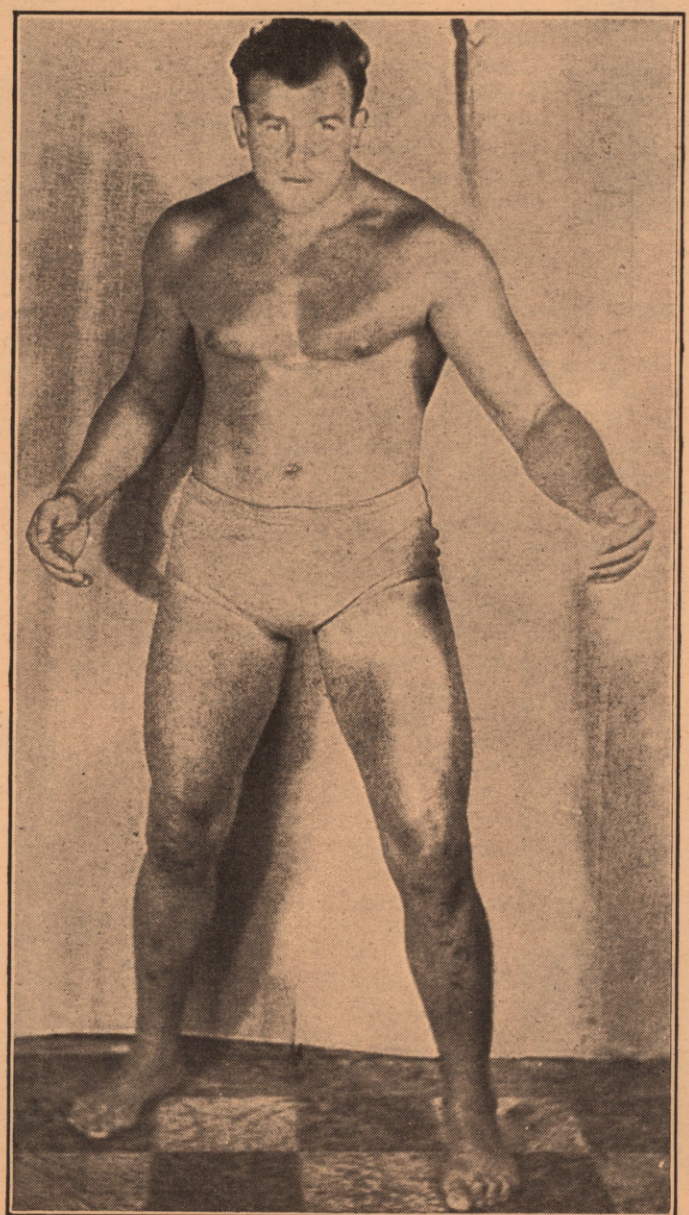
Before entering the wrestling game, Rudy tried out boxing but decided to leave that field to his older brother, who is quite well known in Germany as a fighter.

Rudy likes America and wants to stay here always, with an occasional visit back home to see the folks. He is fond of the life he leads, the traveling and excitement of the mat game.

His goal is the championship and, if he keeps on the way he has started, he's bound to get mighty high up the ladder of success. Anyway, gesundheit und gluckliche tagen to you, Rudy!

You'll do, so far as the South is concerned. You've earned your spurs here and we like to see you in action down this way.

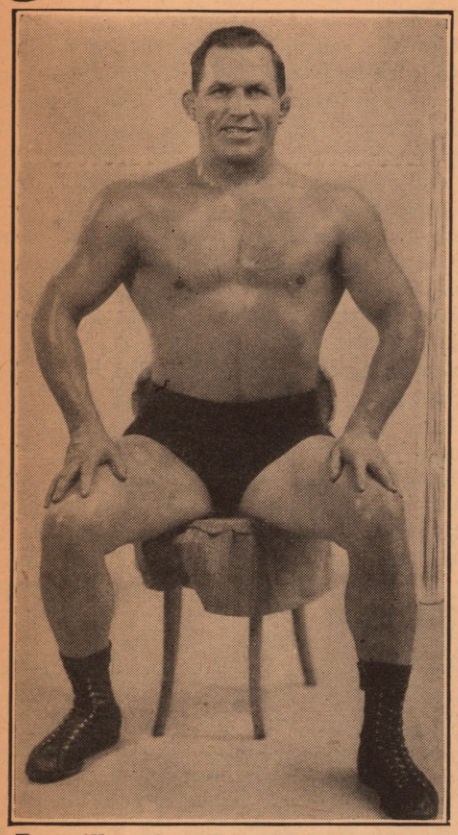
Handsome Rudy, that's what the girls call him.



Rudy Strongberg, a favorite with Southern mat fans.

JUST RASSLIN'

By EDWARD MERRILL



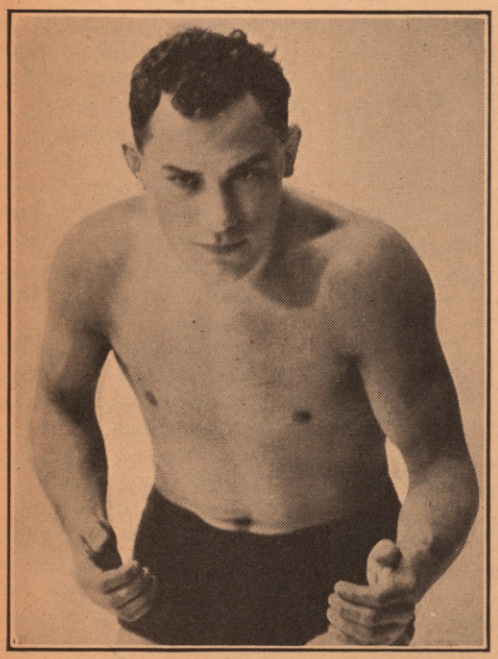
Tom Alley, Australian champion, who is a great favorite with Toronto fans.

WRESTLING fans are wondering if Yvon Robert, the French-Canadian, is going to prove in the grappling ranks what Joe Louis, the Brown Bomber, has been so far in boxing circles—a star from nowhere.

Overnight, Robert, who was born in Montreal of French parents, sprang into national importance when he tossed Champion Danno O'Mahoney in an unscheduled match at Holyoke, Mass. It happened the night that the Irishman was meeting Frank Judson, former Harvard mat coach. Between falls Yvon jumped into the ring, peeled off his clothes and attacked Danno, putting his back on the canvas for thirty seconds.

There was then a free-for-all and Danno was dropped to the canvas again by a right-hand punch from Robert.

Since then Robert has been claiming the world's title, and to prove that he is no fly-by-night grappler, he has taken on two such formidable ex-champions as Jim Browning and Ed Don George, and tossed both of them.



Aurel Le Bel, Mid-western wrestler, who is also known as Gene La Bel.

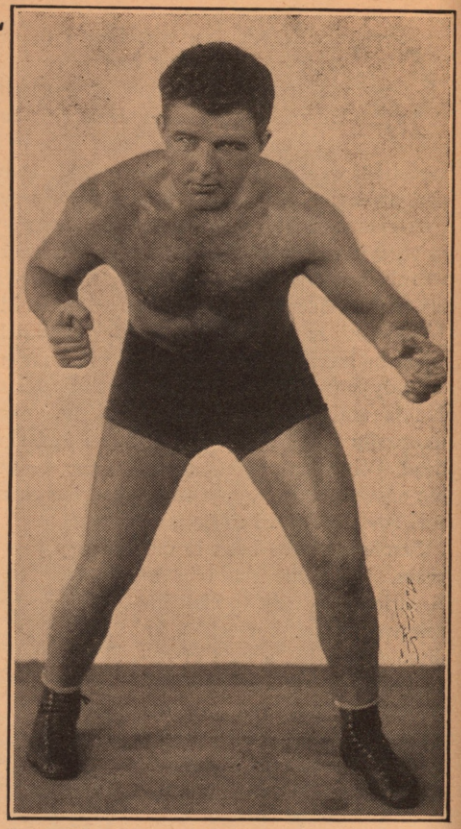
However, Danno, through his manager, Jack McGrath, says he will have nothing to do with Robert—that he bars him forever because of what he calls ungentlemanly and unsportsmanlike tactics in the Hub.

Robert is only twenty-one years old. He weighs around 220 pounds and stands six feet one inch.

Yvon is managed by Eddie Quinn, who has a certified check which he will post that his protege will defeat anybody in the sport.

Should Robert win the crown, he will be the second French-Canadian to cop the honors which were once held by Henri De-Glane, also a French - Canadian, who won the title from Ed Strangler Lewis in Montreal.

O'Mahoney says that most anybody could have done to him what Robert did—that the attack was unexpected and that he was out of wind, having just finished a strenuous half-hour's struggle with Judson.



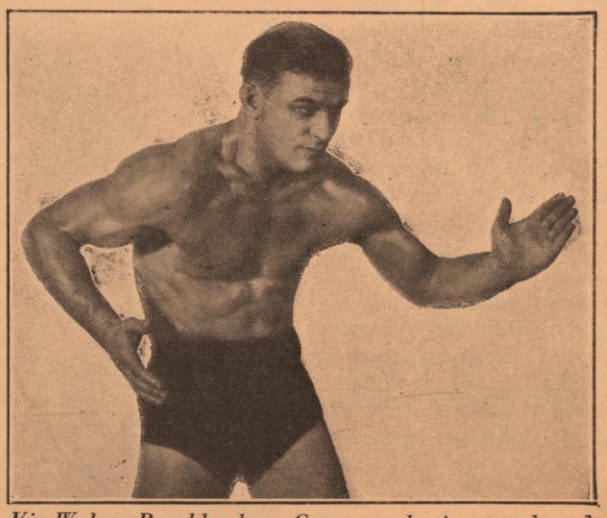
Jack Warner, a wrestler from out West, who has been doing fine work.

Robert asserts that it was because Danno refused to meet him that he and his manager concocted the Holyoke surprise as a means of showing up the Irishman and demonstrating that he is his superior. He figured that after he got through with him that in the future Danno couldn't turn down a match with him on the grounds he wasn't good enough.

If any fans doubted that Yvon was capable of giving Danno a good battle, he dissipated such thoughts when he easily threw such men as Hans Steinke, Browning and George.

* * *

ABOUT a year ago, Victor Weber, Brooklyn-born German ace matman, was doing pretty well. He had beaten everyone his weight and it seemed impossible for him to miss the cham-



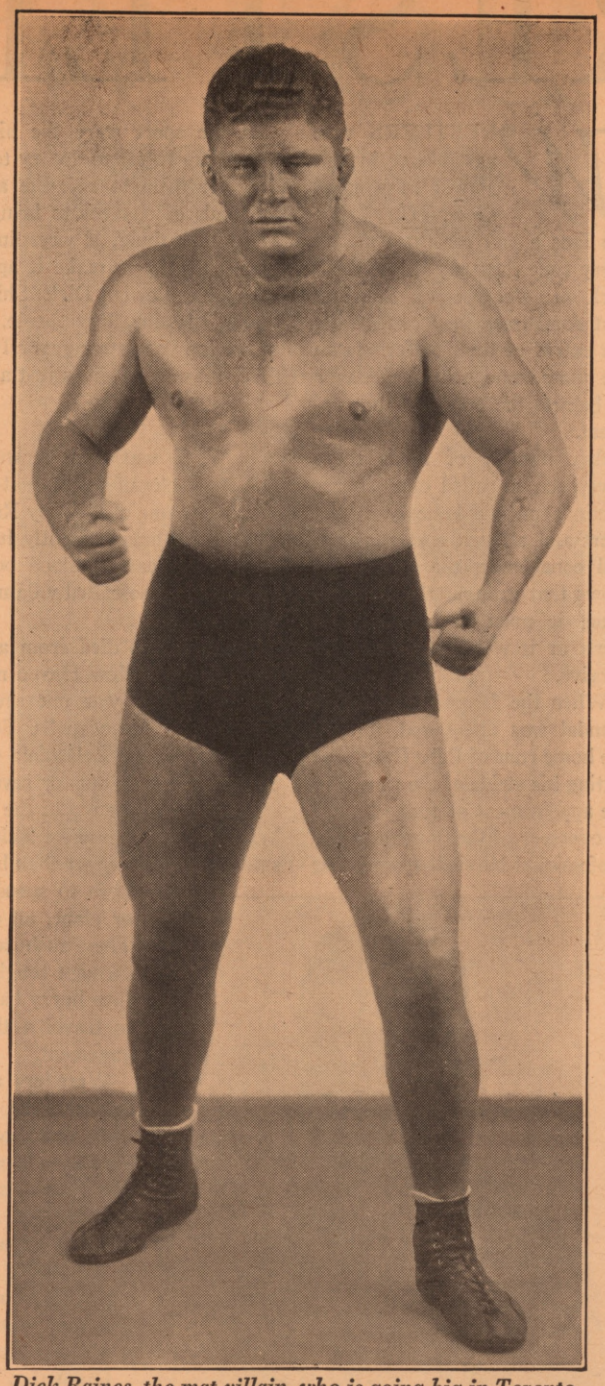
Vic Weber, Brooklyn-born German, who is a good card in the city of Churches.

pionship. When at the height of his success and everything looked rosy for the German, he was unexpectedly called away to Germany on pressing family affairs. At the time of his sailing he did not expect to be away longer than two or three months at most but unexpected events turned up and the months rolled by until a full year elapsed.

Recently, however, Weber arrived on the Bremen, his affairs completed in the Vaterland, and he is now ready to resume where he left off.

Weber is a welcome addition to the light-heavyweight division in America. He is an accomplished representative, but a year is a long time and many changes have happened since Weber was here last. For instance, new blood like Benny Katz of Palestine, Salvatore Balbo of Italy and many others have made their bid for recognition and the championship. All these boys, and many others, Weber will have to face before he can again claim the rating he held a year ago.

Weber was not entirely inactive in Europe. He grappled in most of the leading capitals with success, so if the boys expect to find the German off color or stale, they have another guess coming. As a matter of fact, when in Europe, Weber was offered a match which would have meant much financially to him had it come off. He was to meet Salvatore Balbo in Berlin, Rome, London or Paris. It was a question of the highest bid, as all four capitals were after the match. Balbo was a tremendous attraction in Europe at the time. He had just won the National Italian Tournament sponsored by Mussolini and was willing enough to take the match, but Jack Pfefer had signed the Italian star even before the tournament got under way, feeling pretty sure that even if he did not win it, Balbo would come near it and was worth bringing over to this country.



Dick Raines, the mat villain, who is going big in Toronto.

Luck favored Pfefer, and Balbo won. But when it came to the Balbo-Weber contest, that was something else, and Pfefer refused to give his sanction to the contest, at least not in Europe. Jack was saving that match for New York. With both Weber and Balbo now in the country, the match looms as one of the more attractive bouts of the winter season among the light-heavies.

* * *

TOM ALLEY, who came to America in possession of the heavyweight championship of Australia, has established himself as one of Canada's favorite wrestlers. "Hot Tom" Alley they call him, and his smooth, effective style and consistent victories in main bouts in such rabid mat centers as London, Hamilton, Toronto and Ottawa have solidified his claims to the British Empire championship to such an extent that the promoters are bringing Earl McCready, Canadian title-holder, back to meet him for the Empire crown.

Alley is backed by plenty of experience and he believes that speed and mat cleverness are preferable to the rough and ready tactics favored by the villains of the mat. Results of his bouts have vindicated his judgment in that respect.

* * *

Another clean, clever wrestler who is becoming a distinct favorite in Canada is Ed Meske of Cleveland. At the time of writing, he has won all his bouts in Toronto and appears to be headed for some important engagements.

* * *

Jack Corcoran, Queensbury Club promoter, reports that wrestling in Canada is flourishing more than ever and he backs the statement with facts. In Toronto, leading wrestling city in the Dominion, the attendance for 1935 was greatly in excess of the figures for 1934 and prospects for 1936 are very bright. Last year in Toronto, Dan O'Mahoney was featured a number of times and three of his world's championship bouts attracted capacity crowds at spacious Maple Leaf Gardens, where a sellout means from fifteen to seventeen thousand, depending upon the amount of standing room sold.

* * *

In contrast to wrestling, boxing is dormant in Ontario, although farther east, in Montreal, some of the shows have drawn well. However, in Ontario the sport has been left for the amateurs. They draw up to 2,500, but the promoters have abandoned, temporarily at least, hopes of reviving interest in the sport.

* * *

Dick Raines, the mat villain of Texas, is another of the American wrestlers who are exhibiting in the big cities of Canada. Dick's wild man tactics go big across the border.

* * *

WRESTLERS come from every part of the world, but Benny Katz, latest invader, is the first to come from Palestine. This statement a few years ago might have been taken with a grain of salt, but since the World War, the map of the world has been remade and in the shuffle, Palestine has become an outstanding nation. Its English-speaking population has brought its culture to the country and its youth has undergone the physical upbuild which seems to be the order of the day the world over.

Naturally, wrestling has come into its own in the development of Palestine; the world's oldest sport could hardly fail to do otherwise, and out of the competition comes Benny Katz, recognized champion of the Near East and proud winner of a belt given by Lord Montague, then Governor-General of the new land.

It is interesting to mention how it came about that Benny Katz made the trip to America. It was a result of an incident, unimportant in itself, but very important to Benny and also to Jack Pfefer, the man responsible for bringing him here. The presentation of the Lord Montague belt received no publicity in the United States and little in Europe, but Pfefer happened to read of it in a Russian newspaper. He was interested, first because he did not know that wrestling enjoyed any sort of *(Continued on page 47)*

WRESTLERS'

Toots Mondt

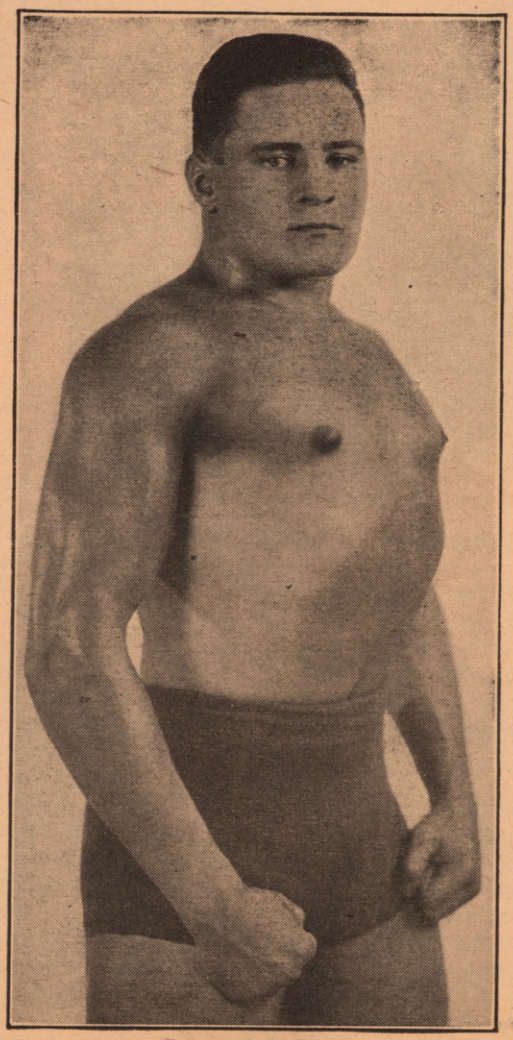
WRESTLERS the world over invariably give a good show. They give the fans a run for their money every time they pay to see them perform. Because of the fact that sometimes they exaggerate the extent of their sufferings on the mat, some critics endeavor to belittle the sport on that account.

Any number of times there have been so-called exposes, reflections on the honesty of the sport and all that sort of thing, and considering the number of blows that grappling has undergone, it must have plenty of merit or it wouldn't be able to survive.

When the famous Black Sox scandal was uncovered, it took the home runs of Babe Ruth, just hitting his stride at the time, and the appointment of Judge Landis as overseer of the game, to keep professional baseball from being killed. Boxing has had some severe setbacks because of the doings of the unscrupulous, but it is doubtful if any pastime could have weathered the hard knocks that wrestling has been handed, largely through disgruntled promoters rather than the wrestlers themselves and it now seems to be going stronger than ever and enticing more fans all the time.

* * *

SINCE Gus Sonnenberg won the world's title through the new trick he sprang, the "flying tackle," which revolutionized the sport, wrestling has become more hazardous than it ever was in its entire existence, and it dates back to hundreds of years before Christ. The "flying drop-kick," the elbow nudge, "airplane-spin" and the like of that, have increased the risks so that any wrestler who can go through a season nowadays without injury or even death is extremely lucky.



Danno O'Mahoney

If the sport were the hippodrome some critics, for want of something better to do, try to picture it, then it wouldn't be necessary for them to risk life and limb in order to win. They take all kinds of chances to bring about victory.

Another thing, if wrestling were the creature of manipulation like some try to make it appear, how is it that fellows like Ed Strangler Lewis, Dick Shikat, Joe Malciewicz, Rudy Dusek, Marin Plestina, Ray Steele, and dozens of others are right close to the top year after year? It is all because they have the goods—they can wrestle—it is just a case of the survival of the fittest.

* * *

IT was only recently in Johnson City, Tenn., that a veteran of the mat—Jack Ray—who wrestled under the name of Cowboy Russell, died as a result of mat injuries. Charlie Leahman recently had a foot amputated because of a leg injury that caused blood poisoning to set in. One of the most famous of all so-called villains—Stan Stasiask—succumbed because of poisoning.

Joe Shimkus died from a blood-clot after being injured from body slams in New Haven nearly two years ago.

Abe Kashey was out several months because he badly hurt his back in Minneapolis. Such stars as Gus Sonnenberg, Mike Mazurki, Vanka Zelesniak, George Hagen, Ernie Dusek, Sandor Szabo have been out for several months because of mat accidents.

Climbing to the top of the profession is a tough struggle for all. When the matmen make their start, the earnings are comparatively small, although bigger than boxers when they begin. The wrestlers have to spend their lives travelling via bus, train or plane, all depending on the calibre of the man. They rush to a club, take off their clothes, go through tough battles even though they may be ill, then hurry back and dress and board a train—often to travel a thousand miles before their next engagement.

Wrestlers are forced to eat all kinds of food, cooked most often totally unlike mother used to cook, drink coffee that is good, bad or worse—take long gym workouts—and go through this schedule day in and day out—month in and month out.

Grapplers as a body are considered the best behaved group in sport. Rarely does one end up in the police court for any reason. They go light on alcohol and tobacco, because they soon find out that they need all their faculties and must be in the best of condition to go through the ordeals they do.

Often they are tempted to challenge some sport critic or other who tries to belittle their efforts and insinuate that the grimaces they make are just acting. Such fellows they'd just like to have as opponents—for say five minutes—and then they aver that their future writings would be different.

* * *

GRAPPLERS, to the amazement of doctors, are able to go through the cuffings, bumps and hardships they endure because they train for it—and keep in condition. They don't have any time for dissipation, as they have to be on the go all the time. A wrestler who makes good is sought by the promoters everywhere.

It has been said of wrestlers: "You can get a ten-thousand-dollar wrestler to wrestle for ten dollars a night—without a complaint. Yet a ten-dollar fighter often asks for ten thousand dollars for his end—or he won't fight." Wrestlers believe in the axiom, "One for all and all for one." They believe that they must often make sacrifices for

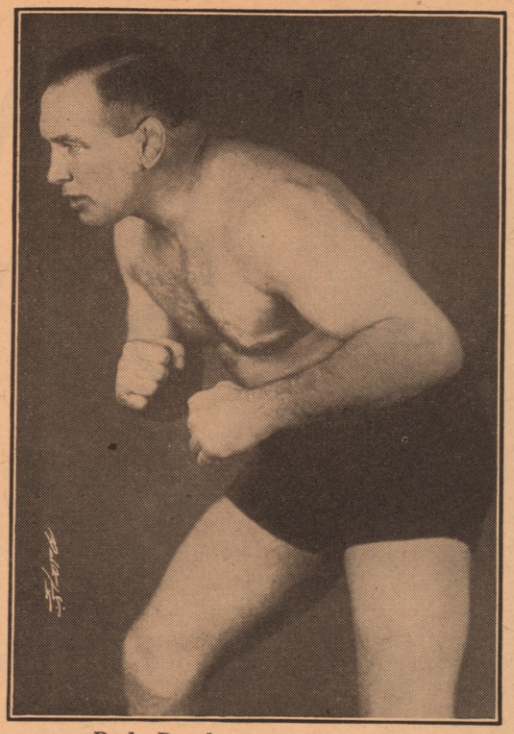
VIEWPOINT

By ALEX SULLIVAN

the good of the game, and that is why you often see the big stars wrestling in preliminaries. They are all boosters—not knockers.

Take Rudy Dusek, for example. Rudy, one of the real veterans of the sport, injured his back in a bout in Jamaica, New York, last spring, causing a seven months' layoff, and costing him thousands of dollars, yet he didn't complain. He is one of the big attractions of the sport, yet he was incapacitated in a bout in which he got only a ten-dollar note as he was only in a supporting bout. Rudy, interviewed by me on his impressions of the mat sport, said:

"I have been wrestling going on eighteen years. The sport has enriched me in money as well as health. It is no easy task going out there to wrestle—often with a fever over the one hundred mark and risking pneumonia, as has been so often done. I have seen cases where a fellow went off limping—and next morning some writer claimed it was all a part of an act—yet the wrestler mentioned would be forced into a hospital for months afterwards. The boys all have the urge to win and please—and they take all kinds of risks in order to do so, yet seldom get credit for their performance."



Rudy Dusek

* * *

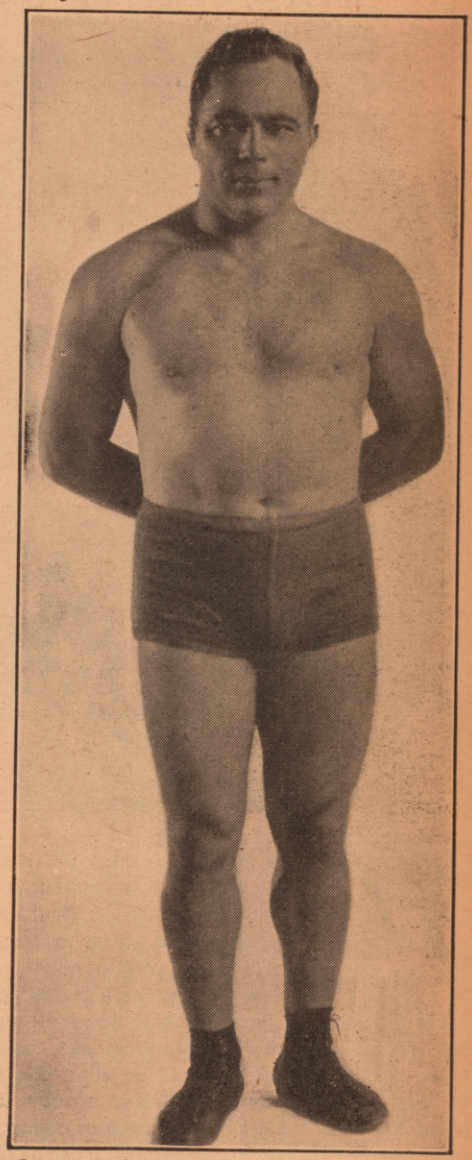
SAID Jumping Joe Savoldi: "I have a youngster who is over a year old now—and both his mother and myself already say that should he care to become a wrestler when he is old enough, we will let him do so, as I think the hardships—just as tough as those of a soldier—will make a man of him. I would much prefer his wrestling than playing football."

* * *

"Although I have a big farm back in Missouri, and considerable money saved, I don't intend to settle down as a farmer until I find out that I can no longer deliver on the mat," declared Jim Browning. "I am hopeful of winning the title again.

"To succeed as a wrestler you must always keep in good condition, as a man in good shape has a battle half won. Of course, there are a few exceptions but the men who succeed on the mat are those who keep in shape year in and year out. The others fall by the wayside. You just can't keep in front unless you keep in form. To keep that way, resisting all the temptations thrown in the path of a man in the public eye, makes one develop his willpower and makes a real man out of him."

Dick Shikat



Gus Sonnenberg

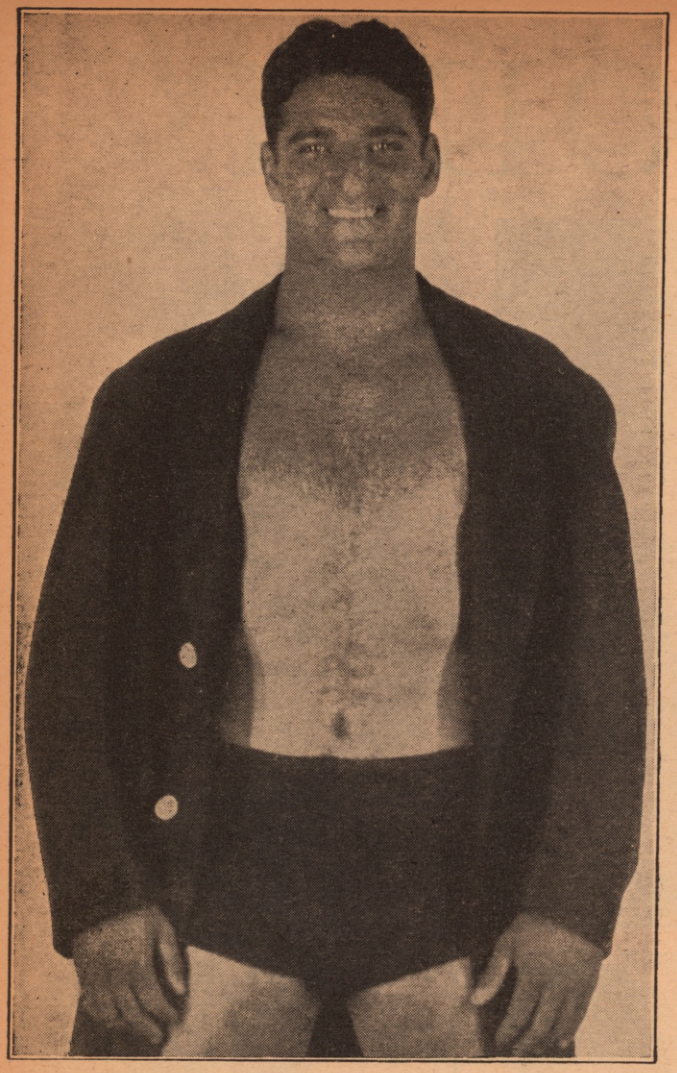
* * *

I ASKED Danno O'Mahoney, world champion, what he thought of the wrestling game, and here is what he said:

"Many people marvel as to how I could win the title and beat so many good men. It was because from the start I possessed courage, stamina and strength, due to my being brought up on a farm and my service in the Irish Free State Army.

"I have beaten most men—men who had more experience than I because I had superior strength and the will to win. I was not up on the American style of wrestling *(Continued on page 47)*

The SAGA of SAMMY STEIN



HE was lolling against a pillar supporting a bit of scenery, a mere idler putting in a little time. But he was a good looking chap and the tight jersey sweater and good fitting trousers didn't in the least detract from a certain athletic surety and charm that made his general atmosphere a bit intriguing.

He looked as if he might be a truant from a near-by campus but just a little beyond the college age. And there didn't seem to be a thing on his mind as he allowed a rather vacant gaze to drift over a picture scene that already was being shot for about the sixth time. Probably he was taking mental note of the extravagance of all this repetition, when there came a question at his elbow.

"Pardon me, but are you connected with the studio?" asked a pleasant voice that was accompanied by a pleasant smile on a reassuring face.

"No, I am not," was the reply. "Merely looking on without anything better to do."

"Pardon again, but if I'm not too personal, what I wanted to get at is whether you are in the motion picture business at all," persisted the stranger, with an added, "if you don't mind telling me."

"Not at all," the young man assured him. "I'm a friend of that actor over there, John Hines, and he invited me out to see Will Rogers working in this picture. We both thought it would be interesting and, by golly, it is, don't you think so? Any objection to my being here?"

"No, no, none at all, I guess, but then I'm not connected here," pursued the breezy stranger. "What I wanted to know is this, to put it more flatly. Would you like to work in a picture?"

The good looking idler, now definitely alive to what was going on, stiffened a bit and a wary smile stole over his dark face. He had been around Hollywood quite a little and knew all about that stuff they call "the rib." He had heard many of the ribbers tell amusing experiences of how they had kidded even intimates into thinking certain statements were the truth when they were positive buncombe, statements made merely in the way of a joke and to get a laugh, later, on the victim.

"Here it comes!" thought the young man as he appraised the stranger. "Bet it's Vince Barnett's work, or Hines himself, and probably the pair of them together. Guess I'll kid right back."

"Yes, I'd just as soon work in a picture as not," he said aloud with a little chuckle.

"Well, my name's John Ford, and if you'll be at R.K.O. studio Monday morning at nine, I'll give you a screen test myself," the stranger pursued. "We've got a story coming up that needs some big men and that's why I was attracted to you—your size, you know, and general build. What's the name?"

"Sammy Stein, and I'm a wrestler when not otherwise occupied," he answered.

"Oh, yes, I've read and heard a lot of you," Mr. Ford replied. "Glad to know you. Will you be at the studio Monday?"

"Sure will, and much obliged for the offer," came from the smiling Sammy, still believing he was being "ribbed" but determined to see it through; anxious to know how far these ribbers and their confederates would go. So Monday found him at R.K.O., a little shy of his usual sleep but chuckling to think how his ribbers would be chuckling to see him fall so hard for their little joke of getting him out of bed at a murderous hour to pursue a will-o'-the-wisp like this. He expected to find nobody there, and to be met by a hollow laugh of derision from behind some set.

* * *

BUT the ribbers evidently were going through with it, for there was John Ford, evidently a well-occupied man and too businesslike by far to bear even a slight resemblance to a joker. He greeted Sammy heartily but with speed and dignity, directed him what to do quickly and definitely, then said seriously:

"By the way, Stein, we'll know the result of these tests in about two hours. If I can use you in this picture, how much will you want a week? It will take about six weeks to finish."

"Well, I make pretty good money wrestling," Sammy replied, still thinking it was a rib and determined to make it strong, "so I could not afford to put in my time short of five hundred a week."

Thinking that would end the pleasant little kidding match, Stein smiled and waited for the explosion he expected would come. None did. Instead, Ford murmured something about "All right, just stick around where a call will reach you."

"So that's it, eh?" and Sammy chuckled as he strolled around. "They just want me to stand around for a couple of days and then they'll come out here, probably a dozen of 'em, and give me the big hoot. But I'll see it through," and he went into the commissary and had luncheon *(Continued on page 45).*

The BLONDE MAULER

Meet Karl Davis, an Admirable Athlete, a Clever Wrestler and a Regular Guy

By OUR TEXAS CORRESPONDENT

DESPITE the fact that Karl Davis is one of the wildest, most unruly and disliked wrestlers in the game, I actually believe that he is also one of the most admired. And because that sounds precisely as though I am contradicting myself, I hasten to explain that though Karl's capers in the ring arouse the fans to hearty boos, his exceptionally fine build, his perfect physical condition, his agility, his cleverness in both defensive and aggressive wrestling, and his tremendous capacity for punishment, cannot help but gain admiration from anyone who recognizes a real athlete.

Recently, Samuel Hopkins Adams, famed novelist, wrote a story about a young man entitled "The Perfect Specimen." I hesitate to apply that title to Karl Davis, and yet I actually believe that he comes the closest to what a perfect specimen of a thoroughly trained, well-conditioned wrestler should be. He is six feet two tall, weighs 246 pounds, with not an ounce of surplus fat on him, never smokes or drinks or does anything considered harmful to a well-conditioned athlete.

He leaps into the ring simply raring to go, the very picture of energy and good health. And he's as fast as greased lightning when he gets going and as untiring as a tough bulldog. In short, Karl Davis is everything a good wrestler should be.

* * *

BUT here's the catch—he plays rough. Not that that in any way detracts from him personally, but it is likely to hinder him as far as gaining the championship is concerned, and Karl is certainly one boy who has all the physical assets to wear the purple robe of the mat king.

Perhaps some day he will realize that it takes clever, stick-to-the-rules wrestling, and not assault-and-battery tactics, to outwit title-holders, and change his technique. And then look out, O'Mahoney, for Karl has everything in his favor to win!

It isn't as though Karl turned to rough wrestling as a "cover-up" for his lack of scientific wrestling knowledge, for he was carefully trained and taught the intricate details of the sport by no less a master than John Pesek, the Tigerman, himself. And that is a foundation and training any wrestler may well envy!

* * *

KARL was born in Chillicothe, the oldest town in the state of Ohio, on April 16, 1908. He is of Welsh and Swedish parentage. From his early boyhood, he has been an outstanding athlete, as is evidenced by the following record:

In junior high school, he was selected as the most versatile athlete in all the junior high schools in the Buckeye State. In high school, he was awarded a cup and medal for being the best all-around athlete in the high schools of the state. He was a fourteen-letter man, active in football, basketball, track and swimming. In the latter, his record still stands for the hundred-yard free style.

For three years, he held the mid-Western light-heavyweight boxing championship of Ohio. In college, Ohio State University, he had an outstanding football, wrestling and baseball career. He has played pro football, two years with a Buffalo team, one year with Canton and one year with Portsmouth, being a teammate on the latter with such famous footballers as "Father" Lumpkin, "Dutch" Clark and others. Too, he played pro baseball and was once offered a chance to play with a St. Louis Cardinal farm. He played with Huntington of the Mid-Atlantic League and was then sold to Albany of the International League.

So I hardly think I am over-enthusiastic when I say Karl is a real athlete, do you?

* * *

KARL met John Pesek in the Y.M.C.A. gymnasium at Columbus, Ohio. "I was working out one morning in the gym when a rather elderly little man came in and asked me if I'd like to wrestle with him. I said sure and thought to myself that I'd go easy with him, and was my face red when he whipped me in no time," says Karl. And it turned several shades redder when Karl found out that the man he had wrestled was John Pesek.

Pesek took a fancy to the big blond boy and invited him to spend the summer at his farm in Nebraska. There the "Tigerman" proceeded to put him to work shoveling sand, lifting weights and so forth to keep in trim, and, of course, taught him many valuable pointers in wrestling. Karl's grappling greatly improved, but Pesek was always on hand to deliver a sound trouncing to him when the Ohio boy got too big headed.

Karl has been wrestling now for six years. He wrestled Londos, then champion, four times and lost only once. In the other three engagements, he was disqualified once, drew once, and was thrown out of the ring and injured once. He has beaten such topnotchers as Karl Sarpolis, Paul Jones, Jim McMillen, Lewis, Cox, Coleman and scores of others.

Karl Davis, the rough, tough man from Tennessee.

There is simply no question as to his ability, his every performance in the ring goes far to prove that he is definitely not mediocre.

* * *

OF course, being of the rough school, he is a super-showman. But Karl's ring tactics are more mischievous than malicious, and he delights the fans with his capers and antics. As a rough wrestler he is a great showman, a great drawing card; as a scientific wrestler, I believe he could be champion.

(Cont. on page 45)

Jack Dillon's Surprise

(Continued from page 28)

to shake the cobwebs out of his brain. Then his friendship for Dillon asserted itself. He sent Hugh out with orders to box, and nothing else. Walker couldn't box a lick, and never learned to in the years that followed. Dillon lasted it out, though the newspaper decision went to the Kansas City gamester.

* * *

THE years rolled on and Walker developed into a "catcher" and nothing more. He was an overgrown Joe Grim and Bat Nelson. He fought 'em all, men like Young Stribling, Carl Morris, Bill Brennan, Harry Greb, Gunboat Smith, and was never knocked off his feet, much less knocked out. Finally, after he was butchered in a one-sided battle with Tom Gibbons, Hugh wisely called it quits.

Today he drives an ice-wagon in his native Kansas City. He'll not go down in ring history as a good fighter . . . . rather a poor one. But you'd have to search far and wide to find a tougher, hardier and more determined lad than Hugh Walker.

I've often pondered as to what heights Walker might have risen had McCarney let him go out and polish off the great Dillon. With a knockout victory over the Giant Killer while standing on the threshold of his career, who knows but what it might have ignited a spark of ability that otherwise lay dormant through the years he was a human "punching bag," and might have carried him to the dizzy heights that only great ringmen reach.

Be that as it may, Jack Dillon can thank Billy McCarney for the fact that no knockout defeat mars his long and honorable record. But for his kindness and generosity, a green inexperienced novice would have toppled him from his lofty throne that bleak November night in Little Rock, back in the wartime days of '17.

Fighting Peak

(Continued from page 11)

great distant past. Sharkey had a bit of color, Carnera possessed the Barnum & Bailey freakish size and little else, and Schmeling the glamour and a certain style of the winning foreigner, which was something.

The rest of their qualifications, as far as this old author is concerned, you could stick in your eye. But I hope you don't try it because, dear reader, you may disagree with me in many of the essential points of this odd little tale and you may be quite wild about one or another of them and in that case it would be embarrassing. I'm merely telling you what an old ancient thinks.

But Baer! Ah, that was something else! Color to a degree, but towards the end most of it turned to a deep chrome—commonly called yellow—and he faded out of public consideration for that very reason. But Max reached PEAK the night he knocked out Schmeling; there's little doubt of that.

Mike Cantwell, his trainer, had him to that stage of perfection that the famous playboy and the Hollywood lover never could reach again.

* * *

WHAT could one say about the present champion, James J. Braddock? This sterling young man has been up and down so often, and in and out of the heavyweight scramble, that it would be hard to say if he ever reached a PEAK. He's licked a lot of folks and been licked, alas, ever so many times, that what shall we say about any PEAK for him?

Likewise, in considering this greatest contender, Joe Louis, what is to be said about him? As to a peak, I mean. NOTHING. Figures show that over a period covering nearly forty-five years the average age of title possession is twenty-six. Joe's only a little over twenty-one.

But the story of PEAKS is interesting, don't you think?

Herrera

(Continued from page 25)

Rex Beach wrote one of his finest stories.

"Of all the tough punchers that I ever tackled there is but one that sticks out in my memory as being the real bone breaker, AN ABSOLUTE SKULL-CRUSHER, and that was Aurelio Herrera, that Mexican from Bakersfield," Herman told me not long ago in the course of a fanning bee.

"He was the real villain of them all and, had he taken care of himself, there is no telling where he would have landed. He died out here on the Coast about the same time that Young Corbett passed on. They were bitter rivals, too.

"Once when I was a kid, I fought Kid Abel, another West Side Jew boy, and he hit me with a right hand in the first round—the very first punch he swung at me—and it cracked my jaw bone on both sides. He was a terrific hitter, too, but strangely, the punch didn't knock me down—just numbed me all over.

"My seconds were for stopping right there, but I wouldn't let them give up and we went through the rounds and I was given a draw. I've had many a severe knock since then but that was the worst injury I ever received. That was because I was so young at the time, I think, being only a little over sixteen.

* * *

"THE outstanding punch of my entire career, a blow that will live in my memory if I get to be a hundred, was one that Aurelio Herrera landed on top of my head in the eighth round of our fight in Los Angeles. That was on February 9, 1906, and we were fighting for 'Uncle Tom' McCarey for a nice purse.. And the Mexican was at his very best just at that time.

"Going into the ring, Jack Curley, who happened to be there with Tommy Ryan—I think Tommy was with a road show, along with Jim Jeffries and Frank Gotch, that was just breaking up—advised Nate Lewis to let Ryan handle my corner. I didn't care much, although I respected Ryan as one of the greatest brains in the business.

"But when he murmured something about getting five hundred dollars for his services I yelled. I told Nate it was too much and as he didn't want to irritate me just before the fight, the negotiations were carried on out of my hearing. Finally two hundred and fifty dollars was agreed upon for his help.

"That was lucky for me. We were boxing twenty rounds and I was sailing along fine in the eighth round when he let a right overhand go for my chin. I ducked and it took me full right on top of the head. Boy, oh boy! I was practically knocked out right there on my feet!

"Everything went black and I had a vision of wandering in a vast wilderness, in great danger, and no help in sight. That I can remember well. Then suddenly out of that wilderness there came a voice I recognized. I could just hear it faintly through a horrible jumble of roaring and seething in my ears. It was Ryan's voice from the corner, but it sounded a hundred miles away.

"He was yelling, 'Hang on, hang on!' and I just had brain cells enough functioning to grasp the meaning of those fateful words. But what was I to hold on to? I reached out blindly and found that wiggling, squirming, cussing Mexican right in my arms.

"Did I hold on? Say, there never was a tighter grip than the one I put on Herrera. Charley Eyton, the referee, and now a big man in pictures, tried to pry us apart, or rather he tried to pry me off the Mex. He might as well have tried to pry off the side of a mountain. Finally the bell rang and I found my corner only with Ryan's assistance.

* * *

"NEVER did man work over another like Ryan did right then. But I was out almost completely and didn't regain any portion of my senses until I flopped into my corner at the end of the twelfth round. Then I asked him how we stood, and he laughed.

"'Don't know where you are, eh, kid?' he yelled in my ear. 'Well, keep that left hand up to your chin and hold your chin low. He can't hurt you any more.'

"'Any more?' I thought to myself, 'what in hell has he done to me already?' and I raised my gloved hand to the top of my head, which felt as if it had been split open with a cleaver. Yes, he had hit me, all right, with something, for there was a lump there actually as big as my fist. And did it hurt!

"Well, we went the full twenty rounds and Eyton called it a draw, both of us being pretty well messed up and tired out. Ryan was well worth that two-fifty Nate and I paid him. But for him I think I never would have lasted.

"That's why I'll always say, and many other fighters, including Benny Yanger, Charley Neary, Eddie Hanlon and many others still alive, will bear me out in it, Herrera was absolutely the most murderous hitter of his weight that ever lived!"

3 BOOKS WORTH HAVING

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The Fighting Micks

(Continued from page 26)

intention of picking a fight. There was a sign nailed on the wall just before them requesting passengers to keep their feet off the seats. The tough boys immediately hoisted up their feet and displayed them prominently.

Mike had been talking with the superintendent when he saw this. He walked forward, drew out his handkerchief and wiped off the glass covered sign with elaborate care. That done, he turned and walked over to the bad boys and simply glared at them. With one accord, all of them dropped their feet to the floor—and Mike, without a word, calmly resumed his seat with his friend.

* * *

CANTWELL was noted all along the line for his comedy. One morning at Elgin, Mike was handling a heavily-loaded rush-hour train for Chicago. A burly foreigner who was head of a trained-bear act had just deposited his animal in the baggage car and was hustling his way through a crowd of men and women who were trying to get seats.

The boorishness of the man attracted much attention. Suddenly, among those he shoved, was Federal Judge Clinton F. Irwin, then 68 years old but a stalwart of well-kept manliness. Cantwell was just about to expostulate when the judge pulled back and swung a heavy fist on the animal trainer's chin, knocking him flat.

Mike yelled "All aboard?" everybody scampered into the cars and then, as the train pulled slowly out of the station, Mike leaned off the steps of his last car and counted "Ten" in a loud yell over the prostrate form of the man!

The fellow went into Chicago on the next train and claimed his bear at the main station without a single word of protest.

* * *

IT was along about that time, early in Mike's fistic career, that he was employed by the widely-known and dearly beloved Bill O'Connell to become a member of Bill's staff in a gymnasium on South State Street near Harrison in Chicago. O'Connell was a good teacher of the manly art but needed frequent help.

Mike, with his merry palaver, ready wit and seemingly inexhaustible physical force, seemed the ideal man to help out about the big barnlike place. So he was taken on. But among his other qualifications Mike had a store of enthusiasm for boxing that didn't fit so well.

So it was that after Mike had accidentally knocked out four business men who had signed up for boxing lessons, the usually placid tempered O'Connell arose in wrath and fired Cantwell bodily and told him to stay away from the gymnasium. Mike was mortally offended and obeyed the mandate.

But a week or so after that a big farmerish looking chap of tremendous size appeared in the gymnasium and announced himself as one of the white hopes who might some day encompass the defeat of one Jack Johnson, then top o' the heap. The stranger said he craved sparmates. One look at the behemoth and prospective sparmates faded away.

O'Connell, still angry at Mike, figured this was a good chance to get even with him. So he sent for Mike to return and upon his first appearance told him to box with the big fellow, hoping Mike would get a good licking. They went at it and the bout proved to be a desperate affair but in the end Mike prevailed and after three rounds, the stranger pulled off the gloves and said he had had enough "for one day."

The big fellow, it turned out, was Jess Willard! But then green as grass.

Jack Johnson was filling a week's engagement at the Star and Garter theater on the west side of Chicago along about that time and Mike Cantwell was one of his sparring partners.

Towards the end of the week, I ran into Mike on the street and asked him how he was getting on with Johnson. His reply was characteristic of Mike.

"I'm getting better all the time," he said, and then drawing me to one side with a great show of secrecy, he said: "Last night I nearly hit him!"

Who Is Magana?

(Continued from page 19)

chap who seemed too eager to be in their good graces. They liked him for a little while only or until they had cajoled him into putting on the gloves with them. You know, perhaps, that all champion and near such like to pick up young chaps in the gymnasiums and spar with them, always to the general glamour and show-offishness of the champion who always has a throng gathered to applaud his training efforts. I won't say all of them are like that, but I have yet to see one that didn't like to make a sucker of some poor kid for their own general aggrandizement. I've known lots and lots of them but the one who wasn't that way may have escaped me. As I say I never knew that one.

Anyway, several of the smaller stars who were working in and around Southern California, saw a chance for some neat exercise and the exploitation of their own ring splendor. Almost every one of them picked on Emilio for some of the workout stunts—BUT ONLY ONCE. There was but one of them who didn't shut Magana off with just a brief session. That single exception was Midget Wolgast, a real champion. He liked to work with Emilio because of his tremendous speed and general worth.

All of the others, including Speedy Dado, Pablo Dano, Lou Salica, Frankie Covelli and Young Tommy, distinguished greats among the little men of the ring's aristocracy, cared for little commerce with the Magana boy. They do not like to share the gym limelight with anybody else and when they boxed with Emilio they had to do so because he was that good. Just one session with the gloves and every one of them fired Emilio and told him he just wasn't the man they wanted for the part. In other words he was too darn good and was able, at least in spots, to show them up. No champ on earth is going to stand for that by a sparring partner. At least I've never seen one that would.

* * *

NOW the general idea of the thing is that if Magana comes through as Jerry Pelton—and incidentally, many other managers expect him to, and some of them are praying that he won't, the jealous cats!—the Southern California promoters, or at least one of them, will have a card of which he may be proud and out of which he may chuck his arena jam full at every start. Mex fighters of merit are worth their weight in radium in Southern California—not gold, mind you, or even diamonds but radium, which is perhaps the most precious of all substances in this great world of ours.

All of the champions and near champs that I have mentioned as having boxed with Emilio, are outspoken in saying he cannot be kept out of the title, all things being favorable to him. But on the other hand, there is the old axiom of the ring that one can't put a green kid into fifth grade and expect him to advance without the advantage of even a kindergarten course. Old timers say it just can't be done and even the veteran Jerry Pelton, who once had close to a million and still has over that much in the way of experience admits as much. But they figure, all of them, that Magana is such an astonishing exception to the general rule that he cannot be covered by any precedent.

One trainer of long experience told me that this boy is a far better prospect today than Tony Canzoneri was at a similar age and stage of career back in 1924, and this trainer thinks that Tony is just about the greatest fighting man he ever saw.

* * *

WE'VE had some great Mexican fighters but not one of them ever became an outright world champion. Closest to come to it perhaps was Joe Rivers, who was the real hero of that double knockout one day in California when he fought Ad Wolgast. Then there was the astonished but unfortunate Aurelio Herrera of Bakersfield, undoubtedly the hardest hitting of any of the lightweights. Classified right along with them one might mention Bert Colima, greatest money earner that California ever had over a long period of years. And Georgie Rivers, a great bantam, and Judy Zuniga must not be overlooked.

Jerry Pelton used to run fight clubs in New York many years ago and managed some of the best. He always thought the best boy he ever had was Andy Divodi. But he had a lot of others perhaps better.

Anyway, Jerry has seen them all and thinks his new Mexican, already a real sensation in Southern California and filling the Mexican heart full of joyous pride, to be a sort of combination of Griffo, Jem Driscoll, Packey McFarland, Gene Tunney and Midget Wolgast.

"Gee, Jerry, that's taking in a lot of territory!" I remarked.

"You can't take in too much," he retorted at once. "Barring accidents he'll be a champion within the year and one of the greatest champions we ever had."

Personally, I haven't seen a smarter boxer or better prospect in the last ten years. Emilio seems to be sure fire.

Harlem Tommy Murphy

(Continued from page 24)

Corbett's cheerful gasconades bore fruit quickly, for Johnny Oliver accepted his challenge, knowing that Murphy's prospective opponent was what was technically known as a "good box office draw!" Undoubtedly, he was one of the most popular mitt-handlers that ever took up headquarters in New York. He was an indiscreet, but never offensive person, who did no harm to anyone but himself.

When he had money, he was a liberal spender, which endeared him to the professional hangers-on around the Great White Way, and the proprietors of the thirst emporiums. In this habit of life, he became acquainted with the celebrities of that section, as well as other celebrities who were wont to invade it for a night. The result was that on the evening of the battle, scheduled for Philadelphia, a motley and numerous array of actors, artists, writers, brokers and bankers hied them to the Quaker City.

Besides the regular hourly trains on the two roads, there were two special trains and at least five special cars were attached to other trains. In all, fully two thousand New Yorkers went down to see the fight. A large part of the adult population wanted to get inside the pavilion before the main event began, and a small-sized riot took place around the home of the National Athletic Club. Hundreds of police struggled with the mob for hours, and scores of the visiting Gothamites never got within fifty feet of the doors.

* * *

THE promoters of the affair, knowing Young Corbett's condition and dislike of training, had wisely stipulated that the fight should be at catchweights. Corbett had really done his best toward getting into shape, but you can't build up a waistline for a couple of years and expect to tear it down in a few weeks. He was a delicate pink and had the fat man's placid demeanour, whereas Murphy was lean, hard, white and nervous.

But it was not the nervousness of fear, but that of an athlete who was right on edge. He was after Corbett like a wildcat at the first clang of the gong and hammering away with both hands. Corbett fought back savagely, but was the first to take a back step, and had the worst of the exchanges. In the second round, Murphy dropped him with a clean right uppercut, Corbett taking the benefit of an eight-count before arising.

It was, take it on the whole, a pretty one-sided fight, with Murphy cutting out the pace and handing the ex-champ a thorough beating. Tommy won as he pleased, but let up in his attack in the four last rounds, on the advice of his seconds, who knew he had the battle well in hand, and didn't want him to run any unnecessary chances with a party possessed of the dynamite right hand that had twice sent McGovern to dreamland.

Murphy's first two years as a full-fledged lightweight netted him victories over such men as Kid Sullivan, Kid Baldwin and Matty Baldwin. Young Erne and Leach Cross, Ad Wolgast and Dick Hyland held him to draws, and Owen Moran outpointed him.

IN 1910 he struck a great winning stride, starting off with a twenty-round decision over that superlatively clever Englishman and stiff puncher, Owen Moran, his old rival. Twice during the spring he gave Attell a drubbing, and beat Battling Hurley, Joe Bedell, Willy Beecher, Leach Cross and Pal Moore, thereby garnering the best of the pugilistic crop in his new division.

The year following, he was not so fortunate, when McFarland outboxed him, and for the second time since he started in the game he took a full count. That was when Knockout Brown lived up to his scrapping nom-de-plume by dropping Tommy in one round. Reverses never daunted Murphy, however, and although he was never given a chance to reverse the Brown victory, he kept on milling vigorously, all but kayoed Attell, and drew with Abe and One Round Hogan in later battles.

It was on January 1, 1913, that Murphy scored a tremendous hit on the Coast by knocking out the much-favored California Frankie Burns in seventeen rounds. On Washington's Birthday, he was given the long-desired second chance with Ad Wolgast and the pair fought a torrid twenty rounds, but with Murphy staging a grandstand finish that had the spectators leaping in their seats. It was declared a draw, but the insistent public demand for another match brought them together again, and this time Tommy won a decisive verdict, after a gruelling mill in which both principals took an amazing amount of punishment without flinching.

* * *

THE victory over Wolgast, the ex-champion of the 133-pound class, brought Murphy next in line for a shot at the lightweight crown then held by Willy Ritchie. Nearing the end of his fighting days, the opportunity he had fought so long to attain was within his grasp. But it had come too late for him to profit by it, as he might have done at an earlier stage of his career.

They fought twenty fast and furious rounds, each being on the verge of a knock-out several times, but at the close Ritchie was still lightweight champion, albeit a badly bruised and bloody one.

"Wolgast gave me my two hardest fights," says Harlem Tommy. "I fought him three times, once in a no-decision six-rounder, and twice in California. The two latter are the ones I have in mind. They went twenty rounds each; we drew the first time and I won the second. I had taken plenty of hard knocks in my time, but the most punishment I ever received was concentrated in those two battles.

"Wolgast was the greatest of all the body-punchers. He was still going strong when I met him at Coffroth's Arena in Daly City. He had only lost the lightweight title to Ritchie the previous year. I was going back some, though, of course, I didn't think so. One never does. If I had met him a year before, instead of his losing the crown to Ritchie, I would have grabbed it sure. But that's the way luck goes.

"After the first fight with Wolgast, they wanted us to go to it again within two weeks, but we were too done up to think of such a thing. We needed a rest, believe me! But after a month's recuperation, we went at it once more and this time I won by a last-round rally that must have sapped my strength more than I supposed.

"I had to rest for the balance of the summer. I think I might have beaten Ritchie if I hadn't used up so much vitality in those two grinding scraps with Ad Wolgast. A title-contender certainly had a long, hard road to travel when I was fighting with my eye fixed on a championship goal. Putting aside any comparison of efficiency between old-timers and today's boxers, there's one thing must be admitted—the pugilistic path to fame and dollars is a lot smoother than it was in my time of active service.

"But the boxing game of today is okay for the young fellows who take advantage of its improved conditions. I made boxing my business and attended to that business just like any other man who runs a store. No man can make good in any trade or profession unless he lives right.

"I'm not preaching, nor have I any quarrel with people who don't agree with my way of thinking. But I made good health and decent behavior my stock-in-trade, kept clear of liquor and the white lights, and found that it paid.

"Of course, I was lucky in getting off to a decent start. My mother always taught my brothers, sisters and myself to behave ourselves. After she died, we had a mighty good aunt and a fine parish priest who looked after us on mother's request—and they did it, too!

"For the same reason I learned to save my money as well as I could, and when I got married I was able to take care of my wife and family and live happily. What more can anyone want in this world?

"A very healthy boy or man ought to like fighting to a certain extent. I don't mean they should go around looking for trouble. But it's fine to know you can take care of yourself if need be. That's the sort of gospel Mr. Nat Fleischer expounds in the columns of THE RING, and I'm for it in every way.

"As for the youngsters who nurse championship ambitions, I say that it doesn't take long for a kid to discover whether he's got the stuff necessary for a professional career. If he has, the rest is up to him. He's got to go straight, train faithfully, and not let himself be disheartened easily. Even if he never reaches a championship goal, he won't have anything to complain of, if he gives the best he has and knows enough to quit when he feels himself slipping.

"I guess few fighters ever came closer to being champs than I did, without actually being crowned, but it's all in the game, and I haven't any kick coming."

If you get a look at the former Pride of Harlem today, you'll endorse that last statement. Tommy Murphy is the picture of health, still athletic in figure, bright of eye, and can step four rounds in the gym with elastic speed and suppleness. He sells insurance for a living. He is well liked, is a man of excellent personality and a devout church follower. His daughter graduated from a Catholic seminary recently, and Tommy is prouder of that fact than of all his ring triumphs. He is an honored member of the Catholic church.

A great fighter—a good citizen and sincere friend—the game never produced a finer sample of manhood than Harlem Tommy Murphy!

The Saga of Sammy Stein

(Continued from page 40)

just like an old-timer of the picture business.

An hour later the businesslike Ford breezed by. "Come on over to the office," he said as they hurried along. "The tests turned out fine and you should do well. You'll have to sign a contract, though. All right?" And he looked a little anxiously at Sammy's bewildered face.

"Sure, it's all right, but I thought—" The remark was chopped off as a man at a desk thrust a document in front of him and handed him an already inked pen.

"Five hundred a week was the agreement," reminded Ford. And there it was, laughing right out of the paper at the astonished Stein.

It wasn't a rib at all, but just one of those lucky breaks that this tremendously popular professional athlete has been getting the greater part of his life—breaks of a most unusual nature and every one of which brought him into prominence in a different line of athletic endeavor.

Stein worked out the six weeks in the Ford R.K.O. picture, which was "The Lost Patrol," with Victor McLaglan, Boris Karloff, Reginald Denny and others in starring rôles, having an excellent though inconspicuous part that brought him many a nice notice from the critics.

There were other pictures from time to time in which Sammy might have had parts but he was a wrestler and eager to work only at that. However, he got an infection of the eyes just about that time and had to lay off, which was one of the infrequent *bad* breaks the young man stumbled upon. So it was they found he was quite a capable picture actor by the mere coincidence of John Ford being on an alien lot one morning while Sammy chanced to be standing there watching Will Rogers at work. Otherwise, Sammy never would have thought of a movie career.

"It was the thrill of my life when I saw my name in big electric lights when this picture was first shown in New York," Sammy said. "And did my folks have popeyes when they saw their little Sammy return home in pictures!"

* * *

SAMMY became a famous football player in much the same manner—just another chap's bad break that turned out to be a great break for the Jewish boy. Breaks, breaks, all his short life of twenty-nine years!

Sammy had played three games at tackle for the Young Men's Hebrew Club at Closter, N. J., just over the river from New York, and wasn't considered much out of the amateur ordinary or the ordinary amateur, as you may wish to look at it. He had been a month at Pennsylvania, but never had received a moment's coaching and, outside of having a good general idea of the game, knew absolutely nothing of technique or finesse. He had athletic instinct though, a cool, calm brain, some speed afoot, and plenty of good Jewish muscle and strength.

The National League pro teams were just starting about that time and, in 1926, a couple of squads visited the Centennial in Philadelphia for a contest. Sammy, being big and handsome and capable of furnishing a lot of background for any athletic body of men, was invited to come along to lend the occasion a bit of atmosphere.

It was a good, close contest but withal mighty rough on both sides. Suddenly, during a desperate scrimmage, one of the players was carried off the field with a broken leg.

"Hey, you, Stein, or whatever your name is, come out here and get in the game!" yelled the captain from the field, waving wildly at the bench upon which our hero was perched in comfort and enjoying the battle.

Sammy dashed out on the field and was about to make an explanation. "I can't go in there; I don't know a thing about this game," he started to say, when a chap alongside of him cut in with a curt: "Aw, shut up and follow me. Do just what you see me do and you'll be all right." And with that, the whistle blew and the game again was in progress. There were but a few minutes of play left and, as his side-kick had suggested, Sammy ran hither and yon.

Now, it so happened that the call was for a forward pass, not once but twice. As luck and the Stein kismet—"breaks" to you, sir—would have it, Sammy was right there where the ball fell on both occasions. He made perfect catches, and being in full action both times and with clear fields ahead of him, he just *happened* to run in the right direction. We are taking no liberties with the scenario at this time, because those were Sammy's own words in describing the incidents.

That night Sammy and his fellow players returned to New York as real heroes, with the Stein boy in a leading rôle—a wonderful football player, his mates said. Sammy, accepting his new honors modestly, didn't think so, but managers fought for his services and afterwards he became all of that—wonderful afield.

* * *

ANOTHER "scratch" made him a great wrestler. Tim O'Mara wanted him to play football, but Jack Curley insisted he become a wrestler. They quarrelled over the boy and Curley won out in a strange manner. "Toots" Mondt, Curley's partner, was interested in a show in Washington, D. C. He was leaving by plane from New York when he suddenly received word that the man he was taking to meet "Tiger Bill" Nelson was ill. "I'll take Cy Williams instead," said "Toots." "No, you'll take Sammy Stein, he's a better man." There was no time to argue and Curley had his way. Stein went on and wound up by beating Nelson thoroughly.

"He showed me more stuff than Williams ever did," Mondt told Curley when they returned to New York. "Henceforth he's one of my favorites and I'm going to set him in whenever I can!"

It was so good, and Sammy was so well exploited, that he and Jim Londos drew a record house at the Garden.

Sammy, mind you, was a bit green as a wrestler but he got a break and his native athletic instinct and natural ability did the rest. He was a green football player when he was called upon in an emergency. And he had never once given himself a thought as an acting possibility even in the midst of the heat of Hollywood, where everybody thinks he's an actor or wants to be one.

Incidentally, they tried to make Sammy a fighter at one time, but he just knew he lacked the "killer" instinct and would have none of it. Didn't like to get punched either, though a wrestler these days gets and gives plenty of the rough stuff. There's an interesting little sidelight on Sammy's career as a wrestler. He had never seen real wrestlers in action until Jack Curley invited him to a show one night.

Sammy had told his father he thought of taking that sport up as a profession, so the old gent was brought along as he, too, had never seen pro matmen in action. The elder Stein waited for the first three bouts to be over and then told Sammy he was going home.

"That's the most terrible stuff I ever looked at!" he told his son on the way back.

Sammy, too, was impressed adversely with what he had seen. "I guess I don't want any of that game," he told his dad. The elder Stein was thoughtful for a few moments.

"Sammy," he said with great gravity, "if you ever become a wrestler I'll disown you forever and never speak to you again!"

So the dutiful son went in for pro football instead. But later Jack Curley and his smooth words and welcome pay checks prevailed. Today Sammy is one of our leading wrestlers and isn't a bit ashamed of it. What the elder Stein—daddy still—in New York thinks about it is not for publication, but he's proud of his big, handsome son just the same.

And it all makes quite a Stein Song for Sammy, don't you think?

Today in California Sammy has ceased his operations to save himself from total blindness. The curse of all wrestlers—trachoma—has taken its toll in causing partial blindness in one eye and affecting the other. The surgeons hope to pull Sammy through so that he will not be forced to spend the rest of his days in total darkness, but they have warned Sammy that his only chance is to forget forever his wrestling and settle down to a quiet, normal life. He has given up wrestling and is earning a livelihood as a movie performer. He has already appeared in quite a number of pictures.

The Blonde Mauler

(Continued from page 41)

Outside of the ring, he is popular. Though the fans may rip out a lung booing him, they invariably crowd around Karl the minute they espy him out of the squared circle. Too, among his fellow-wrestlers, he is exceptionally popular, and that certainly isn't hard to understand.

He makes his home in Memphis, Tennessee, where he has an eight-thousand-dollar farm. He is happily married and has a little boy and two girls. He likes sporty clothes, battered collegiate hats, drives a good looking Oldsmobile coupe, and has a Boston bull dog named "Snippy" for a pet. When he doesn't have to work, he likes to go to the movies or swimming.

The Ring's Globe Trotter

(Continued from page 13)

It was in the Carson ring that they invented the solar plexus punch. Bob Davis was there, the Bob who now edits the Munsey magazines, the Bob who was to discover O. Henry. Davis saw Corbett hit in the nerve centre over the pit of the stomach, stand k.o.'ed on his feet and then topple for the count. So Bob gave to boxing history the solar plexus punch. And a great punch it was!

So you think Joe Louis would have k.o.'ed Corbett without any solar plexus wallop, in about six heats? Usher, throw this lad out on his—ah, ear,—and don't bother refunding his admission fee. This is getting to be a habit—telling me what Joe Louis would have done.

This flicker was filmed in the Arena, Colma, California, in 1909, and shows the twelfth round of the Johnson-Ketchel fight, with Ketch being counted out after having been careless enough to stop a right uppercut.

Chicago, Ill.:—1928;—Jack Dempsey loses once more to Gene Tunney, the famous author-heavyweight, in ten heats

NOT exactly an antique film, this, but sufficiently in the past to arouse a lot of interest. Taken before the days of the talkies, yet it was talkie of the first quality.

As you know, Tunney had taken the title from Dempsey in Philadelphia. Dempsey had some sort of valid excuse which does not come handy at this time. Whatever it was, it was good enough to pass, so they decided that one good turn deserved another, and they said, "This situation needs another fight."

So out to Chicago "Tex" Rickard took them, packing Soldier Field and making a big night for the lads who were running the town at the time. In the seventh heat Dempsey forgot all about his being a hollow—more or less—shell, and pasted Gene the Author with a terrific paste which put Gene on the floor.

At this stage this silent drama became a talkie. Tunney seemed to get a long count. Nobody knows why, it seems. Nobody knows how, it seems. But Tunney seemed to get a long count, with Dave Barry in the ring as the third man. Barry's friends protested that he did not know how to count long or even at all! But, anyway, Tunney picked himself up very carefully, discovered that his arms and legs were intact, and ran 'round and 'round until Dempsey failed to catch him. When the music came out here, it said, "Tunney wins, and retains the heavyweight champeenship of the world."

What does the kid in the center of the house say? That Joe Louis could have knocked out both Tunney and Dempsey that night? Usher, throw this kid out on his ah—resources. We gotta stop this disrespect for the stars and the kings of other days.

Colma, Cal.:—1909;—Jack Johnson knocks out Stanley Ketchel in twelve rounds

A MEMORABLE film this, folks! We will unreel for you the great twelfth session in the Colma ring on October 16, 1909. Johnson, you will note, has a terrific advantage in the weights. But Ketch has bulldog grit, indomitable spirit.

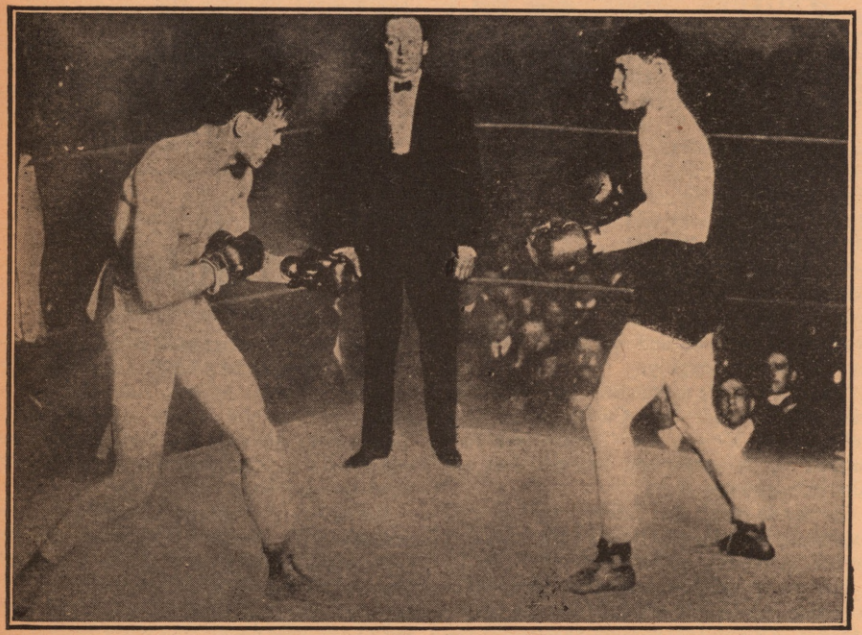
You see him maneuvering around the ring, then, kerplunk. Johnson cuts loose with a righthand uppercut, and Ketchel is laid flatter than one of those flat and soggy pancakes the hired girl makes on a Sunday morning. In fact, Ketchel is laid flatter than the linoleum on your kitchen floor.

All this happened before Johnson had made his title tenure official by knocking out that hollowest of hollow shells, Jim Jeffries, at Reno. Johnson had laid a firm grip on the heavyweight situation by stopping Tommy Burns in Sydney in 1908, in fourteen rounds.

Leading up to the Ketchel encounter, Johnson met a young man from overseas by the name of Victor MacLaglen. They fought in Vancouver and Johnson got the decision in six rounds. Mr. MacLaglen has gone a long way since that fight with Johnson. Vic is a man of wealth, a star in the movies,—credited with having done the best film of 1935, in "The Informer."

Johnson is around New York, doing this and that, and not so hot financially. Ketchel is gone. It was on October 15, 1910, on a farm at Conway, Mo., that Ketch was shot and killed by a farm hand named Dipley.

So passed one of the greatest fighters in the history of the ring—Stanislaus Kiecal, middleweight cham- (Cont. on next page)



There were three fights between Terry McGovern and Young Corbett. In two of these, McGovern was knocked out. This film shows the two rivals about to mix it up in their battle in San Francisco, March 31, 1903, which Corbett won in the 11th.

Nat Fleischer Says:

(Continued from page 21)

style, was piling up points when he was butted several times in the third round by his American opponent.

Unlike our system of refereeing, which brings a caution from the official but seldom any action, the French referees, like their English brethren, mean business. A warning from them must be taken seriously. When Brouillard repeated his foul tactics in the fourth round and floored the champion with a low punch, the warnings ceased then and there and the fight was over.

No matter what the New York Boxing Commission might think about Marcel Thil, the fact remains that he is a first-rate fighter. When forty thousand fans are willing to gather in an arena to see him defend the title which he is correctly credited with possessing, it seems foolhardy on the part of the New York boxing solons to continue to ignore the championship claim of this man. The same can be said of the Commission's stand against Freddy Miller, who like Thil, has been ignored in this country yet is highly rated by the scribes abroad who know their boxing just as well as we do here.

Half a Century with Wrestlers

(Continued from page 33)

tion of activities, jumped at me like a wild tiger and tried hard to down me, but I slipped out of tough spots, and at the end of fifteen minutes the third of our thrillers was an even affair. It was the last I ever had with Parker.

Parker was furious when he found his boast could not be made good. I staggered to my dressing-room and could scarcely move for more than an hour, but otherwise I suffered no ill effects.

The bout was one of the greatest tussles of my career.

Just Rasslin'

(Continued from page 37)

following in Palestine and next, because he was sure that if the young man could grapple at all, he would create a big interest over here. Cables were exchanged and the matter quickly settled.

* * *

KATZ has been in America now a little less than a month. His start was received with much acclaim and he won over the fans the moment he stepped on the mat. He is only twenty-three but he has style, personality and more than his share of mat knowledge. How he managed to acquire the experience and his repertoire of holds, is something unexplained but he knows the game well, and he shapes up as a mighty good prospect. It is rather early to speak of the championship, because he has not had enough matches so far, but what has been seen of him, has the experts guessing and his admirers freely speaking of his reaching the title.

From the day he stepped on a ship to come to America, it appears as if Lady Luck had taken a hand in the affairs of Katz. Only last week he received a cable from Palestine offering him the position, at a substantial yearly stipend, to head the wrestling department of the newly created Division of Athletics. Regretfully, Benny Katz refused the tempting offer preferring to wrestle over here and make a bid for top honors.

Katz's offer came at the identical time that Benny Leonard received a similar offer to head the division of boxing. Benny Leonard who has just been married is considering a three-year contract and if he accepts, he may sail for Palestine shortly.

Benny Katz has been assured plenty of work this winter and if he makes the grade, he has the opportunity of creating for himself one of the biggest followings enjoyed by any wrestler in many years.

Wrestlers' Viewpoint

(Continued from page 39)

until my manager, Jack McGrath, a veteran wrestler, and other old-timers, had the patience to go with me day after day into the gym and school me. I never dreamed back in Ireland that one day I'd be as well known or have as much money as I possess now. Wrestling sure is a good, clean sport."

* * *

"Many times," said Gus Sonnenberg, "I have been in the hospital, once or twice at the point of death, but it was the stamina and will-power that wrestling endowed me with that enabled me to successfully fight my way back to health. I am in better shape now than I have been in years. I saw the error of my ways—as I was one of the few wrestlers to ever let success go to his head—and I trod the primrose path. But never again."

* * *

DICK SHIKAT, former world's champion, had this to say: "I have wrestled many years, and as I am pretty well fixed, I thought that I'd return last summer to Germany and retire from wrestling. However, I found the easy life was not for me. I started putting on weight and didn't feel so good. I quickly determined what was the cause—it was missing the strenuous exercise furnished by wrestling and it wasn't long before I was boarding a boat and returning to the United States to wrestle again. I'll never try to retire again until the promoters tell me I'm through."

"I had a close call from death last year," declared Joe "Toots" Mondt, famous wrestler, now retired. "If it hadn't been for the splendid physique that I gained through grappling, I would never have been able to stand up under a major operation. The doctors marvelled at my recovery, but I attribute all to the ability I acquired to stand severe strains through arduous mat campaigns."

The Ring's Globe Trotter

(Continued from page 46)

pion who wasn't afraid to give away twenty pounds, and battle like a wild cat.

Does any young man in the house offer any comment on Ketchel? Ah, silence, at last!

San Francisco, Cal.:—1903;—Young Corbett knocks out Terry McGovern in eleven rounds

THERE were three fights between Terrible Terry McGovern, Sam Harris's pride and Joe Humphreys' joy, and Young Corbett, who was a Rothwell. They battled on November 28, 1901, in Hartford, and Corbett sprang one of the sensations of boxing history by flattening Terrible Terry in two heats.

They struggled again in San Francisco on March 31, 1903, and again Corbett scored a knockout, this time in eleven rounds. They met again on October 17, 1905, in Philadelphia, in one of those six round no decision things which were the fashion of the day on the banks of the Schuylkill.

Your Globe Trotter figures that the antique film herewith shown has to do with the second fight, in San Francisco. Note that the two battlers are ready to fly at each other. And let me tell you that when Terry and Young Corbett met, no love was lost between them, it was no waltz.

And, so, friends, we wind up this exposition of the ancient films in our picture collection, with the hope that you will stand for another dose of this stuff real soon.

TRENTON FISTIC FLASHES
By JOSEPH (SOX) PINTO

MOOCH MURPHY, Trenton's featherweight contender, who has been on the sidelines the past month due to the illness of his wife, will soon be back in action.

Young Terry, Trenton middle, went to the bat once this past month. He drew with Eddie Whalen in a ten-round bout at Newark.

There is a rumor that Geo Levy, Trenton lightweight, will hang up his gloves. In his last bout, Charles Cochran of Newark beat Levy handily in Newark.

Earl (Sparky) Lippincott, former heavy, is now running a health farm in Burlington County.

The wrestling matches held by the South Trenton Democratic Club among its members went over with a bang. In the main event, Joe Komlosy beat Philip Coltre in two straight falls; Johnny Rittley and Tony Cucunotta wrestled to a fifteen-minute draw; Mike Horazska pinned Pete Spiszak in twelve minutes.

ROCHESTER, N. Y., BOXING NOTES
By SAM PORCELLI

ROCHESTER has two amateur clubs running every week. Frank Powderly is matchmaker for the Olympic Sporting Club and running every Thursday night at the K. of C. hall. The Elks Club runs every Monday night with Jack Madison making the matches.

Joe Netro is matchmaker at Syracuse and is drawing some nice houses and giving the fans some real good shows.

Looking around Mike Rago has closed his gym—The Olympic has opened a new gym and Jimmy Downs is in charge—Don Willets is looking for a hall to run fights in Utica—Bushy Graham wants to make $10,000 and retire from boxing—Stanley Calhan has a good middleweight in Tiger Flowers—Jim Flood is training for a come back—Babe Risko, the middleweight champ, is going to join the Syracuse Police Dept.—Frank Powderly referees all his bouts at the K. of C. hall—Joe Goldberg has a string of amateur fighters—Tony Vincent and Chubby Brown both have pool rooms and Bowling Alleys.

The writer will answer all mail providing you send stamped envelope for reply.

THE RING is on sale at Main and Clinton Streets on the 5th of each month.

IN OUR QUESTION BOX

By NAT FLEISCHER

Andy, Tanatim, Me.

Q.—Was Al McCoy born in Winslow, Maine or up in Canada as has been mentioned in the Canadian papers?

A.—Born in Winslow, Maine.

Q.—How many fights has Al McCoy had since he started fighting as a flyweight?

A.—You'll get all that in the latest issue of The Post Record Book for sale at the Ring Book Shop.

Kue-ball Kyle, Westville, Okla.

Q.—If Marvin Hart was never recognized as heavyweight champion of the world after defeating Jack Root, then why was Tommy Burns recognized after he beat Root?

A.—He wasn't. He had to eliminate others before the critics gave him that recognition. Thus, after defeating Marvin Hart in a 20-round decision bout in 1926, he took the measure of Philadelphia Jack O'Brien in 20 rounds in Los Angeles, knocked out Bill Squires in one round in Colma, California, knocked out Gunner Moir in 10 rounds, fought a 20-round draw with Phila. Jack O'Brien, knocked out Jack Palmer in 4 rounds, Jewey Smith in 5, Jem Roach in one, Bill Squires in 8, Bill Squire 13, and Bill Lange in 6. Thereby disposing of every claimant before he met Jack Johnson and defeated him.

Calvin Holloway, Corsicana, Texas

Q.—Do you think Jack Sharkey will make a good comeback or any other titleholder that has gone down.

A.—Sharkey has again announced his retirement. It is unlikely that an ex-heavyweight champion can ever comeback and no one has succeeded in breaking that tradition.

Ted Berkelman, Queens Village, N. Y.

Q.—What fighters besides Harry Wills, Jack Johnson and Fred Fulton beat Sam Langford?

A.—Danny Duane, Dave Holly, Larry Temple, Joe Jackson, Joe Jeannette, Young Peter Jackson, Sam McVey, Gunboat Smith, Jeff Clark, Bill Tate.

Q.—Was Gene Tunney ever beaten in a no-decision fight. That is, did the newspapermen at any time vote against him in such a bout?

A.—When Tunney fought Tommy Loughran a no decision bout in Philadelphia several papers thought Loughran won while others favored Tunney.

George Lawton, Jr., Newport, R. I.

Q.—When was Max Baer born?

A.—February 11, 1909.

Q.—When was Paulino born and from what country does he come?

A.—Born May 3, 1899. Comes from the Basque region of Spain.

Edward Wilson, Frost, Texas

Q.—I have just finished your fine Universal Boxing Course and here's what I'd like to know—I'm a farmer and I do a lot of wood chopping, grubbing and plenty of walking. Should I continue your special exercises under such conditions?

A.—There is no need for those, as you are getting plenty of splendid exercises in your work. I would suggest, however, that you continue your road work, but you won't have to do much of that. I'd limit it to two miles, one each way, three times a week.

Q.—I'm having trouble in learning how to side step. Can you help me?

A.—The best way is to practice as you would when learning the side step in dancing. Stand in normal position. Then step back with your right foot and draw your left toe back, placing it directly behind the right heel. This is a very simple movement often used in dancing. Face to the right and take a long quick step to the right. Now follow this up with a left, and turn, thus facing your opponent in a boxing pose. Do this all in one movement instead of three, as otherwise you are likely to entangle yourself as you say in your message to me. You must be shifty to side step properly. The whole trick is based on a movement in which you simply step to the left or to the right of the punch as it is being tossed to you.

Herman Compton

Q.—Was Bud Taylor one of the best fighters of his division?

A.—Yes, he was a good hitter and a clever boy.

Q.—How old was John L. Sullivan when he fought his last fight?

A.—38 years old.

Q.—How old was Paddy Ryan when he fought his last fight? Is he still alive?

A.—33 years old. No he has been dead many years.

Q.—What is your opinion of Tiger Jack Fox?

A.—Fox is a veteran but is very cagey and a terrific hitter.

Bobby Neiswonger, Greenville, Ohio

Q.—I would like to know if you have any books on that great fighter, Stanley Ketchell? What were the highest priced seats in the Baer-Louis fight?

A.—No books were ever published on the life of Ketchell. The highest price seats for the Baer-Louis fight were $27.50 ringside.

Joseph Colran, Yonkers, N. Y.

Q.—Whatever became of Archie Walker, former amateur boxer who later turned professional?

A.—Archie has retired from the ring and is employed in a Wall Street clearing exchange.

I. Servan, Elizabeth, N. J.

Q.—What gymnasiums in New York are used specially for pro boxers?

A.—Stillman's on West 57th St. Pioneer Gym on West 44th St. and Grupp's on West 116th St.

Harry Mervine, Brooklyn, N. Y.

Q.—Could you suggest a good boxing teacher for me where I can learn the rudiments of the game.

A.—Philadelphia Jack O'Brien is one of the most capable teachers and can be reached at 1658 Broadway, New York City. Also Elbows McFadden, McFadden's gym, 59th Street and Lexington Ave., N. Y. C.

Juan Arixa, Mexico City, Mexico

Q.—Do you think Casanova will get a chance at Freddy Miller's title since he beat him overweight?

A.—Casanova has an excellent record and if he is a big enough drawing card in Mexico City, I imagine that Pete Reilly would be eager to give Casanova a chance to win the title.

John Coales, Barberton, Ohio

Q.—Can you give me some information about Charley Coates, who is now fighting on the Pacific Coast?

A.—Coates is a product of Akron, Ohio, where he had a few fights and then went to Los Angeles where he joined the Suey Welsh stable and has been doing excellent work.

Andy Cumisky, Syracuse, N. Y.

Q.—Was Jimmy Clabby the recognized middleweight champion of the world?

A.—No. He was a claimant at a time when Frank Klaus, Eddie McGoorty, Jack Dillon and George Chip also claimed it.

Tony Provonzano, Brooklyn, N. Y.

Q.—What is the height and also the age of Al Ettore.

A.—He is 5 feet 10 and is 23 years.

Q.—Where did Tony Canzoneri and Barney Ross fight—at Madison Square Garden or the Polo Grounds?

A.—Chicago and Polo Grounds.

Q.—In your opinion, who is the best Italian heavyweight since 1920.

A.—Primo Carnera.

Thomas J. Knox, Quyon, Quebec

Q.—What is a good age to start pro boxing?

A.—18 is good.

Q.—How many times did Dempsey and Sharkey fight?

A.—Once.

Q.—Who is the cleverest Canadian boxer today?

A.—Sorry, I can't say. Write to Lawson Bampton, our Montreal correspondent.

Chas. Williams, Brooklyn, N. Y.

Q.—I am fifteen years old and like to box. Some time ago I could take it in the stomach, but now I find that I no longer can stand a stomach blow. Is it due, do you think, to my excessive smoking of cigarettes?

A.—Undoubtedly the cigarette smoking is affecting your system. May I ask, why, at your age, you smoke at all?

Andy Kerwin, Los Angeles, Cal.

Q.—From whom did Freddie Miller win the featherweight title in this country?

A.—From Tommy Paul, then recognized as the N.B.A. champion.

Q.—How did he get the world title?

A.—In a series of contests abroad. He beat Ned Tarleton, the British and European champion and then took the measure of every champion in Europe except Maurice Holtzer of France who won an overweight bout.

Margaret Findlay, Baltimore, Md.

Q.—Are mixed bouts permitted in New York? Are bouts between Negroes and whites permitted in Florida?

A.—No, if you mean bouts in which a wrestler is permitted to clash with a boxer. If you mean bouts between men and women either in boxing or wrestling, then the answer is also no. No bouts between whites and Negroes are permitted in Florida.

Maurice Houghton, Trenton, N. J.

Q.—Are championship fights of more than ten rounds allowed in New Jersey?

A.—Yes, fifteen.

Charles Harriett, New Haven, Conn.

Q.—How old was Jeffries when he fought Johnson? How old is Johnson now and what is he doing?

A.—35 years. He was born in 1875. Johnson was 32. He was born March 11, 1878. He is now engaged in training several heavyweights whom he intends to manage and has just been hired to take charge of Jimmy Braddock's training for his fight with Joe Louis.

Peter Powers, Norwalk, Conn.

Q.—Is Al Weill promoting fights in Connecticut?

A.—No, not now. He does during the summer. Tom McArdle is running shows in Connecticut.

Edward Dyer, Great Neck, L. I.

Q.—Can a fight manager take fifty percent of his fighter's ring earnings?

A.—Not if the boxing commission knows it. The limit under the boxing law is thirty-three and a third, although there have been a number of cases where fighters and managers split 50-50 secretly.

A. D. Williams, Jacksonville, Fla.

Q.—Of what did Pancho Villa die, when, and how many days after the injury?

A.—He died in San Francisco on July 14, 1925, ten days after he had contracted blood poisoning as a result of punches that had landed on his jaw following an extraction of a tooth. Jimmy McLarnin was his opponent.

Reader, Newport, Tenn.

Q.—Please tell me where the National Golden Glove tournament is held? How can I enter? I am 6 feet 2 inches tall, weigh 140 pounds, age 18½ and am I likely to weigh 180 pounds by the time I am 20 years old?

A.—Write to Arch Ward, Sports Editor, Tribune, Chicago, Ill. for information regarding Golden Glove tournament. You might even get heavier than 180 pounds if you follow a clean life and take good care of yourself.

Frank Cassella, Perth Amboy, N. J.

Q.—In what round did Jim Corbett beat Charley Mitchell and where did they fight? My friend bet me that the fight took place on a barge in the Hudson River and I say it was fought in Florida.

A.—You win, the fight took place at Jacksonville, Florida, January 25, 1894 and Corbett stopped Mitchell in three rounds.

Harry Somers, Fitchburg, Mass.

Q.—Would you rate Jack Sharkey among the first six best heavyweights since Jack Johnson's time?

A.—No, I wouldn't. I think that Willard, Burns, Dempsey, Tunney, Schmeling and Baer, all were better than Sharkey, but there isn't much to say in his favor in a choice of the type you make since only Carnera and Braddock remain unlisted.

James Elliott, Des Moines, Ia.

Q.—When Bob Fitzsimmons entered the light heavyweight and heavyweight class and retired as a middleweight, who got his title?

A.—It was claimed by Kid McCoy and Tommy Ryan. Technically Fitz was still the middleweight king because he could make the weight but he thought there was more of a chance for activity for big money among the heavies and that's why he quit as a middleweight.

Thomas Insolini, Charleston, S. C.

Q.—Will you kindly answer if short legs can be lengthened. If so, how may I obtain the necessary information.

A.—Your question can only be answered by one in the medical profession. I wouldn't care to give you any advice.

Joseph Zizwarck, Baltimore, Md.

Q.—I am fourteen years old and have been reading THE RING for the past two years. I think it is the best magazine I ever read. I also pay strict attention to your Question Box. Do you think that if Max Baer had fought Joe Louis in the same ferocious manner that he beat Carnera that he would have given him a great battle. Who do you consider the best flyweight of all time. How do you rate Joe Savoldi as a wrestler.

A.—Baer would have given the fans a more satisfactory battle but I think the outcome would have been the same with Louis the winner by a kayo. Jimmy Wilde, I consider the greatest flyweight. Savoldi is rated among the first twenty in wrestling circles.

Ray A. Carr, Fargo, N. D.

Q.—Being one of your most earnest supporters, I would like to have you settle an argument for me in your Question Box. George Bothner, in the February issue says, "A wonderful wrestler was the Terrible Turk, the greatest that ever lived. In the December 14 issue of the Saturday Evening Post, Milton Mackaye says Gotch was greatest. Did Mackaye ever wrestle?

A.—I do not know who Milton Mackaye is, but from what I have heard, I presume that he is writing a story for some celebrity who did know the wrestlers as the story is a very good one. In my opinion, I stand by Bothner's judgment because I don't know of any man who has followed wrestling more closely than George.

A Corner in the Fistic Market

By EDDIE BORDEN

Joe Louis in his brief combat with Charley Retzlaff; Jack Sharkey in his complete route at the hands of Tony Shucco; Tommy Loughran losing two contests in Europe; Marcel Thil in the defense of his middleweight crown against Lou Brouillard; Freddy Miller losing a non-titular contest with Johnny Pena; Barney Ross stopping Lou Halper in an overweight match; Tony Canzoneri scoring two knockouts in overweight bouts; the Jack Peterson-Len Harvey bout which Peterson won, and John Henry Lewis being whipped by Emilio Martinez in a bout which did not affect his title.

THE past month was an indication of what may be expected in lines of activity in the various boxing divisions during the year. If we are to take the bouts in all classes in the past four weeks as a criterion, then boxing is surely in for its biggest year since pre-depression times.

Among the top-notchers whose wares were on display were over Babe Childers and Tony Celli. George Brescia whipped Frankie Connolly. Jack Trammell kayoed Dick Madden in one round.

John Henry Lewis, the light-heavyweight champion, kayoed Al Stillman in four rounds, but was beaten by Emilio Martinez. Joe Knight drew with Patsy Perroni and won from Buck Everett. Tony Shucco turned in a nice victory over Jack Sharkey. Al Gainer was given the award over Charley Massare. Leo Kelly disposed of Marcel Lauriot in four sessions. Fred Lenhart won over Millionaire Murphy but was kayoed in one round by Phil Brubaker. Red Bruce kayoed Joe Kirkwood in two and Young Firpo in four rounds. Firpo disposed of Nash Garrison in one round. Billy Treest scored over Hank Bath. Harry Ebbets defeated Fanis Tzanatopoulos. Charley Belanger won over Dutch Weimer, Tiger Henderson, Johnny Nelson, kayoed Tom Williams in four rounds, and drew with George Nichols. Junior Munsell won from Al Stillman and knocked out Ario Soldatti in two rounds.

RATINGS FOR THE MONTH

Here are my ratings for the month ending February 14:

Heavyweights	Light-Heavyweights	Middleweights	Welterweights
World's Champion Jimmy Braddock	World's Champion John Henry Lewis	World's Champion Marcel Thil	World's Champion Barney Ross
1—Joe Louis	Emilio Martinez	Freddy Steele	Jimmy McLarnin
2—Max Schmeling	Jock McAvoy	Lou Brouillard	Jack Carroll
3—Primo Carnera	Tony Shucco	Babe Risko	Bep Van Klaveren
4—Maxey Rosenbloom	Al McCoy	Frank Battaglia	Bobby Pacho
5—Al Ettore	Ambrose Palmer	Fred Henneberry	Kid Azteca
6—King Levinsky	Joe Knight	Erich Seelig	Jack Portney
7—Ray Impellitiere	Al Gainer	Oscar Rankins	Joe Bernal
8—Leroy Haynes	Bob Olin	Ken Overlin	Al Manfredo
9—Artie Sykes	Leo Kelly	Paul Pirrone	Ceferino Garcia
10—Charley Massare	Phil Brubaker	Fred Apostoli	Cleto Locatelli

Lightweights	Featherweights	Bantamweights	Flyweights
World's Champion Tony Canzoneri	World's Champion Freddy Miller	World's Champion Balcasar Sangchili	Title Vacant
1—Lou Ambers	Johnny Pena	Sixto Escobar	Benny Lynch
2—Wesley Ramey	Young Casanova	Louis Salica	Small Montana
3—Pedro Montanez	Maurice Holtzer	Johnny King	Valentin Angelmann
4—Indian Hurtado	Baby Arizmendi	Little Pancho	Jim Warnock
5—Laurie Stevens	Henry Armstrong	Dick Welsh	Tuffy Pierpont
6—Fankie Klick	Mike Belloise	Pablo Dano	Jim Campbell
7—Joe Ghnouly	Midget Wolgast	Joey Archibald	Joe Mendiola
8—Joey Ferrando	Juan Zurita	Frankie Castillo	Rafaleto Valdes
9—Lew Feldman	Petey Hayes	Henry Hooks	Phil Milligan
10—Hubert Dennis	Petey Sarron	Bobby Leyvas	Pat Palmer

The outstanding heavyweight bout was the one-round kayo of Retzlaff by Louis. The others in lesser importance were: Al Ettore disposed of Joe Walcott in eight rounds. Maxey Rosenbloom, who could not make the light-heavyweight limit with any degree of confidence, has decided to abandon that class for the heavies. He scored over Charley Coates and Tuffy Dial. King Levinsky stepped into the winning class by winning over Hank Hankinson and scoring a kayo over Butch Rogers in four rounds. Tommy Loughran ran into two tough decisions when he lost to Tommy Farr and Ben Foord.

Leroy Haynes turned in two-round knockouts over Salvatore Ruggirello and Ford Smith. Smith was also kayoed by Nathan Mann in seven rounds. Charley Massare banged out a victory over Eddie Simms. Eddie Mader won over Billy Ketchel but was kayoed by Artie Sykes in four rounds. Steve Dudas won over Red Burman and Bob Pastor. Burman kayoed Corn Griffin in one round. Pastor drew with Al Delaney, who whipped Joe Lipps. Andre Lenglet whipped Hans Birkie in his American debut.

Art Lasky whipped Tony Cancela, kayoed Bob Cook in two rounds, but was stopped in the first round by Jack Roper. Jack Peterson clinched the British heavyweight title by whipping Len Harvey. Adolf Heuser, another deserter from the light-heavyweight ranks because of weight difficulty, scored over Hans Schonrath. Ben Foord whipped Roy Lazer while Roy won over Jack Pettifer. Max Marek defeated Bob Godwin, while Bob scored over Haliako and then stopped him in nine rounds. Haliako scored over Werther Arcelli, who whipped Frankie Cinque. Chuck Woods won from Willard Brown and Laddie Tonelli. Frankie Blair drew with Mickey Serrian and defeated Howard Clark. Frankie Hughes scored over Al Traino but lost to Andy Jesserun.

Middleweight champion Marcel Thil won on a foul from Lou Brouillard in four rounds. Freddy Steele disposed of Meyer Grace in one and Henry Firpo in two rounds. Babe Risko defeated Tony Fisher. Frank Battaglia kayoed Al Quaill in six rounds. Oscar Rankins returned to the elite circle with victories over Solly Krieger and Jack Gibbons. Ken Overlin stopped Mickey Bottone in four rounds.

Fred Apostoli defeated Frankie Britt. Swede Berglund upset the dope when he whipped Ray Actis. Gorilla Jones disposed of Tait Littman in ten rounds. Carmelo Candel won from Angel Cliville. Tommy Freeman scored over Bruce Brown and stopped Johnny Hull in four rounds. Frankie Caris triumphed over Jimmy Smith. Frank Goosby defeated Eddie Schneider. Young Terry drew with Eddie Kid Whalen. Frank Hough scored over Al Diamond. Gus Lesnovich disposed of Eddie Kid Whalen in five rounds. Harry Balsamo kayoed Frankie Slevin in three rounds.

Barney Ross, welterweight champion, disposed of Lou Halper in the eighth round. Ceferino Garcia whipped Gordon Wallace but was beaten by Al Manfredo, who in turn was bested by Joe Bernal. Bobby Pacho stopped Cleto Locatelli in eight rounds while Cleto disposed of Irish Jimmy Brady in the fifth. Jack Portney defeated Johnny Craven and George Salvatore. Salvatore drew with Wildcat O'Connor, who kayoed Tony Catalano in three, Murray Brandt in five and Joe Pennino in six rounds. Tony Falco defeated Ray Napolitano and Andy Bundy.

Teddy Loder won over Jay Macedon but lost to Al Silva. Billy Celebron kayoed Eduardo Duarry in four rounds. Al Romero disposed of Leon Zorrita in the tenth session. Gustave Eder won from Kid Tunero. Phil Furr whipped Steve

Tony Canzoneri disposed of Toots Bashara in three rounds and Brescia Garcia in nine. Garcia was also beaten by Battling Battalino, who kayoed Pete Nebo in two rounds. Lou Ambers defeated Baby Arizmendi and stopped Tony Herrera in nine rounds. Wesley Ramey won from Eddie Cool, Johnny Lucas and Frankie Williams. Cool scored over Fritzie Zivic. Al Roth was beaten by Pedro Montanez and Indian Hurtado, who also whipped Irving Eldridge. Montanez disposed of Paris Apice in 6 rounds. Leo Rodak stopped Allie Todesco in four rounds and drew with Bushy Graham.

Joey Ferrando won over Fritzie Zivic. Lew Feldman whipped Charley Gomer and Norment Quarles. Quarles kayoed Joe Straiges in four rounds. Gomer disposed of Leroy Zinkham in nine rounds. Tony Morgano scored over Johnny Jadick. Chino Alvarez kayoed Lew Beard in two rounds. Phil Baker whipped Paris Apice and Tony Mondious. Aldo Spoldi trimmed Lou Lombardi.

Jimmy Garrison drew with Pat Kissinger. Jimmy Fantini scored over Ray Miller. Hubert Dennis whipped Lew Massey and Del Fontaine. Fontaine won over Midget Wolgast in seven rounds when Wolgast was disqualified for not trying. Jimmy Walsh scored over Dave Finn. Patsy Severo kayoed Clare Repole in three rounds. Eddie Zivic whipped Gene Salvatore and stopped Mickey Genaro in three rounds. Johnny Durso scored over Jimmy Vaughn. Ervin Berlier won from Willard Brown. Joey Costa whipped Louis Jallos while Red Cochrane defeated George Levy.

Freddy Miller, featherweight leader, whipped Cecil Payne, kayoed Bobby Gray in one round but was beaten by Johnny Pena. Pena also scored over Kid Ray. Maurice Holtzer kayoed Hermal in five rounds and Leperson in thirteen. Nel Tarleton scored over Joe Connolly. Kid Chocolate scored over Andy Martin. Johnny Hutchinson defeated Charley Gomer.

Wally Hally scored over Frankie Castillo and stopped Little Dempsey in eight rounds. Castillo was also beaten by Moon Mullins. Dick Corbett scored over Billy Charlton and Cuthbert Taylor. Frankie Covelli defeated Angus Smith. Young Rightmire kayoed Paul Lee in ten rounds. Ronnie James won over Jackie Wilson. Lew Farber whipped Jimmy Falco and Bernie Friedkin. Ginger Foran kayoed Tommy Steele in eleven rounds. Louis Camps whipped Johnny De Foe. Victor Vallee won over Johnny Mirabello.

Sixto Escobar disposed of Al Gillette in five rounds. Johnny King stopped Fred Todkill in ten rounds. Joey Archibald disposed of Jose Santos in two rounds. Dick Welsh defeated Pablo Dano. Indian Quintana scored over Santos Hugo but lost to Jimmy Martin. Bobby Clements whipped Mickey Miller while Peter Miller defeated Fred Bebbington.

Small Montana was beaten by Bobby Leyvas.

Tuffy Pierpont kayoed Young Tommy in two rounds. Jim Campbell won from Harry Orton. Pat Palmer whipped Willie Smith and drew with Herbie Hill. Ernst Weiss defeated Maurice Huguenin and Praxille Gyde. Bobby Magee kayoed Laddie Hines in three rounds and lost to Tut Whalley. Syd Parker scored over Bert Kirby.

The meteoric climb of Jack Carroll, Australian welterweight, and Laurie Stevens, South African lightweight, have brought them into the spotlight. Carroll proved his class by decisively whipping Bep Van Klaveren, while Stevens re-established himself by whipping Jackie Kid Berg in Johannesburg, South Africa. We have been flooded with correspondence from those sections of the world in defense of their idols, including complaints about our failure to rate Jack Peterson. If only the American fight fans could carry the same enthusiasm and fervor for their charges as do the foreign element! Stevens whipped Wesley Ramey twice while Wesley was on a foreign tour and would have been rated much higher, had it not been for Laurie's long siege of inactivity. Stevens is entitled to titular recognition in the lightweight division. As for Peterson, his future standing will be decided after he meets Walter Neusel again.

The eight best prospects of the month are:
Flyweight—Jock Aitken, England.
Bantamweight—Patsy Erra, New York City.
Featherweight—Johnny Hutchinson, Philadelphia, Pa.
Lightweight—Dom Bernardi, Camden, N. J.
Welterweight—Al Penna, Spokane, Wash.
Middleweight—Jimmy Webb, St. Louis, Mo.
Light-heavyweight—Bud Mignault, Brockton, Mass.
Heavyweight—Oscar Matthews, Tallulah, La.

BROADCAST FROM NEW YORK

By EDDIE BORDEN

COMPETITION is the spice of life. In order to keep ahead of the other fellow you are supposed to be alert, on the lookout, and try to get ahead of your rivals. Naturally there are ethics to all trades. When Madison Square Garden is out-maneuvered in a certain match, there is no other recourse for them but to shrug their shoulders and admit their failure to get what they were seeking. For three years Barney Ross' managers have refused all offers of negotiation from Jimmy Johnston, saying that they refuse to do business with the Garden.

That prerogative is a privilege accorded to any individual. The Garden's last offer for Ross' services was against Tony Canzoneri, in which the Chicago fighter was offered $35,000 and a privilege of 40% of the gate. Instead, they wanted $40,000 and 42½% privilege, which seemed a prohibitive figure, and Johnston stopped all further transactions. Instead, he stole a march on his New York rivals by securing Jimmy McLarnin's consent to a meeting with Canzoneri.

The match is a natural for New York, and one that will draw just as much as the proposed Ross-Canzoneri meeting. It is a real fight and a contest that should appeal to the average fight fan. We hereby extend a vote of thanks to the New York Commission for their assistance in a constructive program for New York State. It is a sellout attraction and should result in a tidy sum for the state in taxes.

When Sammy Goldman closed for the bout with McLarnin, he was criticized by those who were eager to stage the Canzoneri-Ross fight for the Hearst Milk Fund, but when all angles are considered, one cannot blame Tony's mentor for the action he took.

He did his utmost to get Ross into action against Canzoneri but without result, and when he finally saw that match slipping away and the chances for a championship mill with Barney just as far off as ever, he did what any aggressive manager would do—he took on the bout with McLarnin, which should be, as I have already said, as equally attractive financially as would have been a Ross-Tony fight.

A New York writer, in commenting on Goldman's action, said: "A Montanez-Canzoneri match looms as a far more attractive proposition for Goldman, and such a bout would suffer severely if Canzoneri should be stopped or badly beaten by McLarnin, even if Tony still retained his lightweight crown," and that apparently Goldman was too hasty in closing for the fight with McLarnin.

Anyone familiar with Sammy Goldman or his moves will never accuse him of being hasty in any plan that he undertakes. He studies every move carefully before he proceeds with any set idea, and once he decides on a move, it is invariably a correct one. He has been after McLarnin for three years now, and how ridiculous is the idea to accuse him of being unwise at this stage of the game. Any time Goldman gives a promoter his word that the match is okay, the strongest contract ever manufactured could not be more binding. He does not take advice from friends in Canzoneri's management because, in all fairness to Sammy, he is qualified to handle his own affairs. Such statements often are responsible for disrupting a pleasant business relationship between the fighter and manager. Luckily for both Canzoneri and Goldman, Tony happens to be a sticker type and there is a stronger bond existing between Sammy and himself which is far more different than merely between a fighter and manager. Tony has implicit faith in whatever Goldman does, regardless of what it is. That justification has never been abused.

Canzoneri is the keynote to the fistic situation around New York this summer, and, excluding Joe Louis, he will be the pivoting point to prominent action hereabouts. If Canzoneri is able to get by McLarnin in good style, he can then defend his title against Pedro Montanez or Lou Ambers. Providing he can survive that program, he will then be the only opponent that Ross can fight in New York to get any real money in defense of his title. We attribute this to nothing but the sagacious maneuvering of Sammy Goldman, whom we have always contended takes second place to no one in the boxing game when it comes to handling first-class material.

Lou Ambers redeemed himself against Baby Arizmendi in good style in their Garden tussle. It was expected that Baby would give him a stubborn battle, but Lou was in splendid form and handed Arizmendi a thorough whipping. Arizmendi fought a plucky fight but it proved of no avail against the speedy Ambers. Indian Hurtado won over Irving Eldridge, who subbed for Leonard Del Genio. Hurtado is a nice boxer with a good left hand, but is sadly lacking in color. One of those inexplicable decisions was handed down in the ten-round bout between Bushy Graham, making his comeback on the big time circuit, and Leo Rodak. Graham won seven of the ten rounds and had Rodak "out" standing up in the sixth round, and the verdict was hardly fair to Bushy, who fought a corking fight and is still good enough to cope with the leaders. Lew Farber scored over Bernie Friedkin after six slashing rounds. It was Friedkin's first defeat but he was far from disgraced. Farber is an experienced veteran and had to fight at top speed to cop the verdict, which was mighty close. Harry Gentile and Nickey Jerome drew in the four-round opener.

Jimmy McLarnin who will box Tony Canzoneri in May.

Maxey Rosenbloom has finally realized his lifelong ambition. He became an actor, with speaking lines and everything. In the current picture, "Muss Them Up," Maxey can be seen cavorting around and carries himself very well—Frankie Doyle, Rosenbloom's trainer, brought his wife and two-year-old son to the Coast and intends to make it his headquarters for the time being—Harry Schmidt is anxious to bring Frank Rowsey eastwards—Suey Welsh came through with a good winner when Al Manfredo whipped Ceferino Garcia for the Coast welterweight title—The largest crowd that ever witnessed a boxing match at the Convention Hall, Kansas City, Mo., turned out when Jimmy Garrison battled twelve rounds to a draw with Pat Kissinger. Twelve thousand people were recorded at the turnstiles.

Juan W. Copeland edits a breezy little boxing magazine in Jamaica, British West Indies, called *The Knockout*. That should make him friendly with Billy Van, who also conducts a Knockout on the Coast—Battling Battalino is another comeback aspirant. He kayoed Pete Nebo in two rounds and then scored a ten-round victory over Brescia Garcia—Indian Hurtado scored over Al Roth at the St. Nicholas Palace after ten bristling rounds. Hurtado's left hand decided the issue. Jimmy Martin scored over Indian Quintana in the semi-final—Phil Zwick writes from England, saying that he has scared all possible opposition into hiding and may go to the British West Indies in his next itinerary—Joe Louis did not have any trouble in polishing off Charley Retzlaff at the Chicago Stadium. The affair lasted one minute and twenty-five seconds of the first round. Artie Sykes came through with a surprise when he kayoed Eddie Mader in four rounds—Nathan Mann, up and coming young heavyweight, disposed of Ford Smith in seven rounds at New Haven. Mann scored four knockdowns before the fight was stopped.

Bobby Pacho accomplished a notable achievement when he stopped Cleto Locatelli in eight rounds at the Garden. Locatelli was winning the fight clearly but suffered a deep cut in the sixth round which bled continuously and could not be checked. Referee Arthur Donovan called a halt in the eighth session. Oscar Rankins outroughed Solly Krieger in eight rounds; Aldo Spoldi was too strong and aggressive for Lou Lombardi in eight; Steve Dudas upset the dope when he whipped Bob Pastor in eight; Willie Pal scored over Dominic Mancini in six, while Lew Keiswetter drew with Al White in the four-round opener.

Tony Canzoneri came through with two of his scheduled "small time" battles in good style. He stopped Brescia Garcia in the ninth round after having the plucky Mexican down three times previously. The following week he stopped Toots Bashara in Philly at the old Olympic, now under the auspices of Max "Boo Boo" Hoff—Bruce Flowers, New Rochelle lightweight of a few years back, is in the throes of a comeback attempt—Tony Shucco's victory over Jack Sharkey probably puts the quietus on Sharkey's future aspirations for a match with Joe Louis—Lou Ambers won by a technical kayo over Tony Herrera in the Broadway Arena of Brooklyn in nine rounds.

Barney Ross, welterweight champion, made his debut in Philly in an overweight match with Lou Halper and won by a knockout in the eighth round. Ross looked very good and won the plaudits of the crowd in the seventh when he refrained from hitting Halper after having him practically out. Leroy Haynes showed impressively when he kayoed Ford Smith in the second round. Johnny Hutchinson, colored featherweight scrapper, showed plenty of class in whipping rough, tough, Charley Gomer. Tony Falco outpointed Andy Bundy in the opening ten-rounder. This was a show staged at the Convention Hall and promoted by Herman Taylor and Bobby Gunnis—Joey Ferrando was too strong for Fritzie Zivic at the St. Nick's show. In the semi-final, Nat Litfin scored over Johnny Mauro.

The largest turnout that the St. Nicholas Palace has had in years came out to see Pedro Montanez, the Porto Rican lightweight sensation, and Al Roth of the Bronx. Montanez proved the victor by a big margin.

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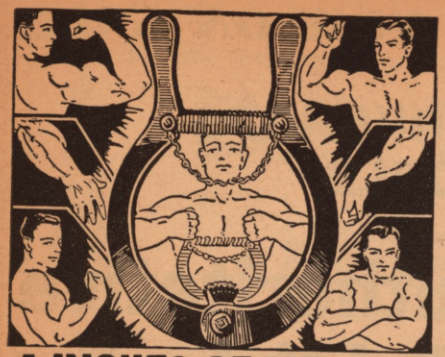

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IN AND NEAR CHICAGO
By FRANK MAESTRO

THE Chicago Stadium, world's largest indoor sports arena, which passed into the control of James Norris, Sr., millionaire Chicago grain broker, and his associates, made a financial profit of more than twenty-five thousand dollars on eight boxing shows and four wrestling cards held there last year, it is revealed by Nate Lewis, co-matchmaker with James C. Mullen. It is reported all these shows made money with the exception of three headed by Cleto Locatelli and Joe Ghnouly, Jimmy Christy and Alberto Arizmendi, and Davey Day and Arizmendi. Statistics:

Tony Canzoneri beat Leo Rodak (10), January 31, before 14,331; receipts, $31,433.

Boxing carnival, February 15, before 3,669; receipts, $6,586.

Canzoneri beat Chuck Woods (10), March 15, before 8,718; receipts, $18,196.

Joe Louis knocked out Roy Lazer (3), April 12, before 17,826; receipts, $42,187.

Cleto Locatelli beat Joe Ghnouly (10), May 10, before 2,300; receipts, $4,800.

Dan O'Mahoney, heavyweight wrestling champion, beat Joe Savoldi, September 16, before 7,242; receipts, $13,666.

Albert Arizmendi beat Jimmy Christy (10), October 4, before 2,838; receipts, $4,732.

Champion O'Mahoney beat Chief Little Wolf, October 31, before 8,727; receipts, $15,315.

Arizmendi beat Day (10), November 8, before 3,476; receipts, $6,865.

Champion O'Mahoney beat Wolf, November 25, before 3,806; receipts, $6,712.

Barney Ross, welterweight champion, beat Ceferino Garcia (10), November 29, before 9,154; receipts, $21,541.

Man Mountain Dean beat Hans Steinke, December 9, before 3,835; receipts, $6,771.

Ada Perkins prepares Joe Louis' meals when he fights in Chicago . . . . Kid Howard Carr directed Art Sykes' workouts for the Elmira, N. Y., heavyweight's bout at the Stadium with Eddie Mader of New York, a match Art won by a knockout in the fourth round . . . . Jack Kearns used his home in California, valued at twelve thousand dollars, as collateral for a five-thousand-dollar down payment for a bungalow in Oak Park, suburb of Chicago . . . . Billy Treest, 1934 Chicago Golden Gloves middleweight champion, received $1,348 for his ten-round victory over Hank Bath, Fort Morgan, Colo., protege of Jack Kearns, at the Stadium . . . . Bath was paid a similar amount . . . . The show attracted 7,127 who grossed $8,095 . . . . Fans numbering 3,284 paid fifty cents, 2,582 paid one dollar, and 1,261 paid two dollars, the three prices of admission to the show . . . . Johnny Pacek, who is proving an attraction on the Pacific Coast, was twenty-one years old last June.

Items by Arch Ward, Chicago *Tribune* sports editor, worth repeating:

Billy Treest's handlers say the 1934 Golden Gloves middleweight champion would be ready to fight Joe Louis tomorrow if he carried about twenty more pounds . . . . Treest weighed 177 pounds in his victory over Hank Bath . . . . He has put on fifteen pounds in the last year and before New Year's Day he expects to be a full-fledged heavyweight . . . . Eddie Eagan, Gene Tunney's social adviser during the former champion's boxing days, says the way to beat Joe Louis is to work on his stomach . . . . When, Mr. Eagan, would you suggest that one do this, when Joe is asleep? . . . . When Max Baer returned to the dressing room after losing to Louis, his friend, Maxie Rosenbloom, the old light-heavyweight champion, inquired, "What was the matter?" . . . . "My hands," said Baer, thrusting his fingers forward for inspection. "You can see for yourself they are all sore." . . . . "Yeh," replied Rosenbloom, "I watched the referee stepping all over them." . . . . Lorenzo Pack, 1935 Golden Gloves heavyweight king, now a contender for the professional championship, may be matched with Primo Carnera in Detroit before spring.

TEN YEARS AGO IN THE RING—Nate Lewis and Tommy Walsh were representing such boxers as Jock Malone, Bob Sage, Joe Welling, Tiger Johnny Cline, Hillie Levine and Joe Glick . . . . Kid Howard Carr was proprietor of a gymnasium at 32 South Clark Street, Chicago . . . . Jimmy Slattery, Buffalo, N. Y., was a leading challenger for the middleweight crown . . . . Eddie O'Dowd of Columbus, O., was considered one of the best bantamweights in the country . . . . Miss Steffne Bernart, Berlin, Germany, claimed the women's boxing championship.

MARYLAND, VIRGINIA AND DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA
By PATSY DONOVAN

EDDIE MADER won a unanimous decision over Billy Ketchell, in a feature eight rounder in Washington, D. C. The New Yorker won the majority of the rounds. Steve Kadish, of Baltimore, got off the floor to flatten Kirkwood Burke, of Washington, in the third round of an eight round semi-final. Eddie Whalen, of New York, beat Joe Ducca, of Newark, in six rounds.

Ray Ingram, Orlando, Fla., lightweight, scored over Charlie Jacobs in a ten rounder at Richmond, Va. The bout was fast with Ingram holding an upper hand most of the way. Sammy Chivas, New York Greek boxer, made a hit with the Richmond fans when he stopped Glenn Morgan in three rounds. Joe Spangler won over Wild Bill Howell and Red Lewis beat Henry Irving in the four round prelims.

Cowboy Howard Scott of Texas scored a surprise win over California Joe Rivers in ten rounds at Baltimore. The decision was a split one with many of the opinion that Rivers deserved a better fate. Johnny Dean won over Leroy Zinkham on a foul when he was hit while taking a rest from a knockdown. Referee Buck Alexandria disregarded the foul punch, and counted Dean out but the Commission overruled the Referee and handed Dean the decision. Zinkham was far the better puncher and had Dean on dizzy street several times before the untimely ending. Al Parks licked Baby Face Fisher in a six rounder and Patsy Lewis won over Kid Cosden. Al Lowman knocked out Johnny Fonda in two heats and Johnny Miller licked Gerald Reeder in the four round curtain raiser.

Phil Furr scored an unpopular win over Steve Halaiko in ten rounds at Joe Turner's punchbowl in Washington. Halaiko was ten pounds lighter than the Washingtonian and appeared a winner to the writer but nevertheless the vote was two to one for Phil. Carey Wright won over George Esrick in the six round semifinal. Roy Manley knocked out Bud Fisher of Newark in one round and Jessie James won from Billy Lancaster in four rounds.

Norment Quarles stopped Joe Straiges of Camden, N. J. in four rounds at Richmond, Va. Quarles floored his opponent with a vicious body attack but the New Jersey youngster gave a good account of himself before the fight was stopped.

Lou Raymond of Baltimore won a slow ten rounder over Bob Wilson at Baltimore. The fight was a hard fought one but lacked action. Sammy Chivas of New York and Bob Lowrey furnished the fireworks with Chivas a winner. Roddy Davis, of Washington, won over Charlie Thompson, of Baltimore, and Sam Finazzo having the edge over Popeye Irving in the six rounders.

Mickey Serrian, of New York, and Frankie Blair of Camden, staged a real battle for ten rounds in Washington with honors even. Serrian was the aggressor and handed Blair a terrific body beating but Blair hit the better punches at long range and according to the judges who voted two to one in his favor more than evened matters. Doug Sweatman lost to Willie Felice in the six round semi-final.

Jimmy Lancaster, of Wilmington, and Joe Transperanti, of Baltimore, fought a fast eight round bout at Baltimore with the Wilmington boy the winner. Augie Kroll scored over Sammy Seaman in eight rounds; Sam Baccala took a duke over Earl Chaney in a special six; Billy Collins bested Billy Lancaster while Joe McDougal and K. O. Smith boxed even in the fours.

Vince Serio beat George Esrick in ten rounds at Carlins Park in Baltimore. The affair was a return one, the boys having boxed on even terms early in the month. Augie Ruggiere, of New York, won over Dewey Cannon on a technical knockout when the referee halted the bout because of bad cuts over Cannon's eyes. Joe DeCarlo bested Calvin Calp in an interesting six rounder.

Al Delaney, Buffalo heavyweight, won over Joe Lipps, of Georgia, in a feature eight rounder at Washington. Delaney got off to a good start winning the first three rounds. Joe did some damage himself in the next few rounds but Delaney's last round rally was enough to win. The boys drew the best house of the indoor season this year.

Sammy Chivas, the Greek welterweight, working out of the Jack Dempsey stable received a setback at the hands of Joe Santos, of Philadelphia. Joe flattened Chivas in the second round of a scheduled ten rounder. The bout was going along at even terms when Santos hit the Greek boxer with a short left hook and Sammy went down and out for the full count.

George Salvadore lost seven straight rounds to Jackie Portney and then came on to win the eighth and ninth rounds and get an even break in the last round. Salvadore took a real beating in the early rounds but seemed to solve the Baltimorean southpaw style in the latter rounds. It was the first time Portney has really been extended since returning from Australia a year ago.

PICKUPS—Two clubs are operating on a weekly basis in Baltimore and both doing fairly good. Eddie Ross has finally got on his feet at the Palace Theatre and Les Sponsler continues to do okay at Carlin's Park. Plans are under way for the construction of a large arena in Washington on the type of the Garden in Boston, Mass. In addition to boxing, Ice Hockey, Wrestling and Basketball will be featured. The Nation's Capital is sorely in need of such a building. At present time the only arena available is Joe Turner's Punch Bowl that has a maximum seating capacity of two thousand.

IN SUNNY CALIFORNIA

By GENE VINASSA

GUS WILSON, who trained Georges Carpentier and Jack Dempsey, has bobbed up with a mighty sweet looking young heavyweight. His name is Bob Nestell. Nestell is twenty years old and stands six feet two. He looks like Gene Tunney.

Wilson's protege, winner of the Golden Gloves heavyweight championship of the Coast, won his spurs in big league fashion in his pro debut at Hollywood when he pounded out an impressive six-round decision over Jack Darcy. Bob gave his 190-pound foe a neat boxing lesson. Wilson will have his boy boxing top bouts at Olympic and Hollywood by May and it looks like Nestell will go places. He can box, hit, and proved he can take it in the Darcy battle.

King Levinsky handed Hank Hankinson a terrific belting for ten heats at the Olympic. The gate was $5800 net. The big Swede from Ohio was saved from a knockout in the first round by the bell. A looping right caught Hankinson on the whiskers and he went down like a ton of bricks.

Dick Welsh, bald Italian featherweight from Philadelphia, was given a close ten-round decision over Pablo Dano in a hot ten-rounder at Hollywood, but the fans and press alike thought the rugged Filipino should have received a draw.

Main Street Gymnasium in Los Angeles has become so thickly populated with fighters that Willie Orner has put in another ring. If the East sends any more boys to California he will have to open a roof garden for the overflow. As this was sent in to THE RING, 236 amateur and pro scrappers were checked in at Main Street Gym.

Al Lang, who recently made a trip to New York, Baltimore and Chicago, says Bob Nestell, Gus Wilson's heavyweight, is the best looking "white hope" he has seen in his travels and predicts he will be boxing headliners in the East before the end of the year.

The year of 1936 started off with a flock of upsets. Art Lasky was a six-to-one favorite over Jack Roper. The Minneapolis Hebrew was flattened in round one. He was out for several minutes. Leon Zorrita was a three-to-one shot over Al Romero, Los Angeles Mexican. Romero stopped the colored flash in the tenth heat of their battle at Olympic. It was one of the greatest fights waged at the Grand Avenue arena in a long while. The fight was even-stephen up to the time Romero stopped his Negro foe.

Sam "Roxie" Eisen, known as the Patent Leather Kid, who trained fighters from the East for the past few years, has gathered together a string of promising young fighters in Los Angeles. His ace in the hole—and he's a black ace, too—is Sammy Christin, former amateur middleweight star; Rudy Villa, Mexican featherweight, former Golden Glove kingpin; Mark Diaz, Filipino featherweight, and Lupe Cardoza, Mexican bantam. In a wild and woolly scrap at the Olympic in the special event to the Levinsky-Hankinson go, Christin registered a great knockout win over Eddie Grogan, Irish "iron man." Christin is the most sought-after young fighter in southern California.

Ray Actis, Frisco TNT puncher, stiffened Frank Rowsey in three sessions at Hollywood Stadium. Rowsey claims it was a fluke, but Actis says he can do it again. Actis, called the "Italian Stanley Ketchell" by the able Tom Laird, sports editor of the San Francisco *News*, grew up in the Excelsior district of San Francisco, where school children bounce rocks off each other's conks just in play.

One of the few favorites to win during January was Pancho Leyvas, little Arizona Mexican bantamweight, who handed the veteran Pete De Grasse of Brooklyn a one-sided licking at Hollywood in ten rounds. Leyvas has proved quite an attraction in southern California and will probably box Small Montana, flyweight champion, in an over-the-weight contest during the coming summer.

Jerry Pelton's blond featherweight, Wally Hally, came through with a smashing ten-round victory over Frankie Castillo at the Olympic. Hally's style is on the order of that employed by the famed "Ace" Hudkins when the latter was battling in these parts and Joe Waterman, Olympic matchmaker, plans to pit him against Baby Arizmendi at the Olympic during the latter part of April.

Joe Waterman is offering a $1,000 cash bonus for the best young boxer of 1936 in Los Angeles. "It is my ambition," says the energetic Olympic matchmaker, "to develop right here in Los Angeles a champion of the world in one of the divisions of boxing."

Knowing that young boxers must have an incentive, something to fight for besides the purses paid preliminary boxers, Waterman has put up a prize of $1,000 in cash to the amateur boxers who have turned professional since October 1, 1935, but the only bouts that count are the ones engaged in since January 1, 1936.

The committee in charge, Lieutenant Jack Kennedy, Bill Potts of the *Examiner* sports department, and Joe Waterman, will award points as follows:

Win by K.O., good fight	5	points
Win, decision, good fight	4	points
Win, decision, fair fight	3	points
Draw, good fight	3	points
Draw, ordinary	2½	points
Loss, good fight	2	points
Loss, ordinary	1	point

The Standing to Date

Sammy Christin	8	points
Buddy Holzauer	5	points
Lee Mullins	5	points
Emilio Magana	5	points
Bob Nestell	4	points
Clarence Enos	3	points
Al Smith	3	points
Billy Barnes	2	points
Eddie Grogan	2	points
Johnny Verdusco	2	points
Joe Lujan	1	point

The boxer who has the most points at midnight, December 22, 1936, gets the thousand bucks.

Maxie Rosenbloom, fourteen years a vet of the ring, slapped Charley Coates, Akron, Ohio, Negro, all over the Olympic ring to cop an easy ten-round decision. The bout drew a gate of $6,900, and at least 3,000 were turned away. The Olympic seats 10,400, but with 3,500 seats selling in the gallery for twenty-five cents, a capacity house will net around the seven grand mark. Coates was known as a "killer" among the palooka class, but against the cagy Gotham Hebrew, the black boy proved quite a novice. The only time the Ohio boy touched Rosenbloom was when the pair shook hands before the contest.

SHORT SHOTS—Jimmy Helles, Chicago Greek bantamweight, who fought under the name of Jimmy Eliopolous around Chicago, is on the Coast boxing under the direction of George Parnassus . . . . the Hellenic star is a busy man in the ring and his style has proved popular with Coast fans . . . . "Boston Tommy" Farmer and Mannie Lieberman have signed the Jewish amateur star, Louie Flyer, to a five-year contract, and the lightweight terror will make his pro debut some time during April . . . . Dolph Thomas of San Francisco has a likely looking young heavyweight . . . . his name is Clint Stewart . . . . a match between Ceferino Garcia and Al Romero would draw six grand or better at the Olympic.

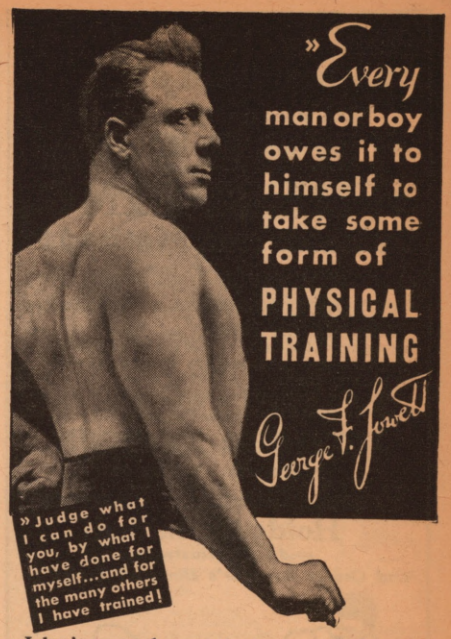
Willie Orner, who wagers heavily on boxing matches, "cleaned up" when Rosenbloom easily shellacked Charley Coates, laying as high as four to one on Maxie . . . . Moose Taussig has sold his interest in the gymnasium in Frisco to his partner, Paddy Ryan . . . . Sid Marks is grooming a hard-hitting Negro heavyweight from Virginia, whose monicker is Roy Clayton . . . . Herbie Freeman, rassler from New York's Bronx, saw Clayton box in the South and claims the colored boy will prove a sensation in California rings . . . . Wally Hally is the son of a minister . . . . his dad always works with Manager Jerry Pelton in the corner . . . . Al Morse of Spokane, Wash., is now making his own matches . . . . Lonnie Austin, formerly in the employ of Morse, has returned to Seattle and opened a school for boxers . . . . I'd like to read more columns by Jack Miley of the New York *Daily News* . . . . the pudgy Gotham sports scribe writes entertainingly on things fistic . . . . Bill Potts resigned from the sports staff of the Los Angeles *Times* to join the *Examiner*. The *Times*' loss is *Examiner's* gain, as Potts has a large following of boxing readers.

Boxers coming to California who are not under contract to anyone, can get plenty of action with Al Lang, Boxing Manager, c/o Willie Orner's Main Street Gym, 319 South Main Street, Los Angeles.

Swede Berglund, the rugged San Diego middleweight, who flattened Babe Risko before the latter was middleweight champion, scored an upset at Hollywood when he handed Ray Actis, the highly rated Frisco socker, a neat trimming in ten rounds. Berglund lost only one heat, the first frame. In the sixth and seventh rounds Actis was reeling all over the ring from the terrific body beating Berglund was giving him. It was another of the long parade of upsets, as Actis, who had previously kayoed Frank Rowsey at the film city arena, was a top-heavy favorite. Following his brilliant victory, Berglund received an offer from Nate Druxman, Seattle promoter, to meet Freddie Steele there.

It took Phil Brubaker less than two minutes to stiffen Fred Lenhart in their Frisco battle. Bill Hunnefeld, former four-round boxer of California, has a real scrapper in Brubaker, who twice knocked out Georgie Simpson before meeting Lenhart.

Jack Allen, Canada's chief exporter of fighters, who handled Vic Foley and Billy Townsend before Gordon Wallace, is working with the Vancouver, B. C., Chamber of Commerce and is seeking a Barney Ross-Wallace welterweight title fight for Vancouver next June during the Golden Jubilee celebration there. "Ross can get twenty-five grand to put his title on the block, and Mr. Pian can bring in his own referee," says Allen.



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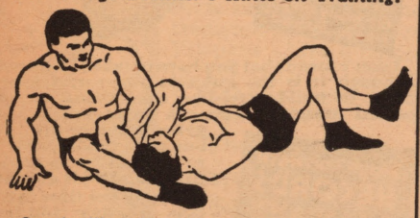

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TIMELY CHATTER FROM GREAT BRITAIN

By JOHN S. SHARPE

IT is with deep regret that I record the death of our gracious King George V, which put a dark cloud over Great Britain and its Colonies, and all boxing and other sporting events were cancelled till after His Late Majesty's funeral. Our King is dead, long live the King, who, as King Edward the Eighth, is acknowledged as one of the best of sporting kings that ever succeeded to the Throne. "Long may he reign over us."

DAVE CROWLEY gained a narrow victory on points over Johnny Peters at the Ring. Crowley was the aggressor throughout, but Peters gave him a stubborn battle.

Teddy Hayes, who has boxed with success in Great Britain during the last twelve months, intends to return to Canada to challenge for the Canadian featherweight title.

Sonny Lee, Great Britain's "Slapsie Maxie," for the third time outpointed Joe Connolly, Bathgate, after twelve rounds at Glasgow.

Billy (Darkie) Williams gained a surprising victory on points over Young Beckett after a great bout at Blaengarw.

Eddie Hrabak, welterweight champion of Czechoslovakia, successfully defended his title against the former lightweight champion, Valda Novotny, after a good bout at Prague.

Simon Chavez, featherweight champion of Venezuela, outpointed the Frenchman, Parisis, after a spirited ten-round bout in Paris.

Fred Lowbridge gained a points victory after twelve sparkling rounds over Hal Cartwright at Wolverhampton.

For what the I.B.U. claimed was the world's flyweight championship, Valentin Anglemann, France, disposed of Kid David, Belgium, in five rounds. The United States claims Small Montana, Great Britain has Benny Lynch, and France, with Anglemann, makes three flyweight champions.

I have arranged for Small Montana to come to Europe to combat Benny Lynch and all other claimants, and so clear up the flyweight situation.

Ginger Sadd gave one of his best displays when defeating the welterweight champion of Holland, Huib Huizenaar, after ten good rounds at Norwich. In the other star bout, Walter Lincoln was lucky to receive the decision over Robert Disch, lightweight champion of Holland, after ten rounds.

Len Wickwar gained a twelve-round points victory over Harry Mason, former welterweight champion of Great Britain, at Derby.

Harry Edwards won a victory on points after fifteen rounds over Johnny Regan at Birmingham.

Dick Corbett again defeated Cuthbert Taylor when they met at Belfast over ten rounds. On the same card, Fred Morris appeared unlucky when he received a very badly cut eye, and the referee stopped the bout in the third of a ten-round bout and declared Jack Bunting the winner.

Roy Lazer, the American heavyweight, showed improved form when he defeated big Jack Pettifer of King's Cross at West Ham Baths over twelve rounds.

Tommy Bland, Canada, and Chuck Parker met in a poor contest at Sheffield over twelve rounds, in which Bland was declared the winner. In the supporting bout, Battling Parkin outpointed Tommy Moore after ten hard rounds.

Jack Robinson scored a points victory over the latest cruiserweight sensation, Len Rowlands, after twelve rounds at East Ham.

Frank Hough gave a seven-round beating to Frank Moody at the first Sunday club show at the Ring. The referee intervened after Moody had taken three counts of nine.

Jack Gubbins proved no match for Len Hampston and the towel was thrown in when Gubbins was helpless in the fourth of a twelve-rounder at Leeds. The referee kicked the towel out, and later disqualified Gubbins when his second entered the ring.

Teddy Hayes gained a meritorious points victory over George Merritt at the end of twelve hard rounds at the Devonshire Club.

Roy Mills was given a very hard bout by Butcher Gascoigne, in which Mills received the decision at the end of ten rounds at Sunderland.

Jackie Campbell received the decision over Jim O'Niel, former Scottish bantam champ, after twelve rounds of fierce fighting in Glasgow.

One of the best lightweight contests I have had the pleasure of witnessing at the Devonshire Club, Hackney, was that between George Reynolds, Cardiff, and Alby Day, Old Ford, over ten rounds. After a dingdong battle, the referee declared the battle a draw, which was well received. The show was promoted by Jack Solomons.

Richard Stegemann lost his title of lightweight champion of Germany to Willie Seissler when the former retired in the eighth round in Berlin. Seissler thus regains the title which he once held.

Young Perez lost on points to Eugene Huat after ten hard rounds in Paris.

Ronnie James, the young undefeated Swansea featherweight, retained his unbeaten certificate when the referee, Johnny Summers, raised James' hand as the winner over Jackie Wilson, the colored American, who has made himself a firm favorite in English rings.

Boyo Rees, Welsh lightweight champion, fought hard to beat Billy Hughes, Birkenhead, on points after twelve rounds at Leeds.

Laurie Stevens, South African lightweight champion, won the British Empire lightweight title by defeating Jack (Kid) Berg, British champ, over the twelve-round route at Johannesburg, South Africa, before a crowd of fourteen thousand. Both lads, fighting with one style, gave the fans all the excitement they wanted, and when the decision in favor of Stevens was announced, it must have been by a very small margin.

Dave Crowley and Benny Sharkey had their return contest over ten rounds at Newcastle, and after a great bout, the referee declared a draw.

Nel Tarleton, British featherweight champ, had to pull out all he knew to stave off defeat when he met Joe Connolly at the end of twelve rounds at Glasgow. He was returned the winner by the narrowest of margins.

Jack Middleton made a successful reappearance in the south of England when he knocked out Mike Mickle with a right uppercut in the fifth round at Norwich.

Dave Finn gave Jimmy Walsh a good bout over ten rounds before a packed house at the Devonshire Club, Hackney. The speed of Walsh told in this fight, and many times both lads had the fans on their feet. Referee Moss Deyong held up the hand of Walsh as the winner.

A scene that has not been witnessed for some time took place at the Royal Albert Hall when Jeff Dickson staged the contest between Tommy Loughran and Tommy Farr over ten rounds, refereed by Wilfrid Smith. Space in this column prohibits me from giving a full description of the contest. When a boxer of the Jim Driscoll type, in Loughran, makes old-timers sit up in their seats and remark, "This is boxing as it was always intended to be," it must have been a splendid exhibition.

In favor of Farr, it must be said he tried all the time he was in the ring. But all I could give him was two rounds, one even, and seven for Loughran.

George Daly went off with a good lead against Jose Mico in the ten-round contest, but fell away toward the end to allow the Spaniard to win on points.

Gilbert Johnston received a points win over Phineas John at the West Ham Baths after an excellent contest in twelve rounds.

Glen Moody again proved that he was the master of Harry Rowles, whom he beat on points after twelve rounds at East Ham.

Seaman Storrie gained a K.O. victory over Jock McNight in the fifth of a twelve-round bout at the Stadium Club, London.

Nipper Cusick proved that his first victory over Billy Miller was no fluke, when he again scored a points victory over the Leeds boy at Blackpool after twelve rounds.

Bobby Magee was in good form when he met Laddie Hines over twelve rounds at North Shields, at 116 pounds. Three rounds were enough for Hines, who was carried to his corner at the end of the third round, and the towel was thrown in during the interval.

Two twelve-round bouts between flyweights were the feature at the Junction Stadium, Manchester, and drew a big crowd. Tut Whalley was lucky to receive the full honors over Jim Brady; and Billy Nash appeared to have won over Tiny Bostock but the referee declared a division of the honors.

Francois Machtens suffered a points defeat over ten rounds by Hansen in Valenciennes.

Eugene Huat defeated Young Borel over ten rounds at the Central Sporting Club.

Angel Cliville suffered a points defeat by Carmelo Candel at Jeff Dickson's Sports Palais, Paris.

Maurice Holtzer stopped the Frenchman, Hermal, in five rounds at Central Sporting Club, Paris.

Frank Hough fought with great determination for ten rounds to beat Al Diamond, the tough American, at the Ring, London.

Dave McCleave made sure in his return bout with Arthur "Ginger" Sadd that there was not going to be any dispute over this decision, as in their first bout, when Sadd received what was called a "bad decision."

This time they met for the Southern Area welterweight championship, and a packed house was seen at the Corn Hall, Norwich. McCleave started off at a fast clip and was never headed. Referee Moss Deyong's decision was well received.

In the chief supporter, George Pull gained a points victory over Jackie Gubbins after a good bout of ten rounds.

Fred Lowbridge and Boyo Rees put up a great bout over twelve rounds at Wolverhampton, and the former was declared the winner by a narrow margin.

George Bunter defeated Mick Miller after ten clever rounds at Derby. Ike Pratt defeated the Irish bantamweight champion, Jackie Quinn, when the latter received a badly cut eye, and the bout was stopped.

Marcel Thil retained his middleweight title when Lou Brouillard was ruled out in the fourth of a fifteen-round bout for hitting low, at Jeff Dickson's Palais des Sports, Paris. The big crowd of twenty thousand did not take kindly to the way the bout ended, and showed their disapproval in no lighthearted manner for over fifteen minutes.

Roy Lazer stepped into the breach at Leicester to take Larry Gains' place against Ben Foord over twelve rounds at the Gramby Hall, Leicester. Lazer went into the ring with a cut eye, which was soon opened by the Afrikander, and after a hard slugging match, Foord received the decision, thus reversing the previous contest which Lazer won. Eddie McGuire scored a points victory over Paul Schaeffer after eight rounds.

Dick Corbett outpointed Billy Charlton in a ten-round contest at Newcastle after a disappointing bout.

George Odwell stopped Billy Reynolds in the eighth of a twelve-round bout at Reading, after a good bout.

George Reynolds and Norman Snow put up a hectic bout over ten rounds at Rushden before the referee declared a draw.

Jack Powell won from game Bill Curran, Walton, in a twelve-round bout at Paddington Baths. In the tenth, after going to the canvas for three counts, the referee wisely stopped the contest and declared Powell the winner.

Archie Sexton confirmed a previous win over Jack Robinson at West Ham, when they were scheduled to go twelve rounds. Referee Captain Davidson stopped the contest after speaking to Robinson's chief second in the eighth round.

It took Seaman Storrie five rounds of a twelve-rounder to dispose of Mick Miller at the East Ham Baths after the latter had taken several counts.

Bobby Magee seemed to have well won his bout with George Marsden in the latter's home town but the referee called it a draw.

Motzi Spako, the Rumanian heavyweight champion, secured a points decision over Harry Staal, the heavyweight champion of Holland, at the end of twelve rounds of hectic fighting at Rotterdam.

Maurice Holtzer, European champion, stopped the Frenchman, Leperson, in the thirteenth round of a great battle at Jeff Dickson's Palais des Sports, Paris, before a big crowd.

The young Greek middleweight, Christoforides, found the experienced Kid Tunero too much for him, and he suffered a points defeat after ten rounds in Paris.

In reply to the numerous enquiries for the prices of The Ring Bookshop books in English currency, and other books advertised in this great magazine, I would esteem it a favor if stamped, addressed envelopes were enclosed so as to insure a ready reply. Address me at 3 Edward Street, London, E.1.

CANADIAN MARITIME NEWS

By G. A. M. TUTTY

YOUR scribe, whilst in New York, met many of the foremost boxers and people connected with the fight business. Had a chat with the man whom the writer figures has done more for boxing than any one man—Nat Fleischer, your Ring editor, and he informs me that circulation is bounding to the top again. Don't forget, fans, there is only one Ring magazine, and you can get it from all principal newsstands in Ontario, and when you need first-class instruction in the manly art, his books on boxing can be obtained from The Ring Book Shop, New York.

I met in Gotham, James J. Braddock, world's heavy champion; Lou Ambers, Frankie Klick, Eddie Mader, Lou Keiswetter, Canadian heavy leader; Cleto Locatelli, Al Roth, Lou Salica, and a number of lesser lights. Visited Stillman's, Pioneer and Philadelphia Jack O'Brien's gyms and made sound connections. Philadelphia Jack, by the way, is a fine chap and thorough gentleman, and a credit to the game, showing hardly any wear and tear physically or facially.

Any Canadian boy with a good record who would care to forward to me two pictures and clippings of his fights, and is desirous of appearing in New York and elsewhere in U. S. A. under me, write to 126 Walmer Rd., Toronto, Canada. I have sound connections, made whilst over there this last trip. I know the hard times Canadians have in breaking into this circle and can do them a favor for the future without recourse to the usual "cut."

Met Jack Johnson in the Pioneer Gym, well dressed and looking his same old smiling self; and "Dumb Dan" Morgan, former manager of Jack Britton, Battling Levinsky, etc., one of the foremost of the old school of managers, thinks Lou Keiswetter a "great find" and a future "hope." Dan knows his stuff, but is not so dumb, believe me.

My old pal, Chas. "Mac" MacDonald, will handle anything for me in New York, and has Lou Keiswetter booked to fight regularly. The only way to keep a boy in top shape. Keiswetter looks O.K. and a nice fellow.

Eddie Borden was yearning for the Great White Way after his sojourn in California, so he informed me. But I still like Canada and Canadians for mine after being down below the Great White Way.

Carmen Cook, old lightweight, writes this column stating he wishes to manage any fighters. Write him at 270 Frank Street, Bridgeport, Conn., U. S. A.

I wish at this time to thank my many fans for their many cards and good wishes sent to me at Christmas and New Year's. I appreciate the fact that so many read and like this column and The Ring throughout the world. Thanks, Australian and English readers, as well as the Americans.

St. Catherine's amateur body have staged some good bouts in that vicinity during the last few months, bringing outstanding U.S.A. amateurs to the Garden City to battle Ontario talent, chief among them being Jimmy Clark, Jamestown, colored welter A. A. champion, a clouter of the Joe Louis variety.

Jimmy Clark, A. A. champion, easily beat Gordon Schmaltz, Ontario welter champion, in Danny Johnston's last amateur show in Toronto. Clark is a real battler and a great future pro prospect.

Frankie Battaglia is still laying them out. Al Quaill, this time in six cantos at Pittsburgh, is his latest victim. He is the outstanding middle in Canada.

Dave Cavadas, Northwestern scribe of this magazine, writes this column, stating that the boxing commission of British Columbia would like to see a governing body formed for the Dominion, with clean deals for all to be their watchword, and protect all interests in the game. This column is right behind that move. The sooner the better. Start now, Canada.

Apex A. C. is staging a heavy tournament to get an entrant for Jack Dempsey's "find an opponent for Louis" campaign. Come all you 189 to 300-pounders. Show we have a real heavyweight. Canada has produced some great fighters.

Jack Dempsey's Restaurant is doing a land office business, and the old socker—William Harrison Dempsey—still the same fellow as of yore, and a great host, and his charming wife, Hannah, does her part well.

Would still ask readers who wish personal replies to queries to enclose stamped, self-addressed envelopes, please.

Things in Gotham in a boxing sense are picking up tremendously as they seem to be everywhere, with exception of the largest populated area in Canada—Ontario—and Joe Louis is the cause, despite some critics' comments to the contrary. The heavy brigade is on the march to the top again.

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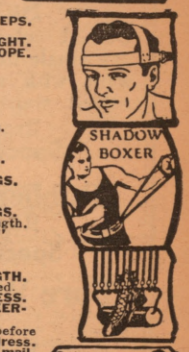

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Danny Johnston, amateur promoter in Toronto, has put on some very good programs this winter. Also, Ben Stockley's Gym is running novice shows weekly, a mighty good thing for the boys to start in. Both promoters deserve good patronage from the fans.

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NEWS AND GOSSIP FROM BOSTON
By DOC ALMY

JACK SHARKEY, ex-world's heavy champion made his second comeback attempt and lost the decision to Tony Shucco. The bout was staged by the Goodwin A. C. at the Boston Garden. Shucco, who not so long ago held Al McCoy to a draw, had reach, boxing skill, ring generalship, the fact that he has kept active ringwise and about 10 years of youth in his favor. He has sought a match with Sharkey for a good two years. On form he was favored to come through.

There is a Boston angle, however, now being agitated—the possibility that Petersen can be induced to pay a visit to this country and take on Sharkey, or Shucco, in the Boston Garden. The British champion's crown would not be involved—as a money-getter, such a contest would go over very big. A gate of $30,000 or more would be no surprise. There exists the chance that the Goodwin A. C. will offer Petersen $10,000 to make the crossing to meet Shucco. If such an overture is made, and the British champion fails to grab it, he will be tossing a rather comfortable sum of money away. On the form Petersen has displayed, any risk he incurred of denting his ring prestige would not be great.

Johnny and Jerry Buckley, and Lou Brouillard, their man Friday, arrived back in Boston from their recent sojourn in France. All were glad to find themselves once more at home. Johnny Buckley, who is no shrinking violet, had something to say concerning Brouillard's encounter with Marcel Thil in France in which the Worcester boy was disqualified in the fourth round because of an alleged foul. "Lou scored a clean knockout," he declared to the writer, "in reality his second win over Thil in a Paris ring. My contention has been fully sustained by Georges Carpentier, by real sportsmen who saw the second mill, also by a number of the French sports writers. Furthermore, by the fact that the action in the fourth round was deleted from the movie taken of the fight. The first round was about even—Thil looked the better in the second. Lou had the third. Thil came out in a crouch for the fourth, hoping, as I saw it, to cause Lou to break his hands on his head. It is an old trick of the trade, and particularly with him. From the corner I cautioned Brouillard to keep to his body, which he did. The third punch, a left to wind and well above the belt, sent Thil down. It was a clean knockout, but a foul was claimed and the ring officials, two Frenchmen and a Swiss, ruled Brouillard out. The fact fully demonstrated all that I had heard—that Marcel cannot be defeated in his home ring."

"Following the mill," continued Buckley, "Jeff Dickson, the promoter, who has a big interest in Thil, suggested a third encounter. This I refused except that the referee be an English official of known ability and experience and the judges be relegated to the sidelines. Also, I suggested that all of Thil's expenses would be guaranteed if he would come to Boston and meet Brouillard in a 15 rounder, the purse to be split on winner-loser lines such as he might care to dictate. To this Dickson said, 'Marcel will not fight anybody in America no matter what is offered him.' Having received a clipping from your column, printed in your paper two weeks before the mill, to the effect that if Brouillard landed below the chin in registering a kayo it might be called a foul, I had the satisfaction of showing it to the French sports writers and some of them printed it."

Al McCoy, the Maine-Dorchester light-heavy, continues to recreate at Miami, Fla., and must be enjoying himself. He has notified Messrs. Fox and Brennan, his managerial firm, that he will not return to Boston until April. His dallying in Florida is likely to prove costly. In returning to Boston in April, it will take him fully two weeks to acclimate himself by which time the baseball, horse and dog racing season will be on.

For amateur boxing the outlook has not been better for years. Largely through the activities of the Irish American A. A., a consistent plugger and stager of tournaments, plenty of real talent is being developed which should be of value to the "pro" end of the sport later on. A growing, healthy interest is being taken by the public in the various amateur offerings, another good sign.

The latest outstanding amateur boxing event in Boston was the annual State championships boxed at the Boston Arena, there being action in all eight classes. There were 39 bouts, many Diamond Belt, Golden Glove champions and near-champions, competing. The contests, as a whole, were exceptionally good. The winners of State titles for 1936-37 were as follows:— 112 pounds class, Johnny Griffin, Lawrence; 118, Sammy Garcia, Quincy; 126, Victor Pethey, Lawrence; 135, Fred Camuso, Fall River; 147, George Martin, Boston; 160, Leroy Carvell, Springfield; 175, Roy Kelley, Brookline; heavy, Yancey Henry, Lynn. But one 1935-36 State champion, Alex Belushko, Cambridge, appeared to defend his crown—175 pounds, but he was eliminated in the trials by Paul Flaherty of Woburn, a Boston College football star.

Bobby Allen, claimant of the welter title of the Maritime Provinces, a very fine appearing manly boy, now in Boston under the wing of Jack O'Brien-Al Clemente, is making real headway. He has scored four straight wins since his arrival in the Hub. His last was an eight rounds verdict over Willie Pal of Albany in the Valley Arena ring at Holyoke.

Terry "Tiger" Warrington, the colored light-heavy, having loaded himself up with too many managers, was forced to return to Liverpool, N. S., his home town, the latter part of January, to straighten out his affairs. This accomplished, he is back in Boston under the reins of O'Brien and Clemente for any bouts they may arrange for him in New England. As they are throwing long-distance bombs at Al McCoy in Florida, at this writing, the chances favor that on his return he and Warrington will have a 10 rounds argument inside of Boston ropes.

In the absence of anything like regular "pro" tournaments here, the few performers now in Boston are obliged to seek action elsewhere or go hungry. Among the number is Werther Arcelli, N. E. welter champion until he lost that title to Louis Kid Cocoa of New Haven. Arcelli's most recent showing of merit was against Frankie Cinque of Brooklyn, whom he defeated in a hard-fought 10 rounder at Holyoke, Mass.

Unless there is a big shift of fistic fixtures, the definite matching of Jack McAvoy of England with John Henry Lewis for April 3, a titular affair in the N. Y. Garden, leaves Al McCoy of Boston out in left field as regards anything like a return fray with the British star. The McCoy management had hoped that the N. Y. Commission would squeeze in such a bout prior to the McAvoy-Lewis contest, they going so far as to urge a 15 rounder, winner-take-all, side bet proposition. While such a sporty offer must have carried some appeal, it failed to take in New York.

Continued refusal by Danno O'Mahoney, champion of the mat, to wrestle Yvon Robert, Canadian challenger, which is more or less a bit of warm-up, has brought a counter publicity gesture from Eddie Quinn, Robert's manager, which is attracting its share of attention. Quinn has proposed that Danno, who claims to be somewhat of a fighter, meet Robert within ring ropes in a 10 rounder, a winner-take-all idea. Such a bout, even though it would hardly amount to much from the fistic angle, would go over fully as big as a mat contest between the pair in this town. Readers may recall that years ago a ring bout between two baseball players, one of whom knew very little about fighting, jammed the Boston Garden. Though the match was a brief one, also one-sided, the cash customers, having had their curiosity satiated, left the place fully satisfied.

In connection with the annual New England amateur championships at the Boston Arena, the Irish American A. A., is arranging for elimination tourneys to be staged Feb. 17, March 2, 9 and 16. Similar plans are being worked out by Promoter Johnny Toomey of Providence, R. I., also those in several other states. The idea is to eliminate all deadwood from the championship event. An inter-state amateur event also is scheduled for Boston on Feb. 24, wherein a team comprising various Golden Glove, Diamond Belt and State champions will engage a similar outfit from New Orleans.

Haverhill, Mass., boxing enthusiasts see a real future ahead of Louis Augusta, a lightweight of that city, who has piled up a fine record for himself both as an amateur and a "pro." With his start in 1933 as a "pure," and graduation a few months ago into the ranks of the money-chasers, Augusta has competed in 101 contests and been defeated but once. As an amateur, he lost to Freddy Camuso of Fall River, Mass., present State 135 pounds champion, but later reversed that decision.

Horacio Velha, another traveling fistic absentee from New England rings, has returned to the home cote at Gloucester, Mass., bringing back with him a volume of complimentary pictures and clippings. After boxing for about two years in this section, 18 months ago Velha, who is of Portuguese blood, left for Brazil, there to compete in numerous ring bouts. After six months in the big South American republic, he boated for Portugal, remaining there for about a year. His clippings point that his services were much in demand and his successes many. There was no sparing of big type on the part of the Portuguese sports writers. Now back in Gloucester and under the wing of Bat Silva, a ring veteran, Velha is seeking action with all comers in the 147 pounds class.

James B. Kendrick of Winchester, Mass., a heavyweight matman, who for years has been competing in numerous matches in New England and eastern sections of the country, passed out on Jan. 29, at the Mass. General Hospital, Boston, from spinal meningitis. He was stricken ill five days before his death, following a tourney in this state. Skilled hospital treatment proved unavailing. He was 33 years old.

IN SYRACUSE RINGS
By BILLY SHAW

BLUSTERY winter snowstorms, the worst to hit this section in years, prevented the staging of boxing and wrestling shows here the past month. As a result, all was quiet on the local fistic front.

Johnny Nelson, the colored heavyweight, packed bag and baggage, shook the heavy snow of Syracuse from his ample brogans and moved on to Buffalo. In his initial start in the Bison City, Johnny clicked in a big way by knocking out Johnny Freeman, the globe-trotting Salmanaca heavyweight, in three rounds. His second start caused his stocks to fall slightly when he dropped a rather unpopular decision to Charlie Belanger, the Winnipeg veteran.

Al Stern has taken over the Binghamton boxing franchise from the Kalurah Legion of Honor, and will conduct bimonthly shows at Kalurah Temple. Johnny McIntyre gave up the ghost after several losing shows in a row in the Parlor City. McIntyre's only box-office winner of the season was the Mickey Walker-Mickey McAvoy card, which pulled $1,200 worth of paid customers through the turnstiles.

Over in Utica, Don Willets is biding his time awaiting better weather conditions. In the meantime, Herb Hartley is doing nicely with the grunters and groaners at Convention Hall.

Babe Risko, middleweight champ, and Gabe Genovese, his pilot, along with Bud Mignault, Gabe's new heavyweight acquisition, are en route to the Coast and a non-title bout with Freddie Steele at Seattle.

Joe Netro staged a benefit card at Herkimer with Lou Ambers, Al Weill's lightweight contender, on top against Eddie Marks of Brooklyn. The show helped swell the coffers of the Catholic church there, and the receipts will be used by Father Purificato to put a new roof on the church. It was Ambers' idea, and a splendid one.

Babe Amos looks better now than at any time in his career. Amos is boxing better, is faster, and punching harder. There are few middleweights around the country willing to meet this shifty Syracuse Italian!

SHORT STUFF—The elements prevented a revival of wrestling here . . . . Danno O'Mahoney is slated to appear on the local mat this month with better weather conditions in prospect . . . . Joe Banovic returns to the West Indies for a series of three bouts . . . . The Bingo light-heavyweight has completely recovered from his infection which had him on the shelf for several months . . . . Eddie Leonard, local announcer, is vacationing on the sands of Miami . . . . Ditto William Weinstein, bankroll man for the local amateur club . . . . Your correspondent is passing the time as purveyor of pugilistic publicity for most of the pro and amateur fight clubs in this section . . . . Bill Robinson believes he has uncovered a potential white hope in the person of Jack Kohler, local German boy . . . . Page Jack Dempsey . . . . Efforts are being made to bring James J. Braddock, the heavyweight king, here as guest referee by the Arena Amateur Club . . . . Joe Feldy, enterprising Owego promoter, tried to operate Simon-pure scraps at Elmira but was politely ordered by the powers that be in the Fire Engine City to pass up the town . . . . Despite heavy financial backing, Feldy did an about face, and will probably confine his activities to Owego in the future!

Stuart Smyth, publisher of the Owego *Times*, was a visitor in Syracuse, a member of the Publishers' Convention Committee . . . . We had lunch with Stuart at the Dickens Room in the Onondaga Hotel and discussed the boxing situation for several hours . . . . Smyth is a dyed-in-the-wool fan . . . . A steady reader of THE RING and a front rank booster is Greg Burns, local tonsorialist, who never misses a scrap . . . . Francis Needham, Walt Klapetzky's partner in the drug business, is another RING enthusiast . . . . Morris (Bouncer) Friedman, energetic doorman for most of the shows in this section, is the popular conception of a movie gangster in appearance . . . . And he is just as tough as he looks . . . . To H. S. F.: Osk Till has hung up the gloves, is happily married and resides in Rochester, N. Y. . . . . A special train was chartered by 200 Utica fans who went to New York to watch Bushy Graham fight Leo Rodak in the Garden . . . . Joe Louis' knockout of Charlie Retzlaff in Chicago failed to excite local ringworms, although they will tell you Louis is the best in the heavyweight picture right now . . . . When Art Sykes knocked out Eddie Mader in three heats in the Windy City, Auburn fans who remembered the two when they were sparring partners for Primo Carnera while Preem was training for Louis, agreed that Sykes was the best in the camp when Louis Soresi, Bill Duffy and Company were at Island Park . . . . To Robert Leith and others who requested autographed photos of Babe Risko: Babe says he has them ordered, and as soon as he turns them over to us we will forward you your copy.

CANADIAN TOPICS
By LAWSON BAMPTON

FISTIANA LIMITED is a non-active and just about nil-productive issue on the Canadian exchange just now. The sock market is at a low ebb throughout the Dominion with amateur mitt meets providing about the only action for the more ardent fistic-minded fanatics. It will be about two months before things start humming again, after the hockey season is over, then Canadian cloutdom will rise on the sports exchange.

Montreal fighters are practically all inactive except Jimmy Ostadal, who is campaigning in Boston rings as Jimmy Ostall, heavyweight, and Myer Alper, classy lightweight lad who is now in New York. Alper is being handled in New York by Charley Rose, Manhattan's noted mentor, who is partnered with Sammy Goldman, popular pilot of Tony Canzoneri, world's lightweight champ. The youthful local flash has his future to make on his own responsibility as he could not be in better hands. Alper has his chance to make the grade, and if confidence and determination mean anything, he is already assured of success.

STRAY SHOTS—Tiger Warrington, colored light-heavy walloper from Liverpool, N. S., is making himself a big favorite in Boston . . . . may be matched with Sharkey, Shucco or McCoy there . . . . Warrington and McCoy would be a good match for Montreal . . . . if Jock McAvoy doesn't draw a big house in his next American start, he could come to Montreal and attract a packed Forum to see him do his stuff against Al McCoy in a return bout . . . . Eddie Wenstob, Viking, Alberta, light-heavy, who went to England under Mike Kaplansky's management, has been suspended by the British Board of Boxing Control for "jumping" a scheduled match there and returning to Canada . . . . Wenstob expects to have the suspension lifted, however, as he says he has his reasons for splitting with "Kap" and running out of a scheduled match.

Tommy Bland and Spider Armstrong, Toronto welter and flyweight, respectively, are still campaigning on the other side with the Edmonton mentor . . . . Playfair Brown is staging a Dominion-wide "white hope" heavyweight tourney at Toronto . . . . the winner goes to New York to compete against the sectional survivors of Jack Dempsey's proposed meet . . . . the Queen City meet is attracting all kinds of entrants . . . . giant lumberjacks, truck drivers and whatnots . . . . there should be many a comical battle on deck.

TIMELY TOPICS—Bobby Leitham, who retired a couple of years ago with the Canadian bantam crown resting on his brow, is very ill with pleurisy at this writing . . . . the popular Verdunite was confined at St. Mary's Hospital and recuperating very slowly . . . . Georges Girardin, a popular, hard-hitting lightweight locally up to about a dozen years ago, succumbed to pneumonia a few days before this writing . . . . Girardin was a tough scrapper and during the last few years was familiar in a refereeing role . . . . Eddie Carroll, Ottawa's welter idol, looking forward to making 1936 his biggest year yet . . . . he is anxious to get a return crack at knocking off Gordon Wallace's Canadian welter crown, but may campaign in the States before seeking the shot . . . . further discouragement for the pro battlers here was the closing of their training headquarters, the Central A. C. gym . . . . some of them went to the amateur gyms to get in their training licks . . . . the Post Boxing Record Book is smaller in volume than usual, but does not lack for quality . . . . leave it to Editor Johnny Romano to see to that.

HOLYOKE NEWS
By GEORGE KID ROSS

HARRY CONLEY, welterweight of Bennington, Vt., is campaigning in Holyoke. Conley won a few main bouts in Vermont, but is starting in the six-rounders in Holyoke.

Eddie Micheals, a light-heavy, who has been fighting in this section for a little over a year, now looks as though he will go places.

Young "Ace" Clark is boxing on the Holyoke cards and is making some of the wise ones take notice. "Ace" has improved greatly since he turned pro.

Steve Haliako won a close verdict over Werther Arcelli of Boston in the ten-round main bout at the Valley Arena, Holyoke. In the semi, Bobby Allen of Boston won over Joey Greb of New York; Ruby Bradley of Holyoke won his seventh successive bout by trouncing Freddy Lattanzio of New York; Johnny Prout of Northampton K.O.'ed Rosky Vitali of Bellows Falls, Vt., in the first round; Eddie Micheals of Westfield won over Emperor Jones of Hartford.

Werther Arcelli of Boston won a decision over Frankie Cinque of New York in the main bout of ten rounds. The verdict was a split affair. In the scheduled eight-round semi, Jerry Maloni of Springfield K.O.'ed Mike Ledoux of Worcester in the second round.

Tommy Rawson, son of the former great fighter of the same name, won his third fight in Holyoke when he gained a decision over Jimmy Richie of Hartford in a pleasing fight.

Johnny Buiso, Westfield, knocked out Benny Lynch of Boston in the third round of a scheduled four-rounder. Jack Erickson of Athol knocked out Paul Zeramba, Boston, in the second round.

Tommy Grady of Springfield fought Paris Apice of Providence, but was stopped by a technical K.O. in the third round.

Andrew Jessurun of New York won a ten-round bout from Frankie Hughes. Bobby Allen of Boston won a split verdict over Willie Pal of Albany in another hectic battle of eight rounds. Harry Conley of Bennington showed great promise when he polished Billy Mack of Boston in the second round of a scheduled six-rounder.

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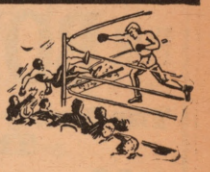

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HEARD AND SEEN IN MICHIGAN
BY MICKEY McINTIRE

WITH amateur boxing continuing to hold the spotlight, the pros are going rather slow. Golden Glove tournaments are being run all over the state, topped by the Detroit *Free Press* gigantic tournament, and the Grand Rapids *Press* meet, which is run in connection with eight other newspapers in Michigan. There are bound to be a lot of good champions representing Michigan at the Tournament of Champions in Chicago this year.

Chuck Woods, Jimmy Brady's crackerjack welterweight contender, administered a shellacking to Willard Brown, Indiana's favorite, at Indianapolis.

Dario Moreno, Kalamazoo Mexican, went up to Saginaw to box Frankie Wolfram, hard-socking Detroit featherweight, and came out second best. Wolfram treated Moreno to a rather rough going over before knocking him out midway in the battle.

Pete Gardner, the boy promoter, is running Monday nights at Madison Gardens, formerly known as Danceland. Gardner opened up with the preliminaries of a heavyweight tournament, the outstanding battlers being Red Tom Dawson, Johnny Whiters, and Jimmy Adamick.

Bob Brace, still running at the Dearborn Arena, has been having good success with welterweight matches. His most recent features have been between Johnny Gallo and Cecil Mobly. Gallo, who is a very good boxer, has been the winner over Mobly both times.

Joey Miehlove ranks as the outstanding lightweight of the newer crop to be developed around here. Joey, Golden Glove bantamweight champion in 1934, has come along considerably since turning pro. In his recent starts he knocked out Jimmy Shannon at Muncie, Ind., and took the decision over Jackie Knighton, local Negro. By the way, Knighton had just come back from Chicago, where he turned in several good fights. Miehlove has not lost a decision in twenty-seven pro fights, although he was shaded by Edwin Waling in a no-decision bout.

Al Nettlow, who as an amateur was one of the best bantams and later feathers Detroit has turned out, is now boxing as a lightweight. After taking a long layoff due to a cut eye, suffered in a bout with Aubrey Kid Martin, Nettlow started back on his road upward. In a bout at Miami Beach, Al knocked his opponent kicking in the fourth round, after flooring him something like five times.

Another former amateur star going good is Edwin Waling, Detroit 130-pounder. Waling is confining his boxing to Chicago, where he chalks up a knockout every week or two.

Lefty Gwynne, Olympic champion in 1932, returned to the ring after a three-month layoff to battle Red Casson and lost the decision.

Outstanding amateur results follow: Lew Bellinger beat Bob Dennis, Bob Smith, Frank Boyce, and lost to Stephen Kruchkow. Herman West outpointed Timmie Quinn, Tim Hill, and Joe Cussans, who beat Mike Mikolaye and Bill Wassill. Mikolaye stopped Joe Macjeiki. Milton Shivers knocked out Ted Cerwin, Elmer Cousineau, Walter Franklin, and Joe Zanichelli. Cerwin stopped Johnny Bray, who lost to Wm. Peak. Peak lost to Cousineau. Franklin beat Jesse Patterson and George Stapleton. Johnny Barbara of Bendix A. C., South Bend, Ind., beat Howell King, Colonel Barrow, George Burnette, and Percy Jones. King stopped Ernie Lateur. Barrow beat Henry Murphy, who won from Floyd Cunningham. Cunningham stopped Don Little. Burnette beat Vic Zywicki but was stopped by Elmore Barnes. Jones stopped Don Stevenson and beat Joe Pasiuk. Zywicki kayoed Randall Conway. Stevenson beat Leo Rakowski and Steve Hobel, but was kayoed by Ray Barnes. Al Kilpatrick won from Lonnie Wright, Art Rubin, Ted Dickerson and Johnny Gillis, but lost to Dynamiting Dave Egan. Egan lost to Rubin but outscored William Hardges, who beat Andy Pezak and Albert Clark. Clark scored over Pat Thomas and stopped Harry Boland. Thomas beat Woodworth and flattened Clarence Martin.

Wright beat Al Gordon, Pete Lello and kayoed Billy Tardugno and George Davies. Rubin flattened Major Brown, who kayoed LeRoy Jackson. Dickerson beat Ira Striggs, and Gillis lost to Rubin. Andy Pezak beat Jimmy Dougherty. Tommy Morris won from Johnny Nagy, George Latka and Al Adams. Nagy beat Mike Dabrowski, Billy Wright and Emmett Smith. Dabrowski won from Vincent Naubert and Pat Thomas. Wright won from Jerry Cavette, who lost to Bill Starkell. Starkell beat Joe Brancaleone, Sid Jacobs, and lost on a T.K.O. to Pete Lello. Lello beat Orth Rubin. Patsy Urso won from Stanley Cieslik and Carmen Duva. Duva scored over Bobby McIntire, who dropped a decision to Billy Taylor. Cieslik knocked out Mike Maloney, Oscar Neale, and won from Duva. Maloney lost to Fred Winiger. Neale beat Alfred Stone.

Jimmy Brady, Michigan's No. 1 fight manager, contemplates opening a big gym downtown. At present the leading gym in town is that belonging to Julius Gonzales, located on Michigan at Vinewood.

Wrestling or boxing promoters' lists may be had at two bits apiece by writing Mickey McIntire, 1265 Solvay Ave., Detroit.

IN THE COAL FIELDS
By JOE BRADY

AT Scranton—The three wrestling shows here in the past month, due to the large attendance, makes Scranton one of the best towns in the state financially for the "grunters" to display their wares. Joe Savoldi and Serge Kalmikoff drew 4,200, the Ernie Dusek-Ralph Garribaldi match brought out 2,700, while the Joe Savoldi-Jack Donovan affair drew 2,500 excited fans.

While Hank Stezar will devote his time and money with the "strong men," a new club has applied for a license to conduct only boxing matches at the old Armory. With proper matches, this new club should go over with a bang.

At Pottsville—Johnny Sayers, a State College freshman, who now occupies the spot in the hearts of Shenandoah fight fans left vacant with the passing of Pat Igoe, lost his first wind-up scrap when he was outpointed in eight rounds by Joe Staiges here at Charleston Hall. In the semi, Jim Baker, rangy middleweight from Reading, won by a T.K.O. over Joe Fedz (three rounds); Mike Stone beat Chester Martin (6); Midget Cool drew with Billy Spiegel (4); Mike Habowski kayoed Mike Zulick (2).

At Hazleton (amateurs)—In one of the best contests staged among Simon-pure mittmen in this city, Vince Kosak, Hazleton lad, won a close three-round verdict from Gene Pinter, rival McAdoo slugger. Other results on the same show, all bouts slated for three rounds: Scal Kakell K.O.'ed George Kosak; Vince Madden won over Jimmy Devore; John Klotz beat Pete Savoldi; Morris Thomas won from Paul Chernok; Pete Tranguch beat Joe Habel; Jackie Fields lost to Tommy Wargo; Ben Gilli defeated Johnny Ross; Joe Yurko beat Andy Wargo. Steve Latzo, veteran scrapper of note and brother of the former welter champ, was third man in the ring.

At Freeland (amateurs)—With Blandford Jones at the helm, the Freeland Tigers are packing them in at all their shows. In the last show, Johnny Shenk beat Mike Walkey; Paul Cardinal won from Sal Nochi; Johnny Cruss lost to Joe Kiddish; Patsy Defoe defeated Johnny Ross. In the only bout on the card that was forced to go an extra round, Al Flora got the nod over Stanley Perock. Pete Blasi K.O.'ed Jimmy Malta (3); Tommy Lloyd K.O.'ed Bob Rhodes (1); Morrie Thomas K.O.'ed Johnny Cicero (2).

At Tamaqua (amateurs)—The largest crowd of the season was on hand to cheer their favorites in action. In the final contest, Stan Perock, lightweight from Palo Alto, surprised the vast audience with his victory over the highly rated Frank Renolds. In the semi-final, Joe Hassick defeated Fred Lewis of Nanticoke. This was Fred's first setback in amateur competition. The "special" bout also proved to be an upset when Joe Yurko slugged his way to a three-round win over Mal Lewis. The only knockout on the card occurred in the 160-pound class when Len Konobroskie of Nanticoke, an even bet to reach the finals in the New York Golden Glove tournament, kayoed Jack Schanzank (three rounds).

At Lebanon (amateurs)—Bill Bain defeated Lewis Bobo in the final bout. Harry Ramsey beat Al Wilson; Bud Millis beat Al Warner; Farmer Whiteman beat Paul Miller; Charles Boyer lost to George Stern; Earle Firestone won from Horace Shay; Ammon Pessely defeated Ralph Bixler; George Hayer beat Harry Woodward; while Paul Ramsey lost to Bill Shaud. All bouts went the limit of three rounds.

JUST RAMBLING—Wildcat O'Connor, Forrest City, K.O.'ed Joe Pennino and Murry Brandt, and drew with George Salvatore . . . . Tony Rock, Mayfield, beat Jack Wilson (fifteen rounds) at Melbourne, Australia . . . . Mickey Serrian, Scranton, drew with Frankie Blair . . . . Eddie Brink, Scranton, lost to Pete Mascia . . . . Eddie McGeever, Scranton, K.O.'ed Andre Sarila and lost to Joe Boscarino . . . . Sammy Donato, Dunmore, member of the Penn State College glove team, defeated George Walker of Western Maryland . . . . Joe Sweeney, Wilkesbarre, is out on the Coast, boxing under the management of Frank Backman . . . . Chester Palutis, Scranton lightheavy, has signed a two-year contract with Charlie Johnston, New York fight mentor . . . . Eddie Loughran, hotel owner of Hazleton, has taken over the promotion end at Feely Hall . . . . Tony McDonald, former Scranton scrapper of the good old days, is now tending bar . . . . Jackie Britton, Pringle fight manager, was appointed Deputy Boxing Commissioner of Luzerne County . . . . Al Sterner, well-known sportsman in the coal regions, has taken over the Kalurah Temple Boxing Club at Bingo.

LOUISIANA AND VICINITY
By H. J. "MATTY" MATTHEWS

FISTICALLY speaking, a dead calm has settled over the great seaport city of New Orleans. With the exception of all-Negro shows, boxing has completely stopped. Even wrestling cards are drawing less. Three reasons are advanced for the predicament the city of half a million people finds itself in: Taxes, promotion and lack of home talent. Primarily, it is the high tax placed on the sport, in blood-sucking disregard for the welfare of the game.

It is beyond conception that anything will be done toward lessening the lecherous burden of state taxes placed on boxing, although it is strangling the golden goose. However, by sufficient display of backbone the boxing commission can eliminate the type of promoters who have been injuring their own business by their contemptuous treatment of the boxers. One has been checked, namely Jimmy Feely, whose license to promote "white" shows was revoked, but in the estimation of this writer a clean sweep should have been made. Dave Schlesinger, wrestling impresario, however, knows his business thoroughly, but he is handicapped by circumstances.

It has been demonstrated that Wesley Farrell, local Negro junior welterweight, is the only fighter able to enjoy partial remunerative success in New Orleans. In his one bout during the month, a kayo win over Charley the Kid, colored New Orleans lightweight, Farrell netted himself over two hundred dollars.

A match which should have drawn a good sized "gate"—Tiger Joe Randall of Pittsburgh, Pa., versus Louis "Kid" Cocoa, New Haven, Conn., welterweight—grossed only $490. After the promoter deducted $275 from the top, as he customarily does before the fighters are figured in, there was little left. Cocoa eked out a close decision in ten rounds.

In the only other card during the month, Sammy Slaughter, Terre Haute, Ind., light-heavyweight, outpointed Fast Black, local heavyweight, in ten rounds.

Other Negro bouts resulted as follows: Moise Howard kayoed Johnny Jones, but Jones decisioned Ed Roberts, heavyweights. Tiger Stewart beat Jack Otey; Chocolate Bon Bon won over Battling Siki; Horace Gluide kayoed Victor Herbert; Al Edwards downed Mexican Pete; Kid Harry defeated George Lawson, all welterweights. Israel Robinson drew with Sammy the Terror; Roland Brown kayoed Kid Amos; Jack Otey knocked out Eddie Cooper, all lightweights. Jimmy Brooks stopped K. O. Kid and outpointed Johnny Monroe, featherweights.

OUTCROPPINGS—Martin Burke, erstwhile heavyweight and former kingpin boxing promoter of New Orleans, has been delegated by Jack Dempsey to direct the southern part of his heavyweight "white hope" eliminations . . . . Ervin Berlier, New Orleans, won a close newspaper decision over Willard Brown, Indianapolis, Ind., welterweight, at Mobile, Ala. . . . . Army boxing is flourishing at Barksdale Field, La. . . . . Attention is being attracted to Jimmy Yeates' heavyweight protege known as "King Kong" . . . . Only guarantees will avail Negro boxers from outside anything, under the present conditions. This is in answer to queries . . . . The writer's address is 627 Ursuline, New Orleans, La.

RUMBLINGS FROM VIRGINIA
By JOHN OLIVER

RICHMOND, VA.—Interest in professional boxing in Virginia at present is crystallized on the "white hope" elimination tournament under way here. The South Atlantic search for a prospect in Jack Dempsey's effort to find a conqueror of Joe Louis has begun and nine victors emerged from the first round.

They were scheduled to appear in the second phase of the elimination under the promotion of Walter Heenan.

A score or more heavyweights from North Carolina, Virginia and West Virginia invaded the city and trained for three days under the direction of Chris Dundee, who manages one of the largest stables of fighters in the South.

Some of them knew a little about fighting, others knew nothing. The survivors of the first round are all fairly good looking prospects, but the winner, regardless of his present ability, will have a long way to go. It's a great experiment, this "white hope" tournament.

Chris Dundee is keeping his boys busy. He has Bob Turner, the state middleweight champion, fighting Anson Green in Pittsburgh; Stumpy Jacobs, lightweight, in Philadelphia; and Ken Overlin, fifth ranking middleweight in the nation, appeared here recently, while negotiations are under way for a third match between Overlin and Paul Pirrone. Overlin and Pirrone have fought twice before and are now all-square.

KANSAS AND VICINITY
By L. R. FORD

SALINA, Kans.—Les Showers directed the big Amateur State Boxing meet here and played to one of the biggest houses in the state excepting Wichita. Winners of this state tournament will compete in the Mo. Valley A.A.U. with all expenses paid. State Championship winners of the various divisions are, heavyweight, Floyd Miller; light-heavyweight, Harold Lowe; middleweight, Clyde Smith; welterweight, Henry Holleyman; lightweight, Jack Shrimpsher; featherweight, Vince Demlar; bantamweight, Henry Smith; flyweight, Joey Hernandez.

Eureka, Kans.—Showers' next Amateur Boxing Tournament will be held in this city, and boxers from the extreme eastern part of the state will get an opportunity to compete. Showers is taking a few days rest at his home in Joplin, and will visit the writer of this column soon and then on to Eureka.

Larned, Kans.—Amateur boxing results. Clare Patterson knocked out Roy Vanek in 2; Donald Parker beat Manuel Maldonado; Chief Montazuma beat Jerry Davis; Bob Armstrong knocked out Lyle Ackerman in 3; Billy Hann beat Tom Marshall; Harold Atwood beat Claude Applegate; Tony Maldonado knocked out Louie Myers in 2; Lefty Honn knocked out Kid Thorpe in 1; Modezto Garcia beat Dude Lavelle.

Kansas City, Mo.—Jimmy Garrison and Pat Kissinger fought a thrilling 12 round draw. This pair of lightweights are two of the best in the middlewest. Tommy Freeman trimmed Bruce Brown in 10. This was the first defeat for Brown in the last 15 starts.

Salina, Kans.—Johnny Apt is making overtures for Bruce Brown, colored middleweight, to be featured in a 10 round bout here. Possibly Pat Kissinger may headline the bout if Brown can not be secured. Apt says from the way the fans turned out to see the amateurs go, was an indication the fans are hungry for some good pro fight cards.

Tulsa, Okla.—Mr. Duvall has just started the fight game again in this city, and will headline his show with Junior Munsell, former amateur star, who reigned supreme among the light-heavies of the middlewest the last three years. Munsell has knocked out nine opponents in his last ten starts. Sam Avey, wrestling promoter of this city, will promote the amateur shows here, and also at Oklahoma City.

Ponca City, Okla.—Junior Munsell defeated Curtis Hambright of Akron, Ohio, in ten hard fought rounds. Al Stillman of St. Louis will be Munsell's next opponent in this city.

It is the opinion of the writer that Kansas will have more activity in the fight game in this state than any year since boxing was legalized.

FIGHT FLASHES FROM THE SOUTH
By PINKIE LOU MASTERS

ADD another knockout victim to the fast growing list of Chino Alvarez, Dixie lightweight champion, who is making Tampa his home. Last month, Chino took the scalp of Lou Beard, lightweight champion of Texas, in two rounds, scored over Baby Miller before six thousand fans.

Martin Burke, former sparring partner of Jack Dempsey and present boxing promoter at New Orleans, has been asked by Jack to run an elimination tournament in order to discover a "white hope." Burke has been appointed as district manager and promoters in Florida, Alabama, Georgia, Tennessee, Mississippi, Texas and Louisiana who wish to join in this quest for the "hope" will do well to communicate with Martin. Winners of the tournament will be trained personally by Jack.

At Miami Beach, Fla., Bob Godwin outpointed Don Petrin in ten rounds . . . . At Charlotte, N. C., Paul Marques won an unpopular decision over the hard punching Carl Knowles . . . . Max Marek, the lad who decisioned Joe Louis when both were amateurs, is sojourning in Florida. He is gunning for John Henry Lewis for the light-heavyweight title . . . . Bill Garrison will soon hit Southern shores with his lightweight champion of Ohio, Al George . . . . Armanda Sicilia, bantamweight contender, is gunning for a bout with the title-holder while Nat Litfin of New York is also shooting at the same title . . . . Phil Shapiro of the Bronx is managing Ralph Chong, Chinese middleweight . . . . Wesley Martin would like to meet Chino Alvarez on a winner-take-all basis . . . . Patsy Severo will soon invade the South with his brother Leo. Both these boys are good and they should do well in the South . . . . Will Francis Brandt, boxer, get in touch with me as I have a letter for him! . . . . Joe Knight scored over Buck Everett at Miami . . . . This is all, so until next month . . . . I'll be seeing you . . . . Pinkie Lou Masters, 1911 Waters Avenue, Savannah, Georgia.

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AUSTRALIAN BOXING NOTES

By HERB McHUGH

IT seems certain that over twenty-three thousand people in Sydney will never forget Boxing Night. In drenching rain, they sat unflinchingly in the open-air at the Sydney Sports Ground to see Australia's brilliant welter champion, Jack Carroll, decisively outpoint Bep Van Klaveren in the feature bout of the evening, winning twelve of the fifteen rounds. Carroll's win was of such a nature that if American rating lists are graded purely on merit, then Carroll automatically becomes the most logical claimant for a shot at Barney Ross' world's title.

Promoter Charlie Lucas should feel happy at the result of his first open-air promotion in Sydney. And yet, perhaps, he has room to lament, especially from a box-office point of view. Approximately $22,500 found way into the coffers, but it is a sure thing that at least a further $10,000 would have been roped in had the weather been more in harmony with the occasion.

Around five o'clock in the evening, black, sinister clouds started to bank up, but this did not deter fans from moving in immediately the shutters were taken down at six o'clock.

It proved to be a regular gala night. Beautiful damsels in evening dress, escorted by immaculately garbed swains, society girls filling the role of program sellers (the net profits of the promotion being for charity), an army of ushers in varied colored coats, brass bands; in fact, everything that goes with such a night, even down to ices and hamburgers. However, it was apparent that Jupiter was going to refuse to play ball and persisted in mustering for a splash in his own particular way.

A few minutes after eight o'clock, Herb Bishop and Alf Blatch entered the arena to decide the Australian lightweight championship. One could have heard a pin drop when the referee, Lieutenant-Colonel D'arcy Francis, called the fighters into the center of the ring for the customary instructions. Jupiter here took the opportunity of sneaking up from behind and started to let the crowd have it—innocent little rain-drops to begin with, and nobody took any notice as the gong had gone and Bishop and Blatch were on their way.

Within a few seconds, the heavens opened up properly, but it mattered not . . . . as Bishop, the champ, was flat on his back, Blatch having smacked him nicely on the button. Up at two, looking more surprised than hurt, Bishop walked boldly ahead, but Blatch soon convinced that he wasn't fooling and another wallop toppled him. The count of four sufficed this time, but Herb hardly had time to look around when another shock punch had him wiping the rain off the canvas with his face. It was all so devastating, with the position decidedly desperate for Bishop, that really he had to do something about it—and he did.

Climbing to his feet at the count of eight, Bishop jumped right into Blatch, and from a general mix-up of flying gloves, the challenger found himself occupying Bishop's former position on the floor. He took the count of nine calmly enough and then back into action. But he struck further trouble and once again the seat of his pants mixed with the resin and water. Then somebody realized that it was about time the timekeeper took a hand. It has seemed a heluva stretch since the referee first sent them out on the job. Six knockdowns in the opening round of an Australian championship! What a glorious start!

Back to the fight. Bishop was soon in trouble again. Blatch came out the fresher of the pair, and had the satisfaction of again dropping his man for a portion of the count and won the round well. The third was another bad one for the champ and it looked like curtains anytime, but his amazing pluck, which has always been an important part of his make-up, kept him on his feet. The next three rounds saw Bishop in the ascendancy, but Blatch came to life in the seventh when he sent them in from all angles and had Bishop so dizzy that the police called a halt . . . . and the decision and the title went to Blatch. Bishop protested against the ending, claiming that he invariably wins a fight from behind, being an exceptionally slow beginner. However, when he had cooled off a little, he had many nice things to say about the new champion, which, after all, still makes Bishop a champion among sportsmen.

Lucas brought forward what was to have been the final event between Mickey Miller and Bobby Clements. These youngsters were billed for the bantamweight championship, held by Miller, but whereas it was advertised for fifteen rounds, under the extraordinary conditions it was cut down to ten rounds. Refereed by A. D. Barling, a very excellent referee and who officiated at the Sydney Stadium during the dirction of Hugh D. McIntosh in 1932, the decision went to Clements on points. Some are now claiming Clements, who is our official flyweight champion, a dual champion. I refuse to agree with them. Circumstances or no circumstances, if a match is advertised for any particular distance, and it is cut down from a laid-down schedule, it no longer carries the conditions previously stipulated. Clements is a dandy little scrapper for his weight and he may do the trick again on Miller should they meet a second time, but I prefer to wait for that occasion before saying that Australia has a new bantam champion.

And now to the fight of the evening. Australians had sufficient faith in the prowess of Carroll to make him favorite in the betting at 2's on. Visiting Van Klaveren in his dressing room I found him extremely confident. In fact, he was prancing around like a schoolboy and treating press photographers to as many shots as they required. His dad acted as a personal bodyguard, with "Duke" Baxter and Matt Daly sharing the responsibilities as seconds.

On the other hand, Carroll, who is of a retiring nature, was laid placidly on the rubbing-down table attended by Bill O'Brien, who has been with Carroll ever since the home fighter first pulled on a glove. Bill watched over Carroll to the last second and even arranged for a hefty supporter to give his charge a "pig-a-back" right down to the ring. The cheers that greeted both principals were deafening. What a sight—everybody wet to the skin and not caring a damn!

With the conditions so foreign to both fighters it was a matter of conjecture as to which one would overcome them best. The very first punch—a terrific right swing from Van Klaveren—soon made it clear that the Dutchman would quickly find himself in lots of bother with such tactics—that is, if he missed consistently like he did with the first effort to nail Carroll. Carroll was a decided contrast to Van Klaveren. Whereas the latter was often on his toes and weaving about to get under Carroll's guard, the Australian stood flatfooted and countered severely when the Dutchman would miss with wild swings.

The slippery condition of the canvas—it could not be obviated—was against Van Klaveren's "annihilation" methods, and after three rounds of desperate fighting, in which at times he skidded from one side of the ring to the other, he appeared to become discouraged, and also, as he said afterwards, a little scared of injury, a thing that could be understood seeing that he had injured his foot during training which had caused a postponement of the fight from the original date.

It would be just a waste of time and space to go about describing the fight round by round. It would be best for the reader to imagine an experienced, crafty boxer—not the hit and run away type—but one with a brilliant fighting brain, ever thinking a split second ahead of the chap he is fighting. This was Carroll. Nothing worried him. Van Klaveren even tried to talk him out of it, but it was so much a waste of time. Exacting, relentless and never wasting a punch, Carroll was the boxer perfect against Van Klaveren. Not a shock puncher by any means, nevertheless, the Australian champion hits so often that he gets the opposition so disgusted that they think glove-throwing a mug's game.

The one big question is—how much did the rain affect Van Klaveren? Some fighters can overcome adverse conditions better than others, and Carroll, apparently, is one of them.

And in passing, I might mention that the contest was splendidly controlled by Harold Baker, a prominent amateur sportsman and a brother of the famous "Snowy" Baker, now living in America, and former fight promoter in Sydney.

Bill Newman, manager of the colored light-heavyweight, Leo Kelly, returned from America in time to see his charge put the skids under the Frenchman, Marcel Lauriot, in four rounds at the Sydney Stadium. Lauriot, according to advance publicity, holds the cruiserweight championship of France, and held Jock McAvoy and Len Harvey to close decisions. Anyhow, Lauriot was never in the race and after a severe right uppercut had made contact in the fourth stanza, and running into another wallop of the same variety, it was the big exit for him.

While Kelly may not be so well known outside of his own state, California, he can rightly claim to be one of the best "cards" brought to Australia in years. To date he had taken part in eight fights in this country, winning six by the K.O. and losing on points to Ambrose Palmer and Ron Richards, the latter named fights being contested over two-minute rounds. His victims have been: Pietro Georgi (four rounds); Young Campbell (seven rounds); Tommy King, U. S. A. (nine rounds); Mark Hough, U. S. A. (eleven rounds); Merlo Preciso, Italy (five rounds); Marcel Lauriot (four rounds). While the verdict for Palmer was correct, it will be remembered that the home champion came out of the scrap with two cracked ribs and a broken nose. It is significant, too, that Ron Richards refused a guarantee of three thousand dollars to meet the colored fighter in a return over three-minute rounds.

Brought to Australia by Leichhardt Stadium, Matchmaker George Barnes made a "packet" for his directors from Kelly's fights with Palmer and Richards. Completing his contract with that company. Kelly was signed with the N. B. C. for five fights. He has got through four of them by the short cut route, so everything points to the N. B. C. taking up the option for further use of his services.

Jimmy Day surprised the fistic tipsters by holding Jack Laurence's lad, Tommy Jones, to a draw. Although the local was spilled four times during the fight for various counts, he was slugging away with the colored youth when the final buzzer went. I have previously mentioned Day as a prospect and his success against Jones will give him plenty of confidence.

The European fighters have struck a blank to date in breaking the ice. On top of Kelly wrapping crepe around Preciso and Lauriot, Jimmy Purcell followed up by taking a points decision over Fernand Veiz. It was an unattractive affair, Purcell being much below par. Some thought Viez was entitled to the nod, but I fail to see how. The Frenchman resembles Cormier a good deal, but unless he can show improvement on his initial showing, he's never likely to set the town alight.

The "full house" sign had again to be brought out at Leichhardt Stadium when Tom Lurich wrestled a newcomer from the States, who preferred to be known as the "Mysterious Ghost." Although the event was billed as a wrestling match, the general impression was that it was a first-class brawl, and so hectic that the police shouted a protest. Anyhow, Tom kept throwing them at the hooded figure in front of him and was disqualified, whereby he immediately dropped to the mat in a kneeling position, weeping and wailing. What a lad!

With the Australian film quota now in force, many pictures are now under way and wrestlers and boxers have been in demand for certain required types. Charles Farrell is all set to play the lead in the "Flying Doctor," under the direction of Miles Mander. It demands a wrestler to go in with Farrell and the shot will be made at either Leichhardt or Sydney Stadiums. So far, Lurich is favorite for the part, although Pencheff and Kruskamp are pressing him close for the honor.

Tony Rock knocked out Tommy O'Brien in two rounds in Melbourne. Good performance this by the American, who was spotting his opponent a few pounds in weight.

While Australia possesses many fighters of first-class calibre, the number is limited for rating purposes, consequently I have included, in places, the names of American boxers at present campaigning here. With no legitimate heavyweight in sight, I have eliminated the division entirely.

Light-heavyweights—Champion, Ambrose Palmer; 1, Leo Kelly (U.S.A.); 2, Young Campbell; 3, Roy De Gans (U.S.A.); 4, Pietro Spagnola; 5, Jock McDonald; 6, Claude Nichols.

Middleweights—Champion, Fred Henneberry; 1, Jack Carroll; 2, Ron Richards; 3, Mark Hough (U.S.A.); 4, Tommy Jones (U.S.A.); 5, Jim Mitchell; 6, Les Brander.

Welterweights—Champion, Jack Carroll; 1, Jimmy Purcell; 2, Tony Rock (U.S.A.); 3, Jimmy Day; 4, Dick Humphreys; 5, Cyril Pluto; 6, Joe Johnson.

Lightweights—Champion, Alf Blatch; 1, Herb Bishop; 2, Bert Osborne; 3, Joe Hall; 4, Bill Darcy; 5, Terry Reilly; 6, Hughie Mehegan.

Featherweights—Champion, Merv Blandon; 1, Billy Carr; 2, "Spider" Roach; 3, Mickey Miller; 4, Max Richards; 5, Bub Anderson; 6, Clem Fundess.

Bantamweights—Champion, Mickey Miller; 1, Bobby Clements; 2, Max Richards; 3, Vic Vaisey; 4, George Elliott; 5, Joe Hourigan; 6, Joe Gill.

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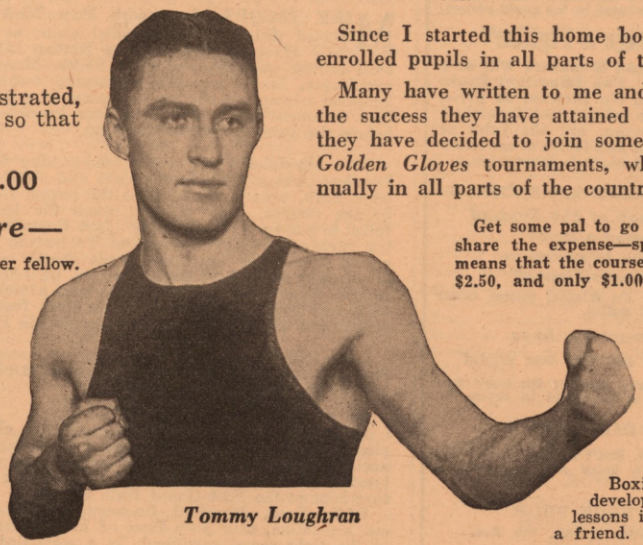

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SOUTHERN OHIO JABS
By J. JIMMIE AMANN

BIG Joe Mueller took the greater Cincinnati heavyweight championship from Nate Bartell at Music Hall in a hectic eight-round battle. Mueller also beat Archie Pevlever of West Virginia in an eight-rounder in his next start at the Cincinnati fight arena. Bartell was slated for a return crack at Mueller but at the last minute the West Virginian was subbed, following up with an easy victory for Mueller.

Bud Cressy of Andover, Ohio, bulletins that he is planning an invasion of southern climes with his stable of fighters.

Carl Turner (Kid Chocolate), Columbus, Ohio, welterweight, is going great guns at this writing. Turner has been fighting with success and is gradually becoming a good fighter.

Ray Kietz, the blonde double shooter from Bellvue, Ky., turned in two victories at Music Hall during the current writing. First he forced Frankie Willis to quit after three rounds and then copped a hard fight from Mutt Schwartz of Columbus.

Jess Calhoun surprised all of the fight faithful when he took a decision over Buddy Miller, Newport's fighting newsboy, in an eight rounder on the Mueller-Pevlever card at Music Hall. Jess, looking fat and out of condition took us all into camp by defeating Miller with ease.

Around Fountain Square with the punchers and their pilots . . . . Jack Moran, former manager of Tiger West, is expected to handle the ropes for Paul Gray's New Orleans stable of Lucius Fleet, bantamweight and Charley the Kid, a lightweight . . . . the latter knocked out Wesley Ferrell . . . . George C. Williams, former fight manager and promoter, has his offices in the Hotel Metropole . . . . all his old friends can reach him at Suite 200 at this Hotel . . . . Jack Davis is touting the wares of another newcomer, Johnny Wass of South Lebanon, Ohio . . . . Wass is a lightweight and looks like the goods . . . . Dr. E. B. Adams of Huntington, W. Va. has a good heavyweight comer in Jim Grose . . . . Grose holds the West Virginia heavyweight title . . . . George Mulford, of Akron, has a good heavyweight in Jack Johnson.

The writer of this column joined the ranks of the benedicts on February 8th at St. Joseph's Catholic Church, Cincinnati, Ohio, so please pardon these hurried notes this month with a promise of plenty of news next month for sure. Until then, all you readers scribble a line to me at 1904 Young Street, Cincinnati, Ohio.

CONNECTICUT NEWS
By LOUIS PRESLOFSKY

MIKE JACOBS along with Tom McArdle staged their first professional show, at the New Haven Arena, starring Nathan Mann, hard hitting walloper, and Ford Smith, Montana mittslinger, Mann scored a sensational technical knockout triumph, in the seventh round of a scheduled ten-round bout. He scored four knockdowns before the referee stopped the fight.

In a scheduled eight round semi-windup Gene Dundee, Orange, light-heavyweight and Al Rossi, New York, were disqualified in the second round by the referee, Billy Taylor, when the boxers failed to put up a fight. "Tiger" Jack Renault was too rugged for Billy Reeves, of Torrington and scored a technical knockout in the fourth round of an eight round bout. Stan Hasrato, light-heavyweight, outpunched Al Zappala, to gain a victory. In a four rounder, Joe Wack, New York featherweight was awarded the verdict over Jackie Page.

Louis "Kid" Cocoa, New England welterweight titleholder, defeated Joe Penninno in a ten round bout at the Valley Arena, Holyoke.

Bat Battalino, ex-world's featherweight champion, turned in an easy win over Pete Nebo, the ancient Seminole Indian, by scoring a technical knockout in the second round of a ten round feature bout at the Foot Guard Hall, Hartford.
Eddie Reed, Hartford featherweight, slugged out a decision, over Joey Izzo, of East Hartford, in the eight round semi-final. In a scheduled six round bout Eddie Mays, Hartford welterweight, won on a two round technical knockout over Joe Collura. Jimmy Stewart, of New Haven and Tommy Grady, of Springfield battled to a draw in six rounds. Johnny Massey, New Haven, decisioned Jimmy Stathis in four heats.

Louis "Kid" Kaplan, former world's featherweight champion, was appointed boxing instructor of the community center's gymnasium in Hartford.

Please send all your notes to this scribe at 50 Crown St., Waterbury, Conn., before the first of each month.

Boxers free from managerial contracts, desiring to get work hereabouts should get in touch with the writer.

PHILADELPHIA NOTES
By ARCHIE PIROLLO

BOXING in Philly has taken a new lease on life since Promoter Max Hoff opened the Olympia A. C. Since the opening show in January he has been running weekly and has made at least twenty new faces in his five shows. "Boo Boo," as he is known to the boxing game, had such star attractions as Johnny Jadick and Tony Morgano; Frankie Caris vs. Jimmy Smith; Tony Canzoneri vs. Tootsie Bashara; Wesley Ramey vs. Johnny Lucas; and Frankie Caris with Lou Halper. This is the only club running weekly with the exception of the Cambria A. C.

Tiger Harris, colored light-heavyweight, now making Philly his home, looks like the next big thing in the light-heavy and heavyweight class. His victories over Leo Duncan, Johnny Peppe, and K.O.'s over Wade Lumpkin, Tom Henry, Billy Jones has placed him No. 1 challenger to Al Ettore.

Jackie Willis, colored lightweight, although suffering a reverse from Tony Morgano, defeated Teddy Baldwin and Stumpy Jacobs.

Frankie Caris, local middleweight, is still undefeated in three years of pro competition. His last fight with Jimmy Smith proved he is ready to step out in faster company.

Harry Rubin is the lastest welterweight sensation in Philly. He has scored five knockouts and won two decisions in seven pro scraps. He is a former U.S.N. champion.

Results: Olympia A. C., Tony Morgano defeated Johnny Jadick; Tiger Harris K.O.'ed Billy Jones; Calvin Reed dropped a close one to Frankie Mills; Fritz McBride won over Joe Beltrante; Jack Hiller stopped Gene Haley.
Frankie Caris won a ten-rounder over Jimmy Smith; Jackie Willis outpointed Teddy Baldwin; Johnny Marcelline K.O.'ed Lou Puglese in the first heat; Jack Moran stopped Eddie Pinowsky; Jacy Warner defeated Al Hughes.
Tony Canzoneri, lightweight champion, scored a T.K.O. over Toots Bashara; Fritz McBride won over Sam Calvin; Harry Rubin stopped Tony Manis; Benny Victor K.O.'ed Frankie Spina; Dick Kryston outfought Jack Kelly.
Wesley Ramey outfought Johnny Lucas; Jackie Willis outboxed Stumpy Jacobs; Johnny Marcelline stopped Danny O'Donnell; Tommy Forte stopped Frankie McCann.

BOXING IN CUBA
By MILT BARON

HAVANA has been idle so far as boxing is concerned, and that can be attributed to the cancellation of the Joe Louis-Izzy Gastanaga fight which certainly put a crimp in the game here.

Kid Chocolate, on the comeback trail, defeated Andy Martin of Boston in a ten-rounder at the Cristal Arena. Chocolate appears to be in good shape and in earnest about his comeback. Let's see what the Cuban Keed can accomplish.

Fillo Echeverria, conqueror of Baby Arizmendi and Baby Quintana of Panama, is back in Cuba again after a visit to Hollywood, where he made a good showing. Fillo, the Spanish flash, will meet some worthy opponents in Havana during the coming months.

Conrad Conde, Cuba's popular featherweight, will meet Fillo Echeverria shortly. Conde should set the pace for Fillo's real test in Cuba, as Conde is a two-fisted cyclone when in action.

Joe Legon, local welterweight, will clash with Rene Sanchez for the Cuban title. Legon holds a decision over Sanchez, and should cop the title when they meet.

Pincho Gutierrez, Kid Chocolate's manager, has several good prospects here, and will attempt to discover another marvel as he did Kid Chocolate. One of the good looking prospects is Pablo Cardenas, a bantamweight, who boxes like the Keed when he was in the high spots.

Lew Feldman, New York lightweight, is expected to make a trip here to meet Kid Chocolate very shortly.

Aramis Del Pino and Luis Parga are preparing some good programs for the coming months. Aramis expects to bring over some good American and Spanish fighters.

SIOUX CITY, IOWA, SPARKS
By BILL HAWKINS

YOUNG MICKEY WALKER, Fort Dodge, Iowa, featherweight, has attracted considerable attention during the past month, mainly because of his long list of consistent wins. There seems to be no holding the youngster back, and under the guiding hand of Roy Gillman, he appears to be going places.

Perry, Ia.—Eddie Spencer scored over Wild Bill Hendricks in eight rounds. The boys, battling in the welter class, staged an exciting bout all the way. Jimmy Wooten and Bill Cory went to a draw. Pep O'Brien defeated Sheik Thomas; Young Gotch knocked out Jackie Myers in three rounds; Milt Effle stopped Norman Wright in two.

Fargo, No. Dak.—Everette "Young" Rightmire, Sioux City's great little featherweight ace, and No. 1 featherweight challenger in Illinois, was awarded a T.K.O. victory over Paul Lee of Indianapolis in the tenth round of their billed fifteen-rounder. Larry Udell, Aberdeen, So. Dak., and Louie Zack, Sioux City heavyweight, battled to a six-round draw in a slow contest. Max Kalbrener, Moorhead, Minn., welter, won over Lloyd Weaver of Sioux City in six; Walsh McCormick, Moorhead light-heavy, and Fred Kelly, International Falls, Minn., went to a draw. Al Pahl, Sioux City, scored over Sonny Wood, Fargo lightweight.

Don't forget that our address is 2206 N. Lafayette Place, Sioux City, Ia., and mail your notes to me by the first of every month. In the event you wish a reply to your letter, please enclose a stamp.

With the sending of these notes the writer wishes to announce that he was named assistant matchmaker for the Uptown Arena here in Sioux City, and is in search of high class talent for the coming outdoor season. Boys with only good records will be considered.

CORRESPONDENCE—"Jolting Joe" Goeders, formerly of Emmetsburg, Iowa, is now headquartering in Albert Lea, Minn. . . . . and is fighting at 165-168 pounds, according to his manager, Miss Stella Marie, one of the few women managers in this section . . . . Miss Marie can be reached at 412 Bridge Ave., Albert Lea, Minn. . . . . Geo. Jordon, 1120 N. 2nd Street, E. St. Louis, Ill., informs us he has a large stable of Negro fighters at all weights . . . . Junior Martindale, age 9, of Spearfish, So. Dak., informs us he would like to learn the fine points of boxing, and is a real boxing fan.

Jack Deer, Oregon, Ill. Enclose stamp . . . . watch THE RING for names of promoters . . . . Marvin Orysen of Kennan, Wis., please note . . . . Yes. Yes. No. Mail record and full information . . . . F. N. Droullard, Kansas City, Mo. Thanks for your letter . . . . Keep me posted on them . . . . The Burns & Marx Boxing Enterprises, located at 3368 Liberty Blvd., South Gate, Calif., are looking for talent . . . . Carl E. Patterson, Des Moines, Iowa, attorney, informs us he has taken over the management of Jimmy Legrone, Des Moines lightweight . . . . Legrone is one of the best at his weight in Iowa . . . . Can be reached at 1001 Southern Surety Building, Des Moines . . . . Jack Finney, Miami, Fla. Thanks for your nice letter . . . . D. M. S., Des Moines. I think you did right . . . . Remember a wise man will always change his mind, but a fool never will . . . . A. L. F., Chicago. Thanks . . . . I try to be fair at all times, and I receive many letters like yours . . . . They make a fellow feel like his work is appreciated.

Sioux City, Ia.—One of the best boxing cards offered in the local gym here this season took place when the following boys clashed in a card of no-decision bouts: Ray Mann met Andy Miller, Lloyd Weaver met Jackie James, Mickey Slater mixed with Billy Clancy, Young Newsboy Brown met Young Gene Mann. Harry Gibbons was third man. The gym here perhaps is the only one of its kind in the country, as it is not run for profit. Everyone connected with the cards donates his services, and the proceeds are used to keep the gym open.

LAST-MINUTE SPARKS—Ty Dillon, local promoter, is getting things in shape for the outdoor season at his Uptown Arena . . . . Tommy O'Loughlin, who had the Riverview Park Arena last summer, is making plans to operate again, so we understand . . . . In regard to the result of a bout between Joe Goeders of Albert Lea, Minn., and Andy Miller of Sioux City, light-heavyweights. The writer was presented with two different decisions on the result of the bout, which was staged in Graettinger, Ia. One paper in that section called the bout in favor of Goeders, while another called the result in favor of Miller. The managers of both men claim a victory . . . . Johnny Miler, Albia, Ia., light-heavyweight, is making plans for a trip to Australia . . . . Louie Zack, local heavyweight, who is making a comeback, dropped a decision to Izzy Singer of New York at Chicago . . . . Tommy O'Loughlin has taken over the management of Frankie Androff, promising Minnesota heavyweight . . . . Scotty McLean, Davenport, Ia., welter, lost by a T.K.O. to Aubrey Martin of Beckley, W. Va., in six rounds at Chicago . . . . Manning, Atlantic, Sanborn, Denison and Audubon, Ia., staged cards among others during the past month . . . . Ray Mann, popular Sioux City middleweight, dropped a close eight-round decision to Kayo Kelly at Kansas City.

Milt Aron, Dubuque, Ia., welter, won over Georgie Engel at Chicago . . . . C. Y. O. teams are popular with the fans at Dubuque . . . . We heard that Ernie Dusek, of the wrestling brothers, might enter the ring as a fistic white hope . . . . Ray Murphy, popular Sioux City sports announcer, and a great booster for THE RING magazine, was elected to the board of directors of the Sioux City ball club . . . . Mel Sullivan, Winnipeg welter, defeated Rusty Gramling of Bismark, N. Dak., at Fargo, No. Dak., in six rounds . . . . Everette Rightmire drew a $1400 house at Fargo recently . . . . Mickey Slater, local featherweight, dropped a fast sixer to Harvey Woods at St. Paul . . . . Jay Matthews is one of the leading referees in South Dakota . . . . Isham Hall of Bismark, No. Dak., has a dandy stable of boys. Included in his list is Dick Demaray and Rusty Gramling, two pleasing welterweights . . . . The American Legion in Bismark is holding some excellent cards and drawing good crowds . . . . A few of the managers in Sioux City include Clark Connors, "Pop" Rightmire, Billy Jackson, Ross Abramo, and a number of others . . . . Mail will reach any of the promoters, managers and boxers at Hawkins Gym, Eighth and Douglas Sts., Sioux City, Ia. . . . . There is no charge for carrying your news in THE RING, or for pictures either . . . . Frankie Wolfram, who is always a big card here, started the new year by knocking out Dario Mareno at Saginaw, Mich. . . . . John Eliades, popular Sioux City wrestling promoter, is producing plenty of action and large crowds at his shows . . . . Pinkie George, Des Moines boxing head, has entered the field of wrestling.

NEWS OF TEXAS RINGS
By BILL DAVEE

TEXAS is looking forward to the greatest summer we have ever had in the boxing game here. Most outdoor arenas will be opened in March and should be in full swing within a month. Never before has there been manifested such an interest in fisticuffs as at the present. The answer of course, is Joe Louis.

Jimmie Guest, popular Houston promoter, plans the reopening of his spacious outdoor place March 10. The arena is the largest of its kind in the South and Houston is without doubt the best fight town in Dixie, hence Houstonians are looking forward to big things in the sport this year. Mr. Guest, who will do his own matchmaking, plans to feature mostly big boys, and is planning to stage a "white hope" tournament.

"Dandy" Dick Griffin, hustling little Dallas promoter, is well on the road to big things. Dick is also sponsoring heavyweights and has as his feature attraction, young Tom Beaupre, who has been leading the "white hope" parade in Chicago lately. Beaupre is a very likely looking youngster who should go far, and he certainly is hooked up with the right party in Griffin. The writer is sincerely happy to know that Dick is finally getting that much deserved break.

If we were asked to name the best heavyweight in the state today, we would unhesitatingly say, Bob Davey. Bob has had several years' experience, boxing as a light-heavy and with notable success, but he is still a youngster. He has had some half a hundred fights, defeating such boys as Wilson Dunn, Max Maxwell, Dutch Weimer, Champ Clark and other good ones. Al Gainor and Clyde Chastian are the only fighters ever to register a win over Davey.

Other promising young heavyweights include George Brown, Houston; Curtis Scott, hard-hitting Dallasite; Joe Daly, Ft. Worth, and Champ Clark, San Antonio.

Hugh Benbow, who operates Houston's fine gym, is doing a wonderful work for boxing in this city. Hugh is one of the best trainers in the country and is giving daily instructions to many ambitious mittsters. Plenty of good talent plus competent teaching can result in only one thing: Good fighters. Most of the boys are Simon-pures yet, but Benbow has a couple of good pros in Bob Davey and Patty McDuff. Incidentally, this McDuff, in our opinion, hits as hard as any heavyweight in the world. He is getting some smart "schooling" and is going to be a mighty dangerous lad in the near future.

Kinky Flores, the popular San Antonio promoter of other years, plans to again enter the promotional end of the game in the Alamo city. We believe that with the proper cooperation of the fighters, managers and sports writers there, Kinky will again make San Antonio a real fight center. Kinky, by the way, is a brother of the original "Kid Pancho," probably the greatest fighter ever to come out of that city.

Information concerning boxing here can be had by writing the writer at the Houston *Press*, Houston, Texas. Letters will be either answered or turned over to promoters.

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ROCKY MOUNTAIN NEWS AND VIEWS

By T. W. McNIEL

AT Las Vegas, N. M.—Johnny Johnson, Las Vegas lightweight, took a slow ten-round decision over Babe Colima of El Paso, Texas. The Texan started fast and took the two opening rounds by a wide margin, but Johnson came back to win the remaining sessions with plenty to spare.

At Albuquerque, N. M.—Willie Davis of El Paso, Texas, scored a ten-round victory over Tiny Garcia, Santa Fe Mexican, in a fast battle.

Sol Levinson, the sparkling Denver featherweight, is on the shelf with a broken nose incurred while trainng for a bout with Henry Jackson at Pueblo. Incidentally, Jackson is just getting back into trim after an enforced layoff due to an operation. Jackson, former state featherweight title-holder, is now in the army camp at Fort Warren, Wyo.

The third annual amateur tournament sponsored by the V. F. W. Post at Alamosa was anything but a howling success. Professionalism in former tournaments has killed what interest there was in this affair.

Joe Martinez, one of the best middleweights in this section, has "hung 'em up." Joe wasn't of top-notch material and had the good sense to realize it. A knockout at the hands of Chuck Hefner hastened his decision.

At Denver, Colo.—Jack Sherry, the globe-trotting Slav who lays claim to the heavyweight wrestling title, experienced but little difficulty in subduing Jimmy Mahoney, a burly individual who at some time or other was a gridiron artist back East some place.

Of course, Sherry isn't alone in the business of claiming grappling titles, but it is my personal belief that the big Slav could, with everything on the up and up, give Messrs. O'Mahoney, Marshall, Lopez, et al, one good going over.

Speaking of the "rasslers" causes me to wonder if colleges nowadays include the catch-as-catch-can business in the tuition along with English, math, etc. If they don't, I'd like to know how so many of the boys come off the campus full-fledged "championship contenders." Funny how the moderns are able to skip the years of experience that such grapplers as Hackenschmidt, Jenkins, Gotch and others of that school found necessary. It's too deep for me.

At Denver, Colo.—Emilio Martinez was awarded a disputed decision over John Henry Lewis, light-heavyweight champion, in a ten-round battle. Most of the fans thought Lewis was entitled to the honors, but for once the officials agreed on the outcome and their lot was cast for the Mexican. The title was not at stake.

Which brings to my attention the fact that it's about time Colorado fight fans should be treated with something besides these light-heavyweight non-title affairs. First we had a series of Manley-Rosenbloom affairs, then Nichols-Jenkins battles and now evidently we are to suffer a Martinez-Lewis series. Wonder why we can't look at somebody besides the light-heavy boys—especially those of a non-title kind.

At Pueblo, Colo.—Henry Jackson, Fort Warren, Wyo., featherweight, knocked out Kid Costello, billed as the champion of Cuba, in the opening round of their ten-round battle. Maybe he is champion of Cuba, but the records fail to show it.

By the way, this Hubert Kid Dennis of Bozeman, Montana, seems to be getting on in the world. His victory over Lew Massey was a nice piece of work. Why couldn't we have a look at him, Mr. Colorado promoters?

The writer will be glad to answer any questions relative to the fight game out in this neck of the woods, but don't forget to inclose a stamp if you expect a reply. I also have a list of promoters out here that you can have for a dime. Address all inquiries to T. W. McNiel, P. O. Box 126, Blanca, Colorado.

P. P., Denver—Jimmy Hanlon is a motion picture operator in Chicago at the present time. Harry Bramer was in business in Phoenix, Ariz., at last accounts.

Joe M. Roybal, promoter at Las Vegas, N. M., is anxious to get in touch with good lightweights and middleweights to use against Johnnie Johnson and Mike Montoya.

IN THE NORTHWEST

By DAVID CAVADAS

THIS month witnessed the return to North America of that sensational East Indian wrestler, Tiger Daula. The Tiger is well known in these parts, having wrestled here some years ago. Daula's bout with "Strangler" Lewis will never be forgotten by local fans. He has lost all his excess fat and is now a statue of solid muscle and bone. This boy is out to eliminate every championship contender and will be harder than ever to beat. He is accompanied by another wrestler, Ganda Singh.

Freddie Miller took a ten-round decision from Cecil Payne in an overweight match.

After defeating Maxie Rosenbloom, Tiger Jack Fox was no match for John Henry Lewis. Lewis knocked out his Negro rival in the third round. Three rights and a left hook were all that John Henry had to use to sink Fox into the resin.

Al Spina, Portland featherweight, fought Little Dempsey to a ten-round draw. Dempsey, however, won a decision from Frank Gallacci.

Red Rader won a decision from Joe Magoff but lost to Wes Hayes. Otto Blackwell drew with Bill Lee. Midnight Bell K.O.'ed Jack Rainwater. Clem Lombright beat Gino Carteze. Eddie Spin fought a six-round draw with Hermit Stewart.

Bill Buxton knocked out Frankie Villa in the second round. Dick Gerard took a four-round decision from Sidney Brent. Eddie Ryan won a close call from Cal MacGraw.

Al Hostack, promising middleweight, was held to a draw by Jimmy Best.

It required Young Firpo one left hook to the head of Nash Garrison to win the scheduled ten-round bout in the first forty-five seconds of the first round.

Tommy Burns, one-time world's heavyweight champion, is planning to promote a "white hope" tournament in Vancouver.

Efforts are being made to match Lou Kieswetter with Sonny Buxton for Canadian heavyweight supremacy.

George Parnassas, who manages the finest string of boxers on the Pacific Coast, has added another fighter to his list. He is Jimmy Helles, a Greek bantam from Chicago.

I will answer any questions sent to me at 1296 Hastings East, Vancouver, B. C., Canada.

BILLINGS, MONT., BOXING BITS

By C. E. "DOC." MITCHELL

MISSOULA—In a sensational fight, Ritchie Fontaine, coming young lightweight, fought a draw with Hubert Dennis. Fontaine is a local boy, while Dennis hails from Bozeman. It was a ten-round bout. Both boys were on the canvas, Dennis in the fourth and Fontaine in the seventh. In the semi-final, Charley Roper, Butte, drew with Jimmy Dupuis, Rowan. In the special bout, Bert Somers, Missoula, drew with Cowboy McCauley, Miles City. Spider McCallum kayoed Harold Case, Fort Missoula, in three.

Worland—Santos Remeriz, Powell, Wyo., took a ten-round decision from Curtis Ingals, Worland.

Lovue—George Manley, Denver, kayoed "Wildman" Lew Cozzens in four.

Bozeman—Hubert Dennis turned the tables on Ritchie Fontaine in their ten-round return match. Dennis enjoyed seven pounds advantage in the weights and it was too much for Fontaine to overcome, although he tried. Jimmy "Babe" McCuskey stopped Bruce Fisher in the fifth round. Spider McCallum won the decision over Vidal Ballard in handy fashion.

Basin—George Manley failed to appear for his bout against Al Webster and Reddy Morgan was secured as a substitute. Webster kayoed him in four rounds.

Get your fight dope in not later than the 27th of each month. Always glad to give information on fighters, managers, etc., if prepaid postage is enclosed.

BUTTE, MONT., RING SHORTS

By FRANK QUINN

HUBERT "KID" DENNIS, rugged lightweight champion of Montana, proved himself ready for faster company when he pounded out a ten-round decision over Lew Massey, Philadelphia. Dennis never let Massey get set throughout the entire ten rounds and carried every part of the fight except the seventh, which wound up even. A capacity crowd, which packed the Fox Theater to the doors, witnessed the bout. It was the largest crowd to attend a fight in Butte in ten years, or since the time Dixie LaHood met Chick Suggs when Dixie was among the topnotch bantams of the country.

In a semi-windup to the Massey-Dennis fight, Ralph Hocking, 126-pounder from Butte, scored a technical knockout over George Sakomato of Japan. Sakomato was floored three times for a count of nine before Referee Joe Simonich raised Hocking's hand in token of victory.

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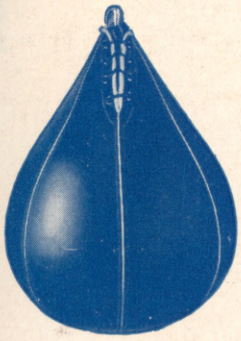

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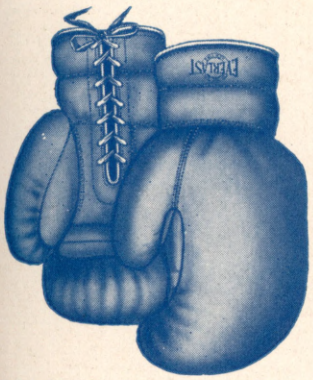

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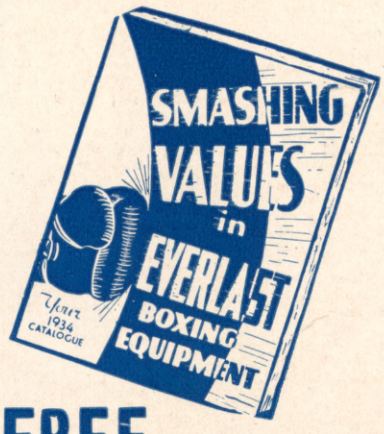

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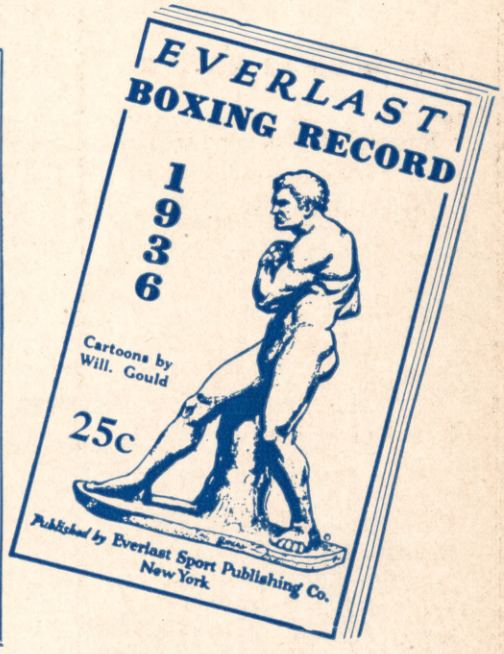

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